Collier's

JUNE 11, 1949
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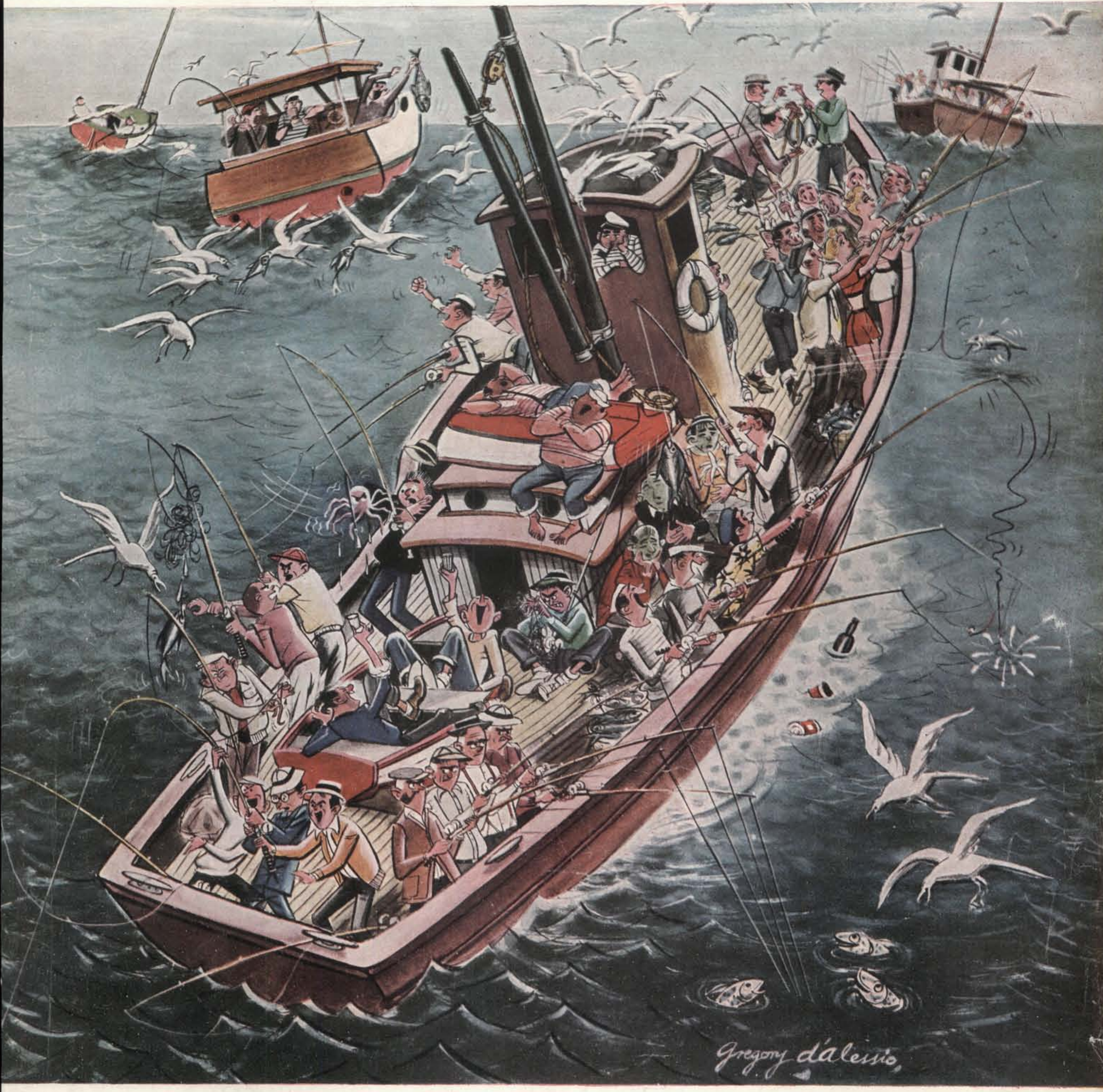

Gregory d'Alessio

My Child Is A Diabeti

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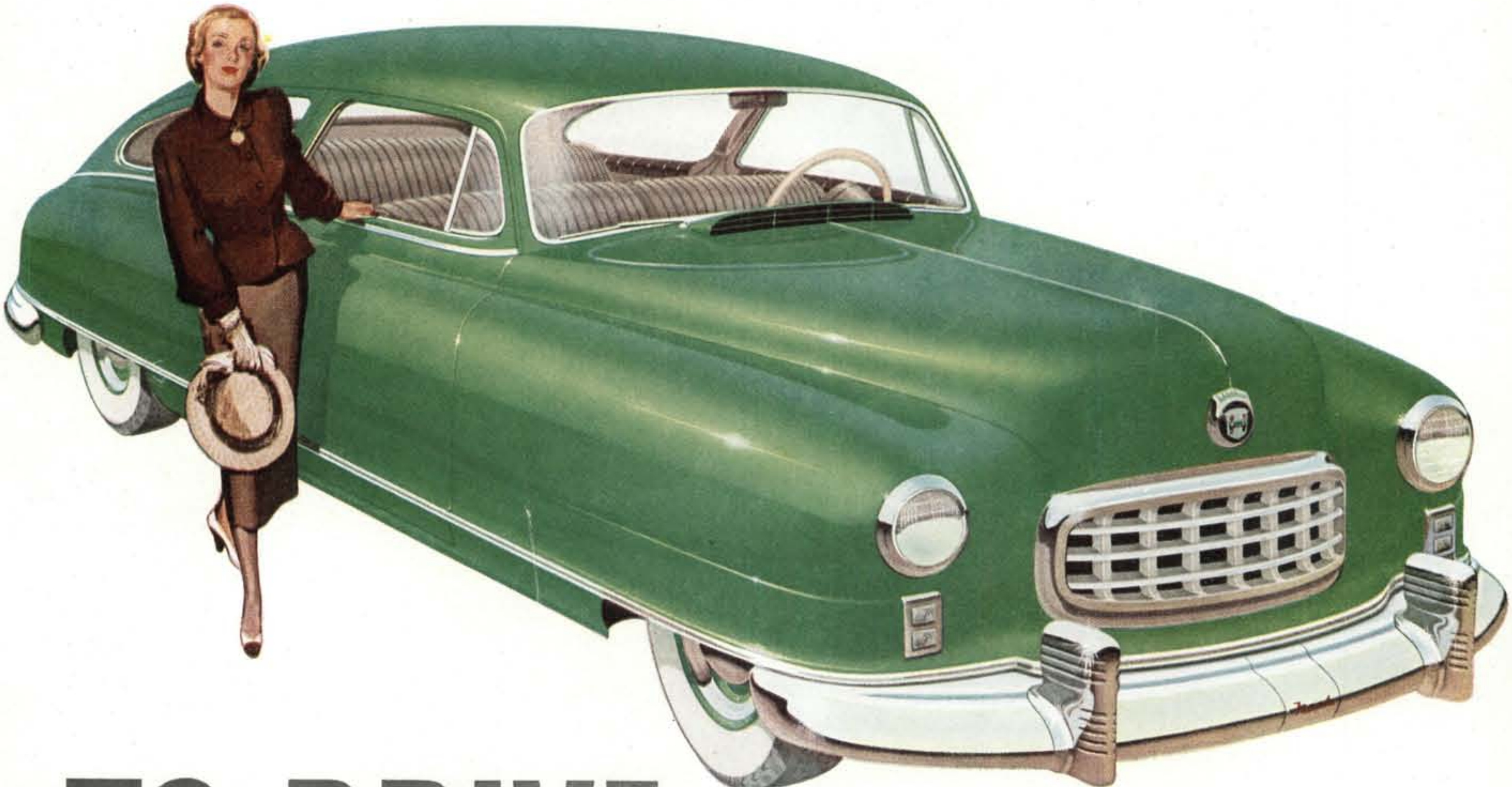
WE DARE YOU



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World's first cars with Girder-built Unitized Body and Frame ... Airliner-styled interiors ... Cockpit Control ... Uniscope ... Matched Coil Springs on all Four Wheels ... Twin Beds ... Uniflo-Jet Carburetion.

Before you make up your mind on any new car, *drive a Nash Airflyte.*

—and compare it with any car you know at any price.

Which new car is one sweet sweep of racing curve—streamlined *all* the way, *even to enclosed wheels front and rear?*

It's Nash—*it's Airflyte!*

Which new car is 9⅓ feet long inside—has amazing new Twin Beds—has most headroom, leg-room and road clearance for its low height? It's Nash—*it's Airflyte!*

Which new car has the *undivided* curved windshield on *all* models . . . *and* the safety of Cockpit Control and the Uniscope . . . *and* Weather Eye Conditioned Air?

It's Nash—*it's Airflyte!*

Which new car is Girder-built, as a unit, with frame and body welded into one super-strong safe structure?

It's Nash—*it's Airflyte!*

Which new car has Uniflo-Jet carburetion—and goes over 500 miles between gas stops, at average highway speed?

It's a Nash "600" Airflyte!

Yes—we dare you to drive it, and find its equal—for dazzling power and silken smoothness . . . for anchored safety on curves . . . for the ride that only coil springing on all four wheels can give!

Before the summer's one day older, drive an Airflyte—and discover how much more your money buys in Nash. It's in two series at your Nash dealer's now—the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador.

Nash
Airflyte

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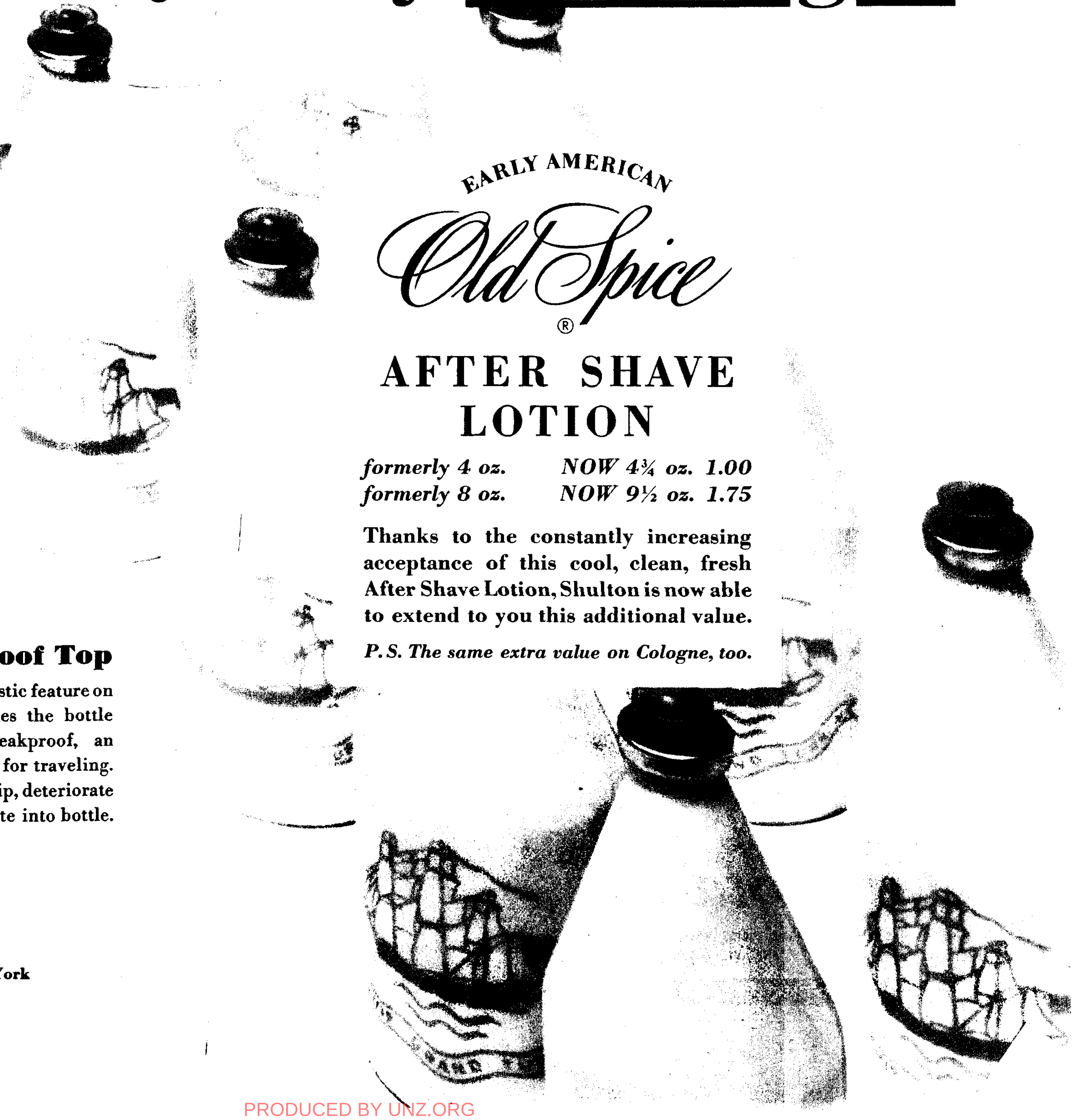

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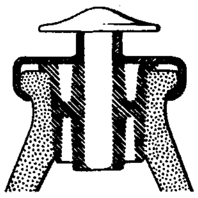

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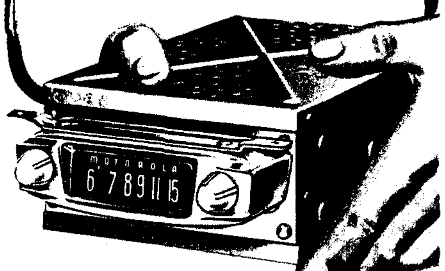

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June 11, 1949

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Week's Mail

A Writer's Rewards

DEAR SIR: You might be interested to know that as a result of my Our Reeking Halls of Justice articles, I have received, thus far: several phone calls (on my unlisted phone, too) including a transcontinental call from an admitted sex offender who wanted to tell me personally how much he appreciated my plea for progressive treatment of such cases; three requests from press agents to do articles on their clients; an invitation from Chief Magistrate Bromberger of New York to criticize this city's magistrates courts (privately, of course); much general fan mail (all but one enthusiastic); a fine pedigreed black and white cocker spaniel, now curled at my feet, the gift of a grateful reader of whom I have never heard before.

MORTON SONTHEIMER, New York, N. Y.

Going—Going—Gone!

DEAR SIR: Congratulations on the fine editorial on conservation, Going—Going—*Gone* (Apr. 23d). It takes your magazine to bring the facts before the people.

Reprints of this should be made available to every citizen so that all may become acquainted with the tremendous amount of waste going on. Haste may make waste but I urge haste in taking steps to end this type of waste. Otherwise we'll live in a giant desert.

PAUL ITAYA, Cincinnati, Ohio

He's a snake

. . . Going—Going—Gone is a honey! But why did you omit the Southern parasite that will eventually destroy all our wild life: the fox? The fox is no good except to distribute rabies to cattle and people, as well as fleas and distemper. He takes a heavy total of the farmer's pigs and chickens. All he is good for is to furnish drunks an excuse to get away from home and listen to a bunch of dogs howl. Personally, I would prefer a rattlesnake being released on my property rather than a red fox.

DON DRENNEN, Ensley, Ala.

. . . Why not redeem the uncounted billions of tons of sewage? It is pure gold that is wasted. It all came from the soil and should go back there. If Milwaukee can do it with its Activated Sludge Sewage Treatment Plants and still keep her breath sweet and her hands clean, EVERY CITY IN THE NATION SHOULD BE DOING THE SAME THING.

H. E. GOODWIN, Chewelah, Wash.

. . . You say: "Such predatory fish as the carp." A carp is one of the least predatory. It's strictly a vegetarian.

JOSEPH ROGERS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . The editorial on wild life is well taken. It sickens one who loves wild life to see what is being done and so very discouraging to see what the politicians do, or rather what they do not do to correct this.

Our state politicians this very session voted down a proposed law to do something about stream pollution. To the common man the situation looks hopeless.

J. R. MORRILL, Morehead City, N. C.

Richard Harding Davis

DEAR SIRS: Much as it hurts to have to contradict anyone I admire as much as I do Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Barrymore *did* appear in a play with at least one of her brothers!

It was in Richard Harding Davis' Miss

TASTY SUMMER FOODS for GOOD HEALTH

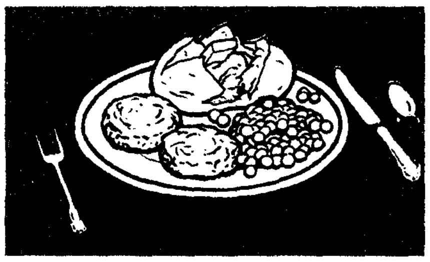
Summer meals can be both tempting and tasty, while fulfilling basic nutritional needs. Too often, however, meals are planned solely to suit family likes and dislikes without reference to the health requirements of the individuals in the family group.

Summer or winter we require a well-balanced diet—one which includes an adequate supply of proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals. These essentials for sound nutrition may be found in three groups of foods. *Energy foods*, such as cereals and bread, butter and fats, and sweets, provide fuel for daily activities. *Building foods*, including meat, fish, eggs and milk, help to take care of growth and repair of body tissues. *Protective foods*, like fruits, vegetables, whole grain or enriched flour, eggs, and liver are especially rich in vitamins and minerals, and help safeguard health.

Within each group there is a wide choice of foods which permits the selection of menus suited to the season of the year. Cheese and egg dishes, for example, may be particularly inviting on hot days, while heavy, fatty meats seem more appropriate during the winter. In addition, fresh vegetables and fruits, which are more available in summer, may often be substituted for winter staples.

Digestive upsets are more likely to occur in summer than at other times of the year. A light diet of essential foods, including fruits, will be less apt to over-burden the digestive system than a heavy one.

Raw vegetables, served in salads, are often more nutritious than cooked, for the vitamin content of cabbage, carrots and other vegetables is higher when raw. Substituted occasionally for cooked vegetables, they may also make summer meals more appetizing.



One good hot meal a day in the summer is recommended by nutrition experts. During the war, U. S. Army tests in the tropics showed that it was easier for overheated men to digest hot food than cold.

In summer, because of greater perspiration, the body may lose more than 1½ quarts of water a day. This liquid must be replaced, for it helps to assimilate food and regulate body temperature. That is why one should drink plenty of liquids in warm weather.

Eating wisely can help avoid overweight, or other conditions which may be detrimental to good health. Authorities say that eating the right foods in the right amounts usually brings a better level of health at all ages, and may contribute to a longer life.

More facts about healthful eating may be found in Metropolitan's booklet, 79-C, "Three Meals a Day." Mail the coupon for a free copy.

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Civilization with brother John, sometime in 1904. Legend has it that Lionel also appeared for one night. This one-act comedy was written by my father for Miss Barrymore.

Dick Davis

It was no coincidence that the play was first published in Collier's. If I remember well, the Davis family, both Richard Harding and Charles Belmont, always took a sincere and professional interest in it. As for me, I have read it with great interest lo, these many years. . . .

Come to think of it, Tallulah also appeared in one of my father's plays, The Trap, a movie version of Blackmail. Does she remember?

HOPE HARDING DAVIS, New York, N. Y.

We regret Miss Bankhead's "mistake" enormously. Miss Civilization did appear in these pages on Dec. 3, 1904. We reread it and find it as fresh and up to date as this very issue.

. . . Miss Bankhead's fine report omits two favorite Ethel Barrymore anecdotes. Recently commenting on Laurence Olivier's Academy Award performance of Hamlet, she called Olivier "Gorgeous George."

Years ago she objected to the familiar "Messrs. Lee & J. J. Shubert present" line before her name until she was billed as Miss Ethel Barrymore.

BOB VIANO, New York, N. Y.

What America Means to Jr.

DEAR SIRS: After reading your series What America Means to Me (Mar. 26th, Apr. 2d, etc.) I had my junior high class write similar statements. I submit a typical result: written by Boice Daugherty, aged fourteen.

VIRGINIA W. ADAMS, Huntington, W. Va.

What America Means to Me

America means more than spacious skies, purple mountains, and fruited plains to me. It is like a single candle in a world of darkness and despair today. To me, America is not a country, but a race of people united by common attitudes and thoughts.

Recently in the Middle West a farmer's barn was struck by lightning and burned down. A sportsman's club in a near-by town, whose members had been refused the privilege of hunting the land, went out and rebuilt the barn. It seems to me that this is more typical of America than marble buildings or documents could ever be.

Boice Daugherty

H. Coons, Take a Bow!

DEAR SIR: Your magazine is always tops. But far the best is the story No Sentiment by Hannibal Coons all told in letters (Apr. 2d). I don't know when I have read anything so good in fact, I am going to make a study of that I want to write letters to folks I meet on Life's highway that sound just like those letters I have had so much pleasure reading them over and over and you can bet any time I see Hannibal Coons on a book I'll be sure to get it.

ADA MAE SHERMAN, Fort Myers, Fla.

Female of the Species

SIRS: Fishing Is Fun was fun to read (Apr. 23d). Not that I'm a fisherman but I've been along. I can row.

After years of hunting for the "right spot" we found Cameron Lake, 15 miles straight up the Rocky Mountains from Waterton Lakes—an emerald-green figure eight, snow-cap-encircled and glacier-fed. Soon I could find a brown hackle or a McGinty without looking in the book and never guessed why my husband said he'd rather go fishing with me than any man alive—"Over there a bit. . . . Can't you use your right? . . . Don't dip so deep! Do you want to scare 'em away? . . . Easy with your left! . . . Try to squeeze in between those rocks. . . . There! Steady now! . . . Got him!" And another rainbow or cutthroat went down fighting—a silver scythe slashing the air.

Back at camp the girls would sneer, "What! Fish again? I'll have wienies."

MRS. CHARLES JAMES LEE, Winnipeg, Man.

Gas Up?

DEAR SIR: Captain James Gallagher's My Hop Around the World (Apr. 16th) was extremely interesting. The "tricky, gas-laden take-off" poses the question: Why do they not make these take-offs with a nominal load of gas and fill up by means of a tanker after the ship has obtained altitude and flying speed? E. P. CONGDON, Edcouch, Texas

Private Enterprising

DEAR SIRS: Despite Mr. Milton Lehman (Why You Haven't Got a House, Apr. 23d), we are not "in the midst of our worst housing shortage in history." We are well on our way out of it—it has been practically eliminated in many sections of the country.

If Mr. Lehman thinks his cherished proposed housing bills aren't the first step toward Socialism and thence to Communism, he might look into the housing situation in other countries—in England it's practically impossible for an individual to build a house, and in Australia it is impossible. He might check Russia, where in 1947 only 183,000 *new and reconditioned units* were built, and compare that to the 850,000 units (large, well-planned units) private enterprise built in the United States in 1948. If the government would keep its bureaucratic nose out (building taxes are enormous), concentrate on a fair means of financing for the benefit of wage earners, private enterprise is plenty enterprising enough to see that everyone who wants a house can have a house—at a price that he can afford.

FRED M. SEALE, Amarillo, Texas

. . . Mr. Lehman gives the cost of a prewar $5,000 home as being $10,700 today. Well-built, modern homes are being sold in this locality at present at around $7,000, and some very comfortable up-to-date homes have been built recently for less than $5,000.

H. B. MESSENGER, Federalsburg, Md.

. . . Mr. Lehman is oh, so right. Recently I started remodeling a barn. Thought I'd spend $5,000. It came to $20,000 in the end —six rooms, two baths. I'm broke, have a secondhand house.

J. BURKESWILL, L. I., N. Y.

We Want Wayne

Here he is!

DEAR EDITOR: Each week you run a story about a movie star. Would you do John Wayne for me? Or at least run his wonderful face! JOAN HOLLINGSWORTH, Memphis, Tenn.

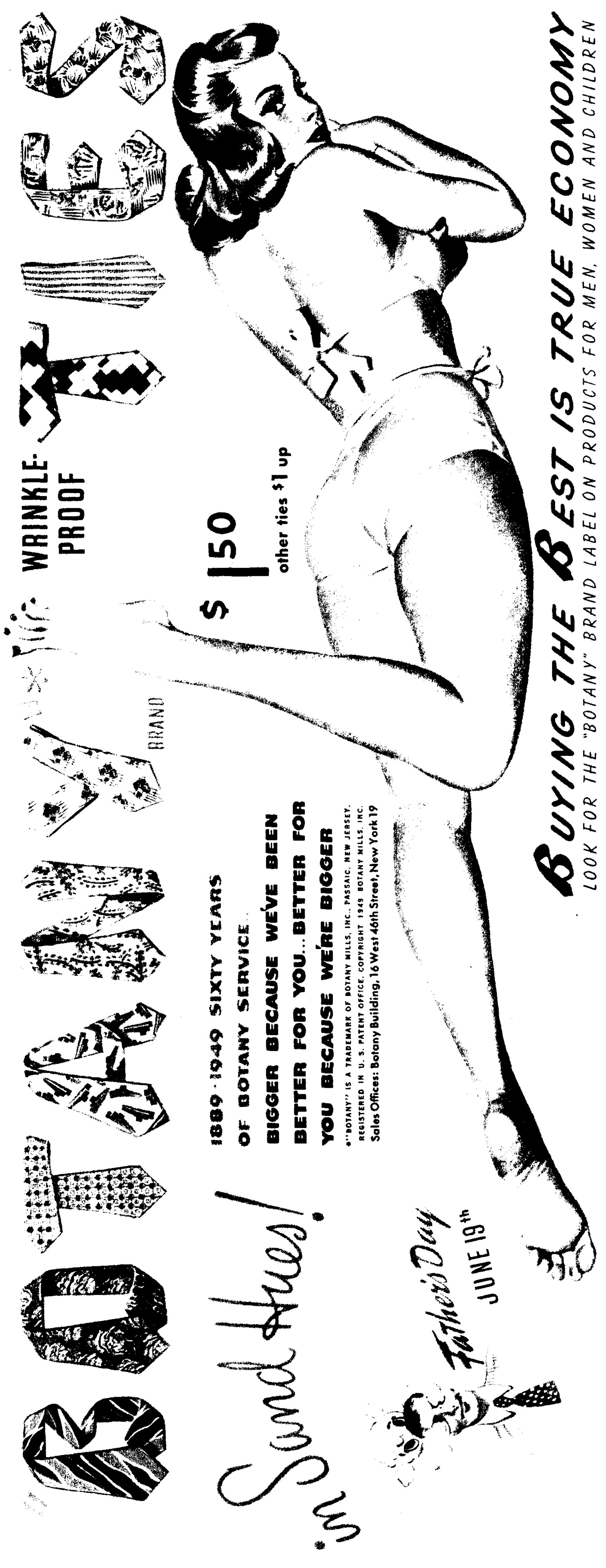
We profiled handsome John Wayne in The Week's Preview, Oct. 9, 1948, issue. Here's how he looks now!

It Happened Here

DEAR SIRS: Re that reader's request (Apr. 16th) as to where you could get the cloth mentioned in the Ned Hilton cartoon, for only 19 cents per yard, you don't need to go to the South Seas.

Had you tried the Sears Store in El Paso on Thursday, April 7th, from 6:00 to 9:00 P.M., there was a flash sale of percale prints —at only 19 cents per yard.

MRS. IKE WEBSTER, El Paso, Texas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BOXER SHORTS
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HOSIERY

The best is none too good for Father! And he's certain to like his gifts...especially when he sees that Fruit of the Loom label. He knows it means outstanding quality, and dependable value. Always look for Fruit of the Loom products, at sensible prices, for the whole family and the home...every day of the year.

A family of American Products for the American Family

It's a happy meeting when you get p.a.*

● Yes . . . a girl enjoys meeting a man with Pipe Appeal – that extra attractiveness of the man who smokes a pipe. And when a man has "met up" with Prince Albert, long known as "The National Joy Smoke," he has found a rich-tasting tobacco that's mild and tongue-easy!

p.a.* means pipe appeal
p.a. means prince albert

● Did you know that P. A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco is *specially treated to insure against tongue bite?* No wonder it's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! Get P. A. today for smoking joy and comfort!

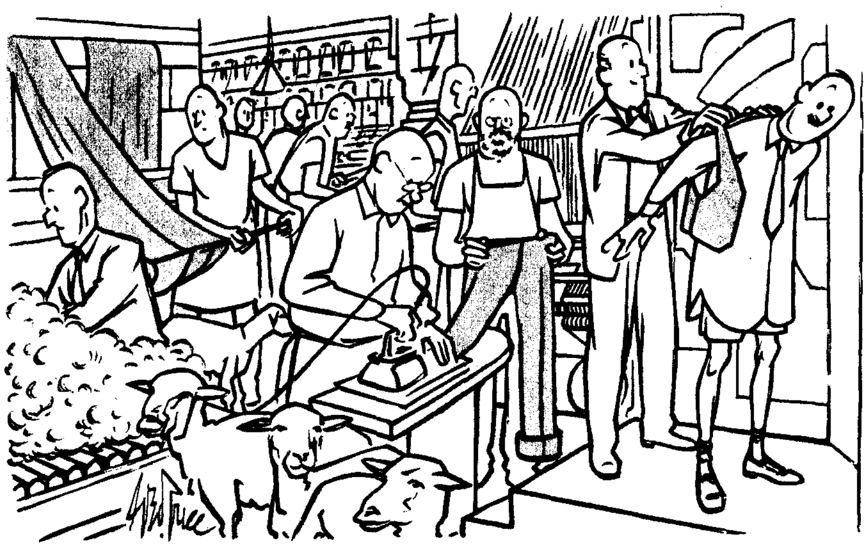
The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
FOR CIG
WITH P.A., YOU CAN ROLL A BETTER-TASTING CIGARETTE
The National Joy Smoke

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



To show how fast a suit of clothes can be made, a record-breaking demonstration was given, not long ago, by a textile company in Huddersfield, England. Before a select group of spectators, employees sheared 12 sheep, processed and spun the wool into yarn, wove the yarn into tweed fabric, cut and sewed the cloth into a suit and had a man wearing it in just 130 minutes.

* * * * * * * * *

The United States exceeds all other countries in its number of "fire buffs," men who enthusiastically rush to help fight large fires. There are more than 5,000 of these fans in 50 cities. They belong to some 100 officially recognized clubs. These clubs require their members to have a fair knowledge of fire fighting so that they may, if needed, assist the regular firemen. To know when and where a fire is taking place, the buffs keep a radio set tuned to receive their local fire signals. To identify themselves at fires, the majority carry special cards; others have an identifying helmet which they wear with a raincoat and rubber boots.—*By Edward J. Brady, New York City.*

* * * * * * * * *

Less than 75 years ago so many ministers in England were still incapable of composing a sermon that scores of professional writers were engaged in secretly preparing these religious discourses. In 1870, London alone had 12 large firms that supplied sermons weekly to about 1,500 clergymen. Incidentally, the copies were printed "in imitation of handwriting" in consideration of the preachers who would have been embarrassed if they were found reading their sermons from pages of type.

* * * * * * * * *

Probably no incident aroused more bitterness between the Southern slaveowners and the abolitionists than the punishment inflicted on Jonathan Walker in 1844 in Pensacola. Upon his conviction for having helped seven slaves to escape from Florida, the initials S.S. (Slave Stealer) were burned into the palm of his right hand. Thus, Walker became the only man who was ever sentenced to be branded with a red-hot iron in U.S. history. This act so incensed John Greenleaf Whittier that he wrote the inflammatory poem The Man with the Branded Hand which was recited constantly throughout the North for the next 20 years.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the strangest cases of its kind was that of a young Indian woman who, by choice, lived alone for 21 years on desolate San Nicolas Island, 75 miles off southern California. While being removed, with her people, to the mainland in 1830, she jumped overboard and swam back. The captain, thinking that she had forgotten a child and that he could go back for her in a few days, did not stop her. Several expeditions were sent to get the woman, but she successfully hid from them all until 1851 when she was finally found.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's cruelest prison sentences was that imposed on sixteen-year-old Jesse H. Pomeroy of Boston in 1876. He had been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged. But after two years of controversy, the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in solitary confinement, the inhumane solitary clause being added merely to satisfy those who wanted the boy executed because of his many previous offenses. He was kept in complete isolation during 41 of his 56 years within prison walls. When he died in 1932, Pomeroy had served a term that began before the introduction of the automobile, electricity, the motion picture, phonograph and the telephone.

* * * * * * * * *

Originally, the giraffe was called the camelopard, elevators were known as vertical railways, San Francisco was named Yerba Buena, Brazil was the Land of the Holy Cross, Ecuador was the Republic of the Sacred Heart, The Star-Spangled Banner was entitled The Defense of Fort McHenry, the Salvation Army was called the Christian Mission, Princeton University was named the College of New Jersey, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks was known as the Jolly Corks.

"But how easy is the free-and-easy life?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"I'LL SHOW YOU how *easy* the free-and-easy life is," boomed Elmer, the bull. "I'm going back to nature—down on a farm, where you're your own boss, and take it easy! You're *free*. You don't have to depend on anybody for anything."

"Now, dear," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "nobody's ever that free. We *all* depend on other folks.

If you want an example of how true that is, just look at this Annual Report from The Borden Company."

"What in tarnation has a *financial* report to do with my living the free-and-easy life?" asked Elmer.

"Plenty!" answered Elsie. "This figure of more than 649 million dollars shows what people everywhere needed and bought from Borden's in 1948. Folks depend on Borden's for foods and lots of other things. But Borden's depends on folks, too, because if customers didn't buy there'd be no Borden's."

"Good!" snapped Elmer. "Then my ears would get a rest and we could all go loll on a farm."

"But, darling," protested Elsie, "farmers can't get along without other folks either. Think how far it is from the farm to people's tables! Why, farmers got more than 360 million dollars of Borden's money for milk, and for soybeans, fruits, eggs, and such-like. You see, farmers depend on Borden's to take their produce to the cities, and make it into wonderful foods, and find the customers who want—"

"So that's what's wrong with living today!" stormed Elmer. "Everybody's always *wanting* things."

"And isn't it fine," beamed Elsie, "to think that we all help each other get them? People wanting Borden products created jobs for about 30,000 men and women last year. And Borden employees were paid about 106 million dollars so they could buy clothes and automobiles and food, and help give jobs to others. *See?*"

"I see," slyly poked Elmer, "that Borden's could be off leading the free-and-easy life with what's left of all that money they took in."

"Don't be silly, Elmer," said Elsie. "You forget more than 164 million dollars went for *other* operating expenses. Bottles and containers, fuel for plants and trucks, and the hundreds of supplies a business needs. And don't forget depreciation and taxes. After paying for everything, Borden's had a profit of about 19 million dollars left."

"And just what happened to *that* little item?" drawled Elmer.

The Borden Company
1948 ANNUAL REPORT

"Well, about 11 million of that went to stockholders," figured Elsie, "to the 51,000 men, women and institutions that own Borden's. Everyone depends on them to invest the money that keeps a business going. And they depend on Borden's for a return on their savings. So, after paying them dividends, there was 8 million dollars to plow back . . ."

"Plow!" groaned Elmer. "Doesn't anyone at Borden's ever take it easy?"

"You can't take it easy in business today," said Elsie. "You've got to plow back profits to fix up plants and equipment, and stock a lot of goods for customers. These things took all of the 8 million dollars, because Borden's uses profits to keep the business going for folks who depend on it. For folks who want Borden products, and farmers who need markets, and workers who must have jobs, and thrifty people who need a sound place for their savings, for — Elmer! Where *are* you going?"

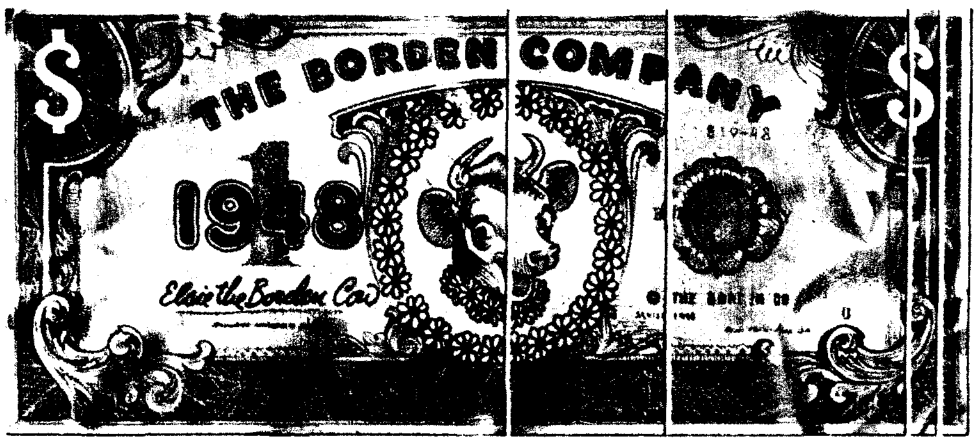
"Upstairs to bed," sighed Elmer. "Seems like the only place a guy can live the free-and-easy life today is in his *dreams*."

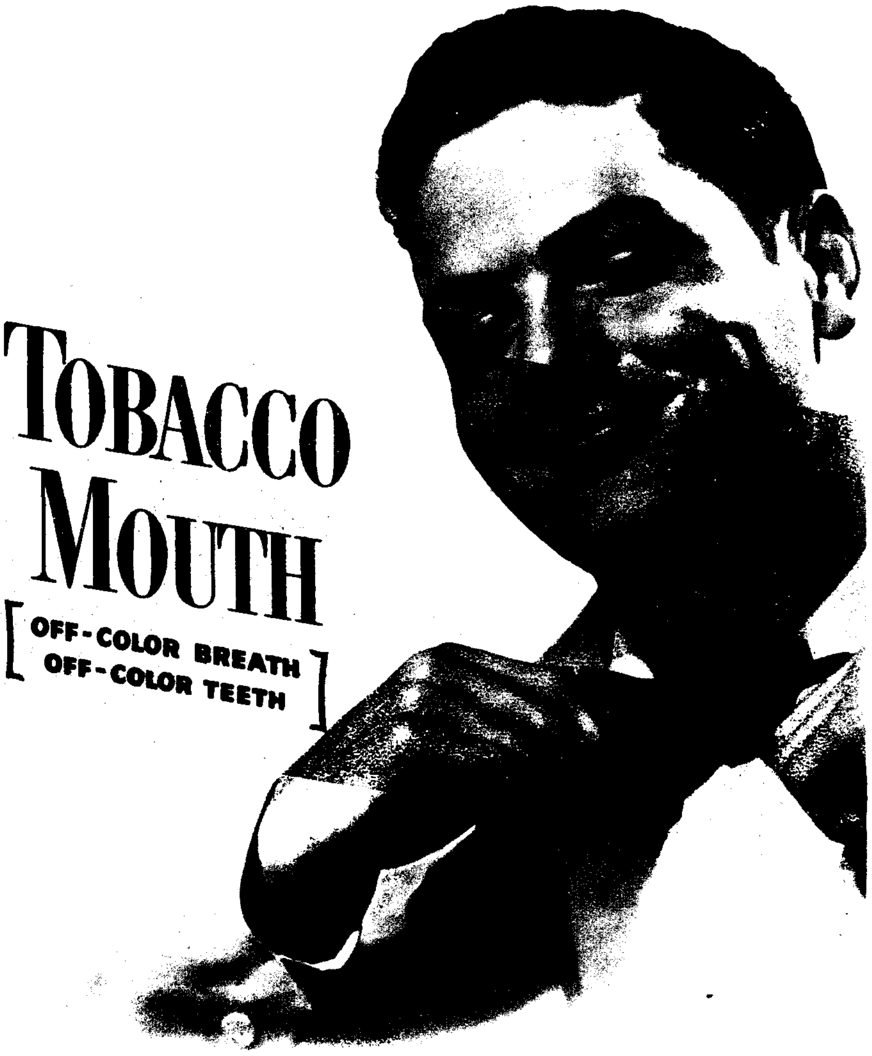
Paid to farmers	**$360 millions**
Paid to employees	**106 millions**
*All other costs and expenses . .	**164 millions**
Paid to stockholders	**11 millions**
Put back in the business	**8 millions**
Received from customers	**$649 millions**

*Including taxes of more than $17 millions.

HERE'S HOW EVERY BORDEN DOLLAR WAS DIVIDED IN 1948

© The Borden Company





Why take it with you?

GOOD NEWS FOR SMOKERS!—A new, pure-white tooth paste with Lusterfoam that attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . *you* know.

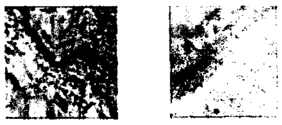
But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Electron-Microscope shows difference!

Tooth surfaces, magnified 6,300 times, illustrate how new, scientifically perfected cleaning and polishing agents enable Listerine Tooth Paste to heighten tooth brilliance and surface smoothness . . . attacking a major cause of Tobacco Mouth.



LEFT: Tooth surface polished with ordinary polishing ingredient.
RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.

TOBACCO MOUTH

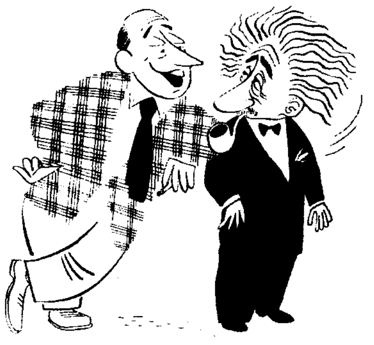
...give it the "brush-off" with
TASTE THAT WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

Hi, Bud, What's Cookin'?

By NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

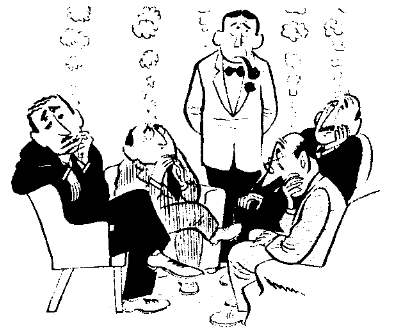
How to keep talking when you have nothing to say

SMALL talk is something I take big, for I have no proficiency at it. When I sit down between two casual acquaintances at a dinner party, either my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth or I blurt out the first thing that comes into my head, like "Pass the salted nuts, will ya?"



They'll even tackle Einstein

It is even worse after dinner, when the women all gather in a knot to discuss clothes and babies, while the men stand around heavily and try to start and maintain conversation. This is when one should assume the utmost geniality and broach a subject that starts a lively, animated discussion, otherwise the deadening effect of a full dinner will cause one and all to sink back silently into comfortable chairs. What usually happens to me is, I find myself next to someone who has as little interest in me as I have in him, and after a brief exchange of such pleasantries as "Well, wadda ya know?" or "How ya been?" we move guiltily away from each other with a casual "Gladsee ya again."



The men try to start conversation

The remedy for this, of course, is to counterfeit an absorbed curiosity in the other fellow's doings, so as to draw him out. Then, if he is a gentleman, he will do the same for you. But I have tried this, too, and it doesn't work either. For one thing, if you ask someone how his golf game is, he is all too likely to tell you. For another, there is something so spurious about feigning a professional interest in some activity concerning which you know nothing whatever that it makes you feel like a fool, even asking.

There are, I know, plenty of thick-skinned individuals who wouldn't hesitate to approach Einstein with a friendly: "What's this I hear about your having discovered a new theory of relativity?" just to get started; but personally, I can't do it. For I know, all too well, the sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach that comes to every writer when he is asked: "Been doing much writing lately?" This approach is about as effective a stimulant to small talk as a good, tight gag in the mouth. The only possible answer is "No" or "Yes," and either response leads to a blind alley.

Another barrier to the free unbosoming of confidences is the necessity to pretend, always, that everything is perfectly dandy in your particular field of work. If anyone asks you: "Well, how are things at the bank?" it would be the utmost folly to reply: "Oh, just so-so." Next day you'll have a dozen fewer depositors. One must always reply: "Fine! Fine!" even if the auditors have just discovered a shortage in your accounts and there is an air-line ticket to Venezuela in your wallet.

So I say: Either ban small talk entirely, or put it on a methodical, cut-and-dried basis, with each move carefully plotted out. Accordingly, I have mapped a conversational guide to fit all requirements as follows:

First Speaker: "Done much
- carving ships in a bottle
- tree surgery
- biochemistry
- artificial insemination
- block booking

lately?"

Second Speaker: "You bet! How are things at the
- gas company
- plantation
- quarry
- leprosarium
- ball park

?"

First Speaker: "Couldn't be better! Last month alone, we placed orders for more than a thousand
- bales of hay
- tons of roach powder
- steel engravings
- duck-billed platypuses

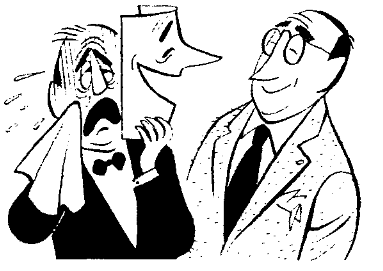
."

Second Speaker: "Fine! Fine! Well, gladsee ya, old man."

First Speaker: "Me, too. Take it easy, fella."

The two conversationalists are then enjoined to turn their backs on each other, walk ten paces away, wheel and fire.

Here, then, is your vade mecum—which, as every Latin schoolboy knows, means "Go with me." But if you're looking for sparkling chitchat, you'd better stay as far away from me as your legs can carry you, on account of I don't have any chitchat, sparkling or otherwise. THE END



You have to say, "Fine! Fine!"

ILLUSTRATED BY HANK KETCHAM

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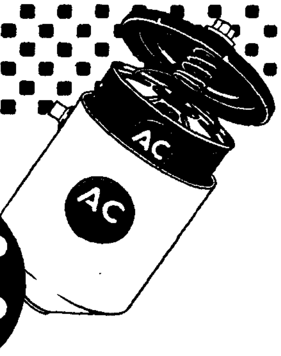
If you have no oil filter, you need one. Better get an AC Quality Oil Filter and be sure your oil is "Dirt-Proof."



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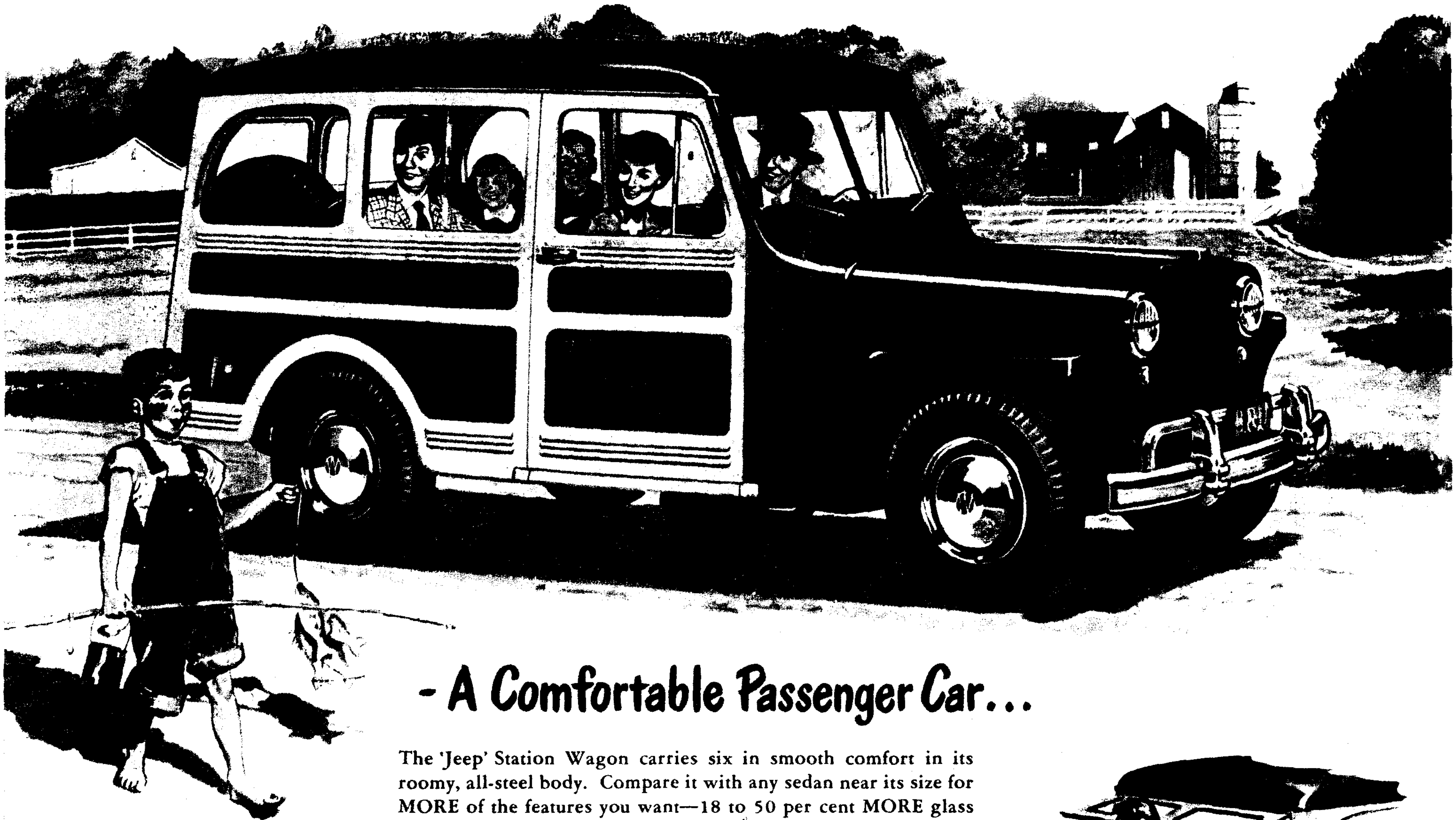

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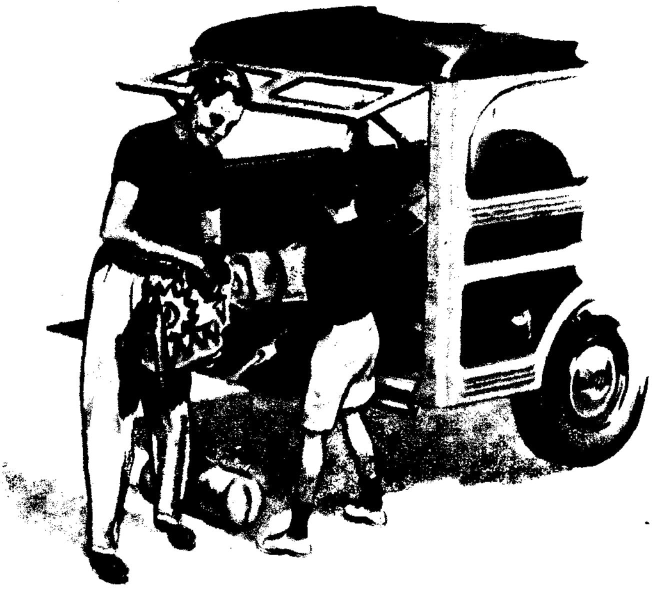

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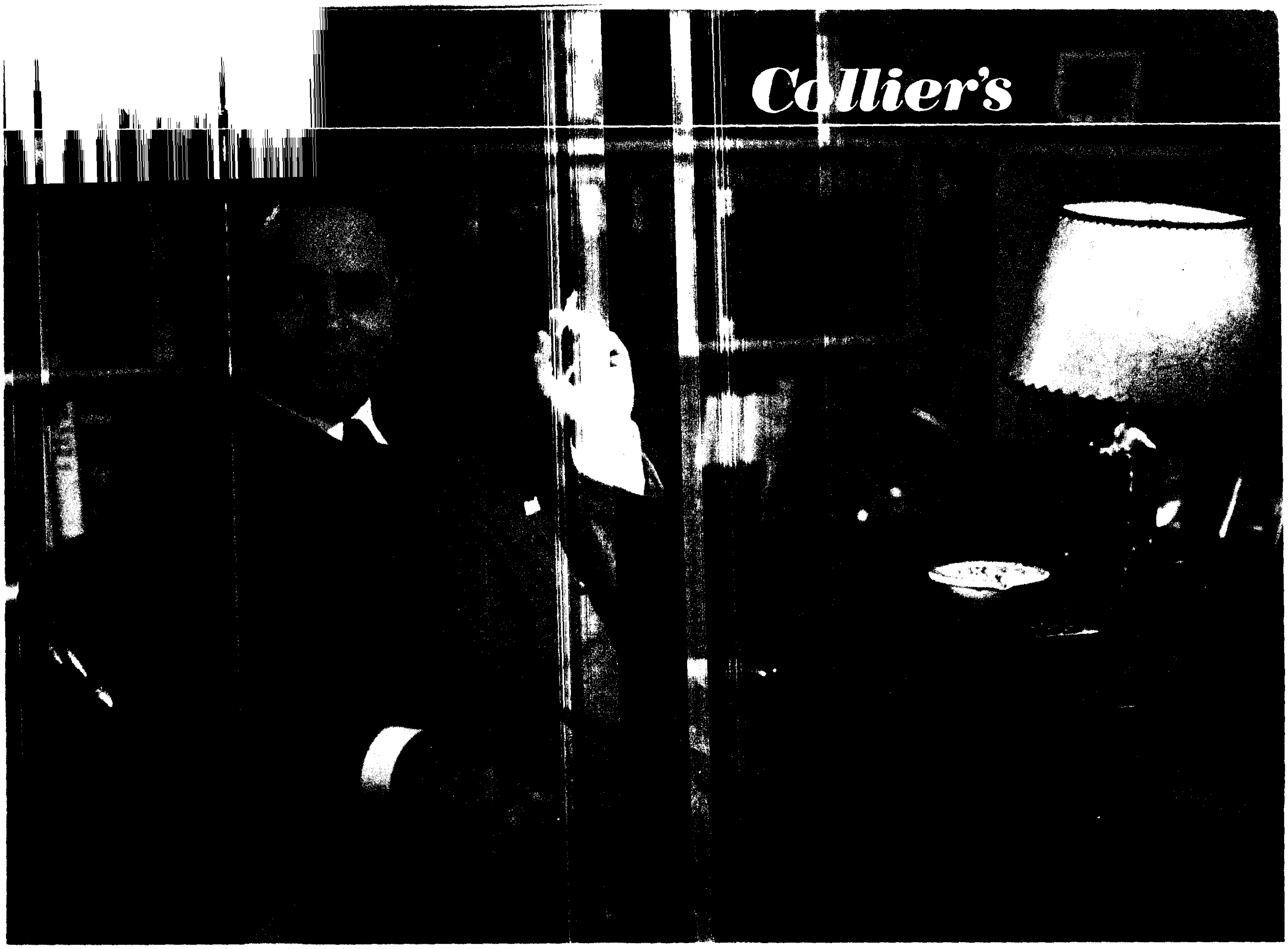


Dr. Bunche, whose genius did so much to solve the Palestine crisis, has risen to the summit of U statecraft. His grandmother, who raised him, was born a slave

Ralph Bunche—American Peacemaker

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

The man who mediated for peace in the Middle East's powder keg of racial hatred has lived all his life in the shadow of Jim Crow. Highly successful personally, and a brilliant United Nations official, he has fought for equality of opportunity regardless of race, and he has won. Doctor Bunche is the kind of man who makes democracy work.

—Drew Pearson

RALPH JOHNSON BUNCHE, a soft-voiced, patient, apparently indefatigable ex-college professor of forty-four, easily ranks among the top half dozen diplomats in America and possibly in the world. As the first United States Negro ever to become a leader in international affairs, he is a living demonstration that the processes of democracy can and do work. At the same time, he is a living challenge to democracy to work better.

Dr. Bunche's performance as Acting Mediator for the U.N. in the recent peace mission to Palestine was the climax to a career that reads like a present-day parallel to Booker T. Washington's famous Up from Slavery. His grandmother, who raised him from the age of ten, was born in bondage. He took menial jobs to work his way through public schools and college, and ultimately won his Ph.D. at Harvard.

Today he is recognized as one of the foremost authorities on colonial peoples and their problems; his work in O.S.S. aided in preparing for the successful invasion of North Africa in World War II, and he drafted much of the three chapters on trusteeship and colonies in the U.N. Charter. He won this year's American Association for the United Nations award, was cited by the One World Award Committee, and has been mentioned in newspapers as a candidate for the Nobel peace prize. Few Americans of any complexion can boast a similar record of scholarship and statesmanship.

Despite his distinguished background Dr. Bunche has lived constantly in the shadow of Jim Crow. Time and again he has been refused service in or admittance to restaurants, not only in Southern cities, but also in Los Angeles (his adopted home town), Seattle and Washington, D. C.

Bigotry like this might conceivably someday deprive the nation of the full potentiality of his proven diplomatic abilities.

Soon after returning from Palestine last April,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Dr. Bunche was mentioned by a State Department official as a likely appointee for a newly created job: Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and African Affairs. When questioned, he told friends that he knew nothing more about this than what he read in the papers, but added that in any event he was not inclined to return to government service in Washington—in part, at least, because of his unwillingness to re-expose his family to anti-Negro conditions there.

The doctor clarified his position recently while relaxing on a couch in his small apartment in Parkway Village, the U.N. housing project on Long Island, New York, to which he and his family moved from Washington nearly two years ago.

"Frankly," he said, "there's too much Jim Crow in Washington for me—I wouldn't take my kids back there." (His two daughters, Joan, seventeen, and Jane, fifteen, attend a Friends school in Westtown, Pennsylvania; Ralph, Jr., five, goes to kindergarten at Lake Success.)

Dr. Bunche paused to light a cigarette. He is a chain smoker, usually getting through as many as three packs a day.

"I built a house in Washington while I was teaching at Howard," he continued, expelling smoke slowly. "It was in a section of the city in which the whites predominated at that time. The architect and the builders and I spent 18 months going over plans and putting it up. When we moved in, my daughters had to go three miles to school—I had to hire a driver to take them—even though there was a school for white kids just around the corner."

He paused. "When I was in the State Department, representatives of other governments, who knew nothing about race prejudice, would sometimes call me up and ask me to meet them at the Mayflower or the Wardman Park or some other place for lunch or cocktails, to talk over some business matter. My Negro friends and I had been refused service in many Washington public places so many times that I never knew what to expect—never knew whether to accept or decline.

"One time a foreign friend who was living at one of the better hotels was giving a dinner party and wanted to ask me. He asked the management if they would object to my presence. They said yes, even though my friend specified that I was a State Department man, as though that should have made some difference."

Invisible Barriers Were Lowered

Dr. Bunche was the first Negro to hold a desk job in the State Department, which allegedly always has been off limits to minorities. If invisible barriers did exist, and they were lowered for him, he has no idea why; and he adds that his color, to his knowledge, never caused any incidents within the department. "If there were any doubters, I guess they must have decided that the government wasn't going to collapse, after all," he remarked.

Dr. Bunche crushed out his cigarette and lighted a fresh one. "Improving race relations is a long, slow process," he continued. "One time Todd Duncan—I'd known him while he was at Howard—wrote me that he was coming to the National Theatre in the leading role of Porgy and Bess. Todd knew that the National was a Jim Crow house, and he was disturbed at the prospect of playing in his home town in a theater where his friends couldn't come to see him. He asked if there weren't something that we could do about it.

"I got together a committee from the teachers' union and we went down to see the manager. At first he was very tough—said it wasn't a personal policy, it was economic: White patrons wouldn't come if Negroes were admitted.

"He tried to pacify our committee by offering us complimentary tickets—said we could come 'to represent the community.' We didn't like that, either, so we threatened him. I was a representative in the Central Labor Union then, and I told him I could get a good many pickets out when Todd came to town. He finally agreed to change the policy for that one production; but just for that one. As soon as Porgy left, Jim Crow came back in."

Dr. Bunche leaned forward, his dark eyes intensely serious. "I have lived and worked in Washington for almost a score of years," he said. "Living in the nation's capital is like serving out a sentence for any Negro who detests segregation and discrimination as I do—and I know of few, if any, Negroes who don't.

"It's extremely difficult for a Negro to maintain even a semblance of human dignity in Washington.

"At every turn, he's confronted with places he can't enter because of his color—schools, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, theaters, bars, lunch counters

Brilliant and affable Dr. Ralph Bunche is the first U.S. Negro to become a leader in world affairs. He set a fantastic pace for his staff during the Palestine negotiations. At a more leisurely moment at Lake Success he chats with his assistants: Taylor C. Shore (left), his secretary Doreen M. Daughton, and William Maschler

and rest rooms, not to mention widespread job barriers."

The doctor paused for a moment, reflectively. Then he continued, "Washington isn't unique in this regard, of course—but after all, it is the nation's capital, and its racial practices have a great symbolic significance. The irony of it is that since the national government is there, the opportunities for effective attack on racial practices throughout the nation could be greatest there.

"For my part," Dr. Bunche asserted, "I have no desire to go back there—although admittedly, in a particular situation in the future, a sense of duty might be overriding."

No Color Line at Rhodes

Luckily for the cause of world peace, Jim Crow never edged his way into the Hotel des Roses at Rhodes, where Dr. Bunche and his staff received the delegates from Israel and the Arab states. Although the doctor's contingent of more than 700 people (Secretariat personnel and military observers) included a good many American Southerners, none seemed to object to serving under a Negro.

Soon after the first armistice in February, Colonel Mohammed Ibrahim Seif El-Dine, of Egypt, called Dr. Bunche "one of the greatest men in the world"; Dr. Walter Eytan, of Israel, said that the mediator's efforts had been superhuman. With characteristic modesty, Dr. Bunche gave full credit to the desire of both delegations for peace, and to the untiring efforts of his U.N. co-workers.

In response to this, one colleague declared, "The whole mission was a one-man operation. There were many times when most of us despaired of ever reaching a settlement. Ralph never despaired—or, if he did, he never showed it. He, and he alone, drove on to a successful conclusion."

At Rhodes, the Acting Mediator set a fantastic pace. The ever-present cigarette drooping from his lips, a sheaf of papers in one hand and a pen in the other, he often remained at his desk for a full 48 hours. Ordinarily he sleeps only five hours a night; at Rhodes he averaged three. A man who loves to eat—he weighs over 200 pounds—he often went without food for many hours.

Even when negotiations seemed hopelessly stymied or about to break down, the doctor kept cool. Once an impatient Israeli delegate hurled a lead pencil across the table. It happened to hit the leader of the other delegation. Dr. Bunche reprimanded the Israeli in private, and insisted that he apologize, which he did.

Another time, the head of an Arab delegation refused to shake hands upon being introduced to the Israeli leader. Dr. Bunche rushed the meeting to a conclusion and then took the Arab aside.

"Look here," he said, "this is pretty serious. The Israelis have just said they're going back to Tel Aviv tomorrow to find out from their government if they should continue with the negotiations or not. If the proceedings are broken off just because you've failed to observe the minimum rules of courtesy, it's going to be your personal responsibility."

The Arab explained that he originally had been willing to shake hands, but that just before the meeting his delegation had voted against it. Nevertheless, he said he would meet the Israeli delegate in the doctor's hotel room that night. He was the first to arrive at the rendezvous. When the Israeli appeared, the Arab rose and shook not one of his hands but both.

"This time," the doctor recalled, "they acted like long-lost brothers. Pretty soon they started to speak Arabic—and then they apologized to me because they knew I didn't speak the language. I said, 'Hell, speak your Arabic—don't bother about me.' "

A Crucial Test for U.N. Prestige

Dr. Bunche's negotiating tactics may well be recorded someday as a masterwork in the practical application of psychology. At the outset he was in a difficult position. The truce in Palestine was one of the first orders of its kind that the U.N. had directed to warring nations, and the world was waiting anxiously to see if it would hold. The doctor behaved as though he were completely unaware of this; he conducted the meetings, one of his staff later commented, as though he had been doing it all his life.

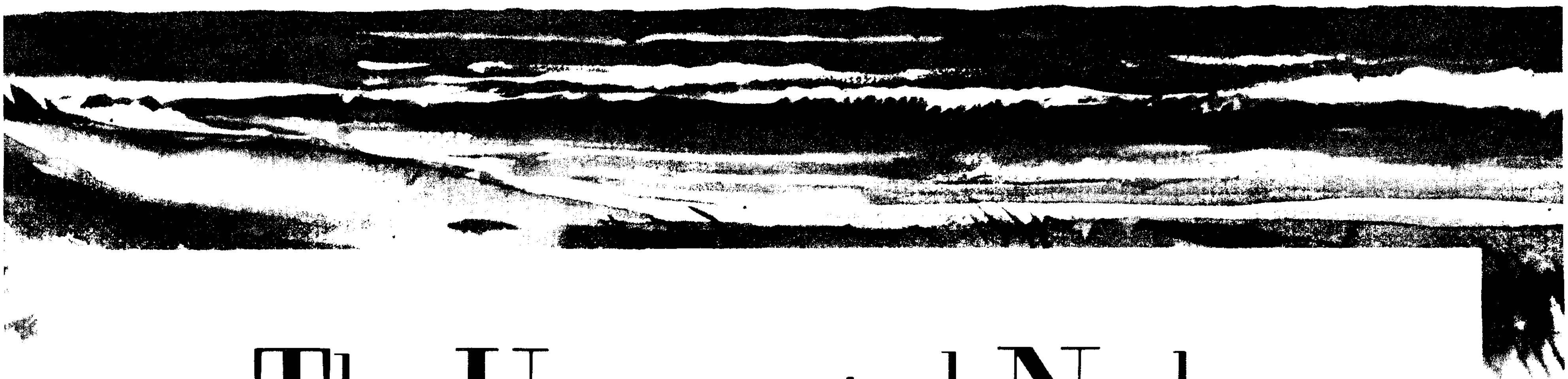
"I never once saw him lose his temper," Mrs. Doreen Daughton, the doctor's secretary, said. "Whenever things got bad, he simply took a few minutes off and went down and played billiards. Then he came back and got to work again."

Of his method of negotiating, Dr. Bunche says,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

The qualities of peace and serenity which Dr. Bunche won for the Middle East are reflected in his own family scene at Parkway Village, a U.N. housing project on Long Island. Left to right: his 17-year-old daughter, Joan, who attends a Friends school in Westtown, Pennsylvania; his wife; and his son, Ralph, Jr., aged 5

Alex Ross



The Unexpected Nude

By DANA BURNET

As an ultramodern painter, Paul Stoner was interested only in straight lines—until the day he found Katherine Webb lying on the beach and discovered that the shortest distance between two people is a curve

IN THE world of modern art, Paul Stoner was a leader. During the war he had been a sergeant of Marines and now, among the younger painters in New York, he was at least a corporal of the *avant-garde*. He painted abstractions which were nothing but straight lines; he even used a ruler when necessary. This recourse to the ruler, plus the fact that he had actually sold a picture, caused his followers to hail him not only as a genius, which went without saying, but as a prophet as well.

Artists, like other men—and also like minnows—tend to run in schools. The Stoner group was known as the "Straight Line" school. It was founded, of course, on Paul's revolutionary principle of linear purity. The one picture he'd sold was of a flight of black triangles—abstract airplanes—dragging white vapor trails across a pink parallelogram of space. The earth in the foreground was flat, as it was before Columbus. The sun in the sky was square, as possibly it was before Genesis.

It cast down diagonal yellow lines that shed light upon the scene, if not upon the wits of the beholder. The work was entitled, "Introduction to Infinity," and if you knew your moderns you could tell it was a Stoner, because there wasn't a curve on the canvas. Angles, yes. But no curves.

"The straight line," Paul told his disciples one June night during a party in his Greenwich Village studio, "leads to the infinite. It's the symbol of man's desire to escape from his earthly environment." The speaker himself was escaping from his New York environment that very evening. A Fifty-seventh Street gallery had offered him a one-man show in the fall and he was going to Maine for the summer to prepare for it. "On the other hand," he continued, "the curve is the symbol of earth, or nature, which I have repudiated."

Paul Stoner was six feet two, he'd been a champion intercollegiate boxer and still looked more like an athlete than an artist, so that his repudiation of nature was impressive. His disciples were enthusiastic. They drank Chianti and swore that they'd all renounce nature, which they agreed was hopelessly curved. Then they drank some more Chianti and went in a body to put their prophet on the State of Maine express. . . .

Twelve hours later Paul was installed in a remodeled fish shed with a north window overlooking the clam flats of Manasquot—a down east seaside village just beginning to fill up with artists, vacationists and natives returning from Florida. Paul plunged right into his work, but he also needed exercise. That this was a concession to nature did not occur to him. So he took daily walks on the unfrequented part of the beach before swimming in the cold, blue water.

It was during one of his walks that he came on the girl asleep in the dunes. He'd been idly exploring those lonely, green-tufted hillocks of sand when suddenly, in a sheltered hollow, he saw the nude girl. Paul was more astonished than startled. As an artist, he was professionally acquainted with the basic human form. The fact that she was naked did not impress him particularly. It was the unexpectedness of it that held him, for an instant, immobile.

It was also the dreamlike quality of the scene. The pale blue sky, the grayish white sand, the smoothly tanned figure curled up so innocently in the sunlight—the total effect was like a mirage suspended, in loveliness and illusion, before him. It was like one of those tantalizing visions he'd had at moments of intolerable boredom in the Pacific, or even during combat, that always had vanished before he could quite visualize them.

But this vision did not vanish. It was real, and of course that spoiled it. Because as a picture it was precisely the kind of sentimental, corny composition that Paul, the ultramodernist painter, despised. It's calendar art, he thought; and took a step backward. As he did so, the girl opened her eyes.

Always observant of details, he noticed that her eyes were blue. Or were they violet? Before he could decide, she lifted her head and stared at him and somehow he saw himself as she must be seeing him, a hulking, black-haired intruder in red bathing trunks towering ominously above her.

He was aware of an oval face framed in a wild tangle of reddish-gold hair, the eyes incredulous, the bowed lips parted in a soundless O, as she clawed desperately with one slim brown hand for her own wisp of bathing suit.

Paul turned abruptly; his bare feet churned the deep sand as he scrambled up the dune and plunged down the other side. He wasn't going to wait to hear any maidenly outcries. Walking fast, he hiked back to the bathing beach proper, where he dived at once into the icy ocean.

THUS cooled, he dressed, had a hamburger in the bathhouse cafeteria and returned to his studio. The incident of the girl was closed. He just wouldn't think about her, or the color of her eyes, or anything. Blue or violet—what difference did it make to him?

So he took pains not to think about the girl. But that afternoon, as he was sketching with a pencil at his easel—just groping for a design—a curious thing happened. He had in mind a beach scene, with triangular dunes rising from a flat stretch of sand and horizontal waves breaking on it in patterns like propositions in geometry. Plane geometry, of course. It would be a composition as pure as mathematics, as exciting as Euclid. But when he stepped back to look at it, his jaw dropped. He stared, unbelieving, at what he'd done.

The beach was a long sweeping curve and the dunes were beautifully rounded. Their contours were—but they couldn't be—feminine, because he wasn't thinking of the girl at all.

He erased this extraordinary apparition and started again. But his hand shook unaccountably. The more he tried to force it to obey his will, the more it wavered. It kept wandering off into arcs and parabolas and once it made a complete circle in spite of him. It was just as if his fingers holding the pencil had decided on a career of their own.

"Okay, let's face it," he said aloud. "I'm temporarily off the beam—just can't draw a straight line." He thought of using his ruler, but under the circumstances that seemed a weakness. After all, he reflected, no artist can afford to *depend* on a ruler. It

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

What Good Is The Atom?

By DAVID LILIENTHAL

A noted scientist answers the viewers-with-alarm who regard the atom as primarily a frightful agent of destruction. What he has to say is of tremendous importance to you, no matter who you are or where you live

INTERNATIONAL

Mr. Lilienthal says: "The popular mind is more important to our future than atomic laboratories"

"*It Can Be Safe*"

The day the President appointed me to the Atomic Energy Commission, I had a telephone call from my father, who is in retirement in Florida. He said he had just heard of the appointment on the radio, and called to congratulate me. Then he said: "Wait a minute. Your mother says she wants to talk to you."

"David," my mother said, "your father tells me I ought to congratulate you. I do; I congratulate you."

I could tell she didn't think the appointment was cause for congratulation, but she was trying to be a good sport about it. Then she continued in a rather worried voice: "But there is one question I would like to ask. David, is it safe?"

I didn't know how to answer that question. There were times, such as during the thirteen weeks of Senate hearings that followed the nomination, when I was pretty sure the answer was, it was *not* safe.

But as the great benefits of the atom become more and more clear, it seems to me I can answer my mother's question and the question in the hearts of other mothers, and people everywhere: "It *can* be safe."

D. L.

FOR an hour Speaker Sam Rayburn and I sat in his office talking about atomic energy, and of the stirring opportunities opening up all around us because of what is known and what will be learned about the atom. It was one of the most heartening and useful hours I had spent anywhere in my more than two years as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Speaker of the House doesn't pretend to know a great deal about the technical side of atomic energy. But he does have a great deal of savvy about something more important. He knows about people. Such knowledge is essential in forwarding and guiding the development of atomic energy.

"David, I suppose I know every individual in my home town of Bonham, Texas, and maybe in the whole of my Congressional district," said the Speaker. "They are way above the average in education and in intelligence. Yet if you and I went around asking these people what they know about atomic energy, almost to a man they would say something about the bomb, and nothing else. And if we'd go out in the corridors of the Capitol and put the same question to members of the Congress, we'd get the same kind of answer from nearly all of them. That's not good, David. People must know more about the atom."

I fully agree with the Speaker. That's why I am writing this article—to give you by broad outline and suggestion some of the facts which I have learned and which you have a right to know.

The biggest challenge that ever faced a generation of mortals is presented us. We must learn how to live with the atom. What is going on in people's minds and in their hearts is of fundamental importance, if we are to do this. The popular mind is more important to our future than atomic laboratories.

From now on we can travel at the speed of enlightenment, or we can dawdle and fool and politick around, and postpone or lose the greatest opportunities man has known. Within 20 years, if we set our minds and hearts to it, we may be used to the idea of getting power and heat from within the atom; and we may see dread diseases that have baffled men for centuries brought under control.

Mankind is full-face to a new horizon. Only the fear of knowledge, or our stupidity in using it, can prevent our stepping soon into fields of living that will be brighter than we have ever known.

It is a great privilege to be alive at a time in the world's history when a discovery akin to finding fire or electricity comes along. The sooner men accept that fact and are stimulated by it, the sooner in my opinion will we enjoy the now incredible possibilities of atomic science.

Perhaps the best way for me to begin is to state what atomic energy is *not*. It is *not* a secret. It is *not* a complex formula written on a piece of paper kept locked up somewhere in a heavily guarded vault. Many people still think of it that way. This is partly because it was developed as a wartime secret. When the Atomic Energy Commission took over from the Army on December 31, 1946, a news photographer telephoned our office to ask whether he could come in to "take a picture of General Groves handing *the secret* to Mr. Lilienthal."

Atomic energy is not new, not something that first appeared in the world when the first atom bomb was exploded. Nor is it strange and unfamiliar. The friendly sun itself is a huge atomic-energy factory. Each of us gets every bit of his energy from it. Yet the forces within the sun are atomic forces—atomic forces that are creative. *Without* them the world would be a lifeless desert.

Atomic energy is a natural force that now, for the first time, men begin to understand. The door of atomic knowledge, locked tight against us since the beginning of time, has finally been pried open. Not far. The aperture is small. But now, if we don't miss our great chance, that door can be forced open wider every day.

Probe Secrets of the New Energy

Tens of thousands of men and women—in laboratories, hospitals, schools, factories, research centers, mining areas and engineering shops—are right now exploring the atomic unknown. Some of them work with such simple equipment as pencils and paper. Others use the most complex and ponderous mechanisms of all time. Some work with commonplace stuff like concrete; some with strange elements, new to man. Believe me, we are really wrestling with the atom, and some of these days it will be one of mankind's most useful servants, even as electricity has been.

Atomic energy shows itself to us in different ways, just as gravity does, or magnetism or other natural forces. One of these manifestations of atomic energy, one easily understood and of vast usefulness to us today, is *radiation*.

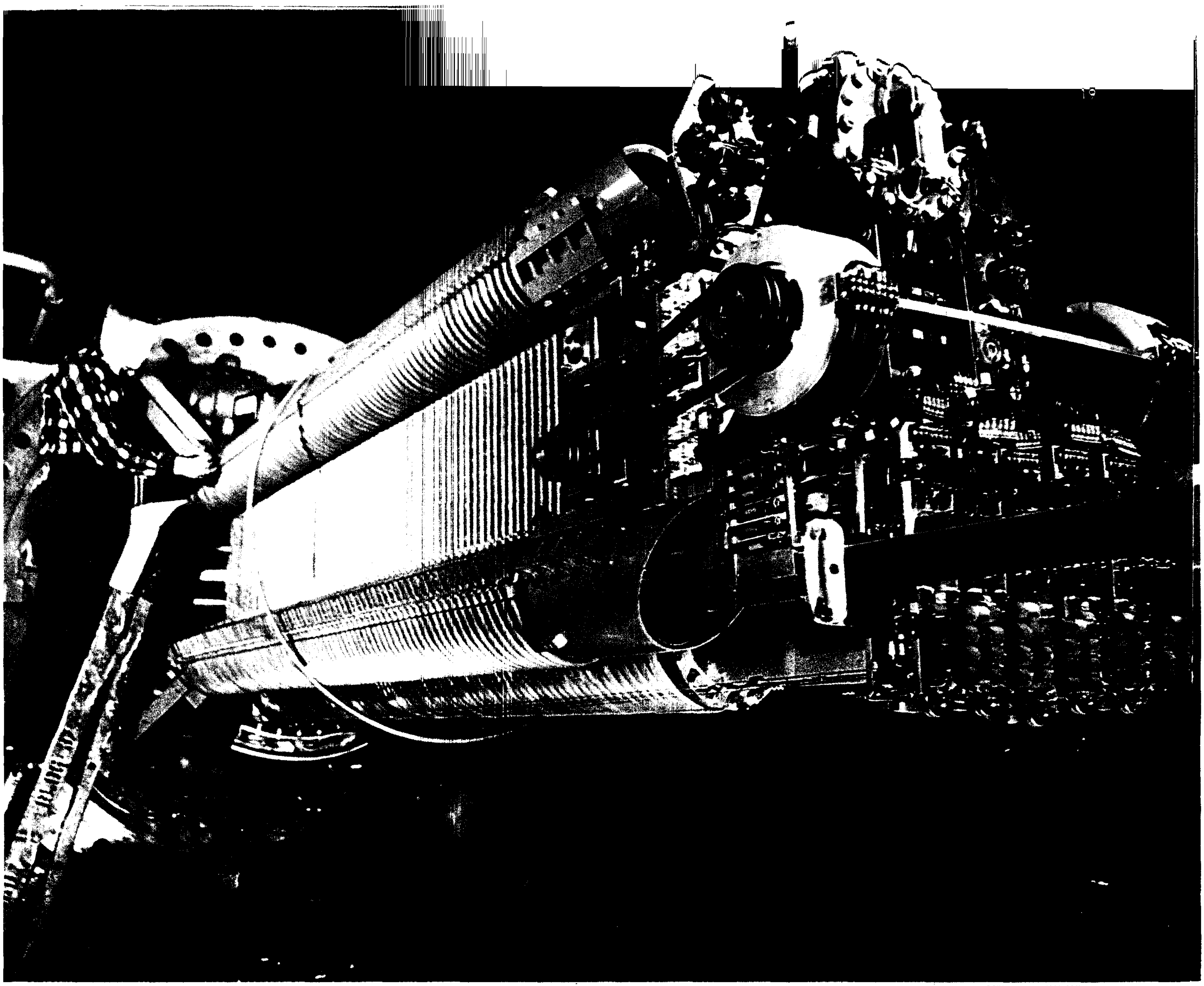
There used to be three R's that everyone had to learn: reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. To this we now must add a fourth R: radiation.

Radiation can become one of our best friends, as well as one of our direst enemies. It has now become one of the principal facts of life for every human being on the globe.

Radiation, as a form or manifestation of atomic energy, isn't new, nor is it unfamiliar. Everyone knows the dramatic story of the discovery of radium by Professor and Madame Pierre Curie and G. Bémont. But radium is pathetically scarce—there are only 26 ounces in this country, after all these years. When Madame Curie came to America to accept a gift of radium from a grateful people, she was presented with one gram, one twenty-eighth of an ounce, and wept with joy. It cost $100,000.

But today, in the atomic factories of this country, we can make *ordinary* substances radioactive, and in almost unlimited quantities and so inexpensively that the materials are made available free to hospitals and research centers. Today we don't deal in grams of radium, but in the equivalent of *tons* of radium. We can take a piece of iron or zinc or salt or phosphorus—ordinary materials you see or handle every day—and rather easily transform them so that they send off powerful radiation.

Radiation is suddenly no longer a rarity, but a familiar manifestation of a fundamental force. That force is the energy in the nucleus, or heart, of



GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Here is one of the complicated mechanisms which are ferreting out the secrets of the atom. It's the Brookhaven National Laboratory's Van de Graaff generator

the atom—the atom of which all physical things on this earth are made.

Let's take that dime you have in your pocket, or in your handbag. We call it silver. Another way of putting it is to say that the coin is made up of millions of atoms of the element known as silver. Each of those atoms contains a very hard core. Rotating about that core, or nucleus, just as planets rotate about the sun in our solar system, are particles so small that no one can see them. Not only silver but everything else—iron, copper, oxygen, zinc, the bones and muscles of your body, the paper in the page before you—is made up of atoms, each with its nucleus and each nucleus with its rotating planet-particles.

These materials do not ordinarily emit rays as does radium. Therefore, until the coming of the atomic furnace, radiation was not a matter of much concern in our everyday living.

The coming of the Atomic Age has changed all this. Now we can quite easily take that dime and change its atoms so that they do send out radiation. Some kinds of radioactive atoms send out rays for years. Indeed, with a number of materials the radiation continues for centuries. The rays cannot be felt or seen or smelled or heard or sensed. But some of them can go through steel and concrete to a considerable thickness, and certainly through the human body. This ability to make ordinary things radioactive has already, in a few brief years, changed our world. It looks the same, but it is not the same.

How do we go about making that silver dime change its character? We simply insert it into an atomic chain reactor, or atomic furnace, and after a short time bring it out—and the trick is done.

If the radiation can't be seen or felt, how do we know it's there? Scientists have an answer to this in a sensitive gadget that will soon become as well known as an electric meter or a radio tube. The gadget, usually called a Geiger counter, detects the presence of the rays and counts their intensity.

A Gadget of Many Varied Uses

Out in the canyons of Colorado these days, you will run into uranium prospectors, with pick, mule and Geiger counter. In hospitals you will find doctors putting the gadget to the chests of patients who are being treated in some way with radioactive substances. In factories and agricultural experiment stations all over the country you will find them, by the tens of thousands—evidence of the new age of the fourth R. They make finding a needle in a haystack no trick at all, if that needle has been made radioactive.

The atomic reactor is the symbol of our era of radiation. Of vast importance in atomic research, these are costly and tremendously powerful machines.

As an American taxpayer, you have furnished the money and you now own a number that are operating—one at Oak Ridge; two others near Chicago, at the commission's Argonne Laboratory; several at Hanford, in Washington State; two at Los Alamos, New Mexico; another, a fine brand-new one that will begin to operate this year, on Long Island, at our Brookhaven Laboratory.

Take the first one, at Oak Ridge. It looks like a huge windowless warehouse, several stories in height. Most of the bulk is concrete that is several feet thick. The concrete safely shields the operators from the intense radiation that goes on inside. Within this cube of concrete is a great deal of uranium metal, mixed with a crisscross of graphite blocks. (Graphite is the stuff in a "lead" pencil.) Some of the atoms of this uranium are made to split by hitting them with atomic bullets called neutrons. Splitting an atom breaks its hard core. The split atom releases more neutron bullets. These hit and split other uranium atoms in this great mass in the furnace. The smashed atoms in turn let fly with other neutrons, and so the process spreads,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

MEMORY TEST

By PETER B. KYNE

In the first crime, Moroney was one of the cops, and in the second, he was one of the criminals

THE day after my promotion to sergeant I transferred to Central Station and reported to the chief of police for assignment. Another new sergeant was also reporting and the chief said, "Goldberg, meet Mannix, Timothy J. Mannix; Isidore M. Goldberg." Then he handed us the shields of detective sergeants and told us to report to Captain Moroney, chief of detectives upstairs.

"What sort of man is he?" Mannix asked with almost childish insouciance. "A patient man, I hope, who will not expect too much too soon from a pair of rookies."

"He's as hard as rocks, Sergeant, but just; and if there's a better detective anywhere I have never heard of him. He's a driver. You'll know many a straight forty-eight-hour shift on a murder detail and you'll learn to forget about your day off—if you make good."

Mannix and I exchanged long looks and I agreed with him when he grinned and said, "I'll not deny that there are ignorant Mannixes and Goldbergs, but I have yet to meet them plain stupid." He put an arm across my shoulders. "Let us go up, Goldie, and endear ourselves to this tough but just chief of detectives."

When he called me Goldie I knew I wanted to be paired with him on any detail we got. As we went upstairs, I remarked that we'd be a good pair to draw to; that each would have something to contribute that the other lacked. To that he replied: "I see no objection to a man's thinking well of himself. Self-esteem should not be confused with self-conceit and I'm delighted to be a detective because I *know* I'll make good." He gave me a slap on the back and we barged in on Moroney and found a big, fine-looking specimen of second-growth Irish with dark blue, kindly eyes and a mouth that shut like a cellar door. We came to attention, saluted and as if he'd rehearsed it, said in unison, "Rookies, sir." Then Tim jerked a thumb at me. "Goldberg, sir." He prodded himself in the chest. "Mannix."

"I knew you were coming," Moroney said coldly.

There were visitors' chairs but Moroney did not ask us to be seated, so with a sigh, Timothy J. Mannix eased himself into one and I, not wishing to render Tim conspicuous, sat down in the other.

"In this office," Moroney said, "you sit when you're asked to. No lounging here."

"Goldie," Tim replied cordially, "is descended from the last king of Judea, while I trace my line back, in unbroken succession, to King Cormac of Connaught. We stand in no man's presence."

Moroney's eyes burned like headlights but what could he do about it? Tim had not violated a police regulation but had merely yielded to the pixie in him to deflate Moroney, who to cover his confusion pointed to a framed motto on the wall. We read:

The Real Detective Has No Heart. He Never
Gives a Known Criminal An Even Break

There was also on the wall the framed photograph of a very handsome young man in the uniform of a lieutenant commander. Below his wings he had a number of ribbons and one of them meant the Medal of Honor. So we knew this was Moroney's son and that Moroney wasn't averse to advertising the fact that he'd sired one of the finest.

I glanced from the photograph to Moroney. "I note a family resemblance, Chief," I said, hoping to remove some of the curse of Tim's behavior.

"My son, Sergeant Goldberg, and my only son. Thank God he got home intact."

"God bless him," said Tim. "He did the impossible. He added luster to a race that doesn't need it. Isn't he the handsome lad? Is he married?"

"No," Moroney replied, "but he's engaged to the loveliest girl in all the wide world, and it's the happy man I am about that, because I'll have grandchildren to delight my old age that will be as much of a credit to the country as Johnny has been. Have you two any children?" he asked kindly.

I have two, a boy and a girl, age eight and ten respectively and I got their photos out of my billfold and passed them over to the chief. "Nice kids," he remarked. "No marriage is worth a damn without children. Now that you're a sergeant you can afford another."

Tim, too, had two youngsters and got out snapshots of them. "Both their parents are black Irish," he complained. "Black as far back as we can trace us, but those two are redheads and where the hell they got that I'd like to know."

"I can tell you," Moroney shot at him. "I think 'twas in the eighth century that the Danes came down and kicked hell out of us and ravaged and raped. So there's a bar sinister in your clan, Mannix, and put that in your pipe and smoke it, you of royal descent."

That squared everything, so Moroney said, "Go up to the rogues' gallery and report to the curator Corporal Gillogley, for a two weeks' course studying the mugs and records of our most undistinguished citizens, both in the poky and out of it. Your success as detectives will depend on whether you have the memories of elephants or gophers. At the end of two weeks Corporal Gillogley will give you a memory test. The passing grade is seventy, and sixty-nine plus will get you two assigned to the shoplifting detail."

WE WALKED into Moroney's office uninvited, two weeks later, and laid our report cards before him. Mannix had eighty-six plus and I had eighty-six. "Gillogley says we broke a track record," Mannix proclaimed sweetly.

Moroney telephoned Gillogley to verify the score, so we knew he could be just as big a stinker as either of us. "I'll pair you," he announced then. "'Twould be no service to the department to separate two such brilliant intellects." He reached for a typewritten memo on his desk. "Here's your first assignment. There are no clues on this case, but if you two are as smart as you think you are that shouldn't bother you. Over the telephone I've discovered who pulled the job, but I'm hoarding that information. Unless you two tell me in two hours the name of the man, out you go on your well-known fannies."

"The harder the case to crack the more joy in the cracking," said Tim. "The impossible jobs are cold meat for Mannix and Goldberg. Read the assignment to me, Goldie."

I read:

> At 1:15 this morning Mrs. Herbert Mills de Grandcourt, who resides at the Hotel St. Dunstan, was knocked out in the drawing room of her suite and robbed of jewels insured with Lloyd's of London for $200,000. Case assigned to Goldberg and Mannix.

Tim said, "We could locate the culprit over the telephone but a ride up to the Hotel St. Dunstan this fine spring morning will be good for our metabolism."

In the elevator Tim said, "We're driving the hard-boiled man crazy and he's called our bluff. Wirra, wirra, 'tis whistling past the cemetery I am."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

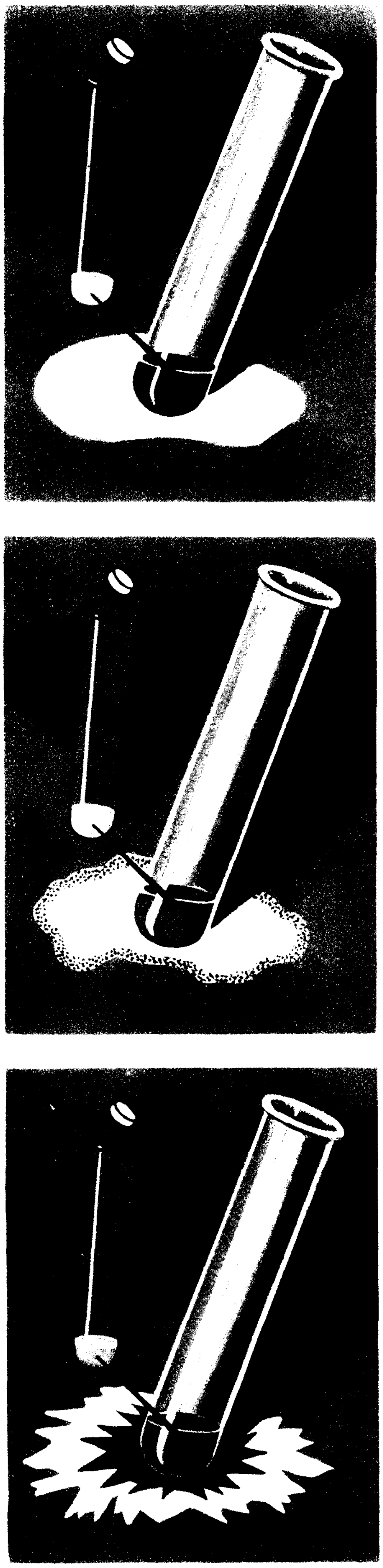
When Big Nose came out and punched the bell I put my gun in his ribs and his big hands went up automatically. We took him down to the second landing to give him a private frisk

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

My Child Is A Diabetic

By CAMILLE MACAULAY

Although Cathy, the little girl in this story, has an incurable illness she would be surprised if you wept for her. Her plan of living keeps her strong and healthy. She will stay that way if she remembers a little candy box that gave the first warning



To test the urine for sugar, a Clinitest tablet is dropped into a tube with the urine sample. Green shows there is a trace; orange warns of trouble

IN THE battered carton where we keep our Christmas decorations and paraphernalia there is a small box covered with red brick crepe paper and shaped like a chimney. I keep it as a sort of memento, for it stands for the beginning and the end of many things for Cathy.

The first time it was used, it held her Christmas sweets—chocolate creams, nougats, fudge and all kinds of delicious candies that children love. Cathy was fascinated with the box and relished the good things that it contained. I remember how she stood in the doorway that Christmas afternoon, one little cheek puffed like a roly-poly's as she munched a piece of chocolate.

"Cathy," I said, "you've had enough candy for today."

"Just one more piece, Mommie," she teased, "I'm so-o-o hungry."

I was stirred by a sudden alarm which I could not explain. Why should I be alarmed at a child's hunger? Growing, healthy children are always hungry. I was to have my answer soon.

The first day after the Christmas holidays, when I called for Cathy as usual in the afternoon, she said, "Mommie, I feel like I'm going to pop. I've drunk gallons of water all day and I'm still thirsty."

Her words went through me like a sliver of ice. Thirst! Hunger! The first symptoms.

The six-mile trip home had never seemed so long. On our arrival I immediately made a sugar test. There it was—a bright orange specimen in the test tube!

I took Cathy to the doctor that afternoon and he confirmed what I already knew. Cathy had diabetes! Treatment could not be delayed; she must begin having insulin injections that night. This was during the war years when our hospitals were so short of help and filled to capacity. Since I was familiar with diabetes and the diabetic diet it was decided that I would care for Cathy at home.

That night I was faced with the awful task of telling her about her illness and about the needle to which she would have to become accustomed. I forced myself to sound calm and explained as best I could what had happened to her. Cathy was only six and I was completely unprepared for her response.

"Don't worry, Mommie," she said. "I will pray to Saint Theresa. She'll help me to get well."

"Of course she will!" I quavered, forgetting that it was I who was to have sounded reassuring.

The first insulin injection proved to be a lark. She giggled and declared there was a bee in the room and it had stung her. Her cheerfulness released some of my tension and I entered into the spirit of the game with her. We hunted for the bee and when it couldn't be found I pretended it had gone to sleep for the night and would come to life again the next morning. Cathy went to bed in high spirits, but in the darkness of the night my thoughts dwelt on this thing that had happened to her.

One thing I decided at once. I could not say to my child: "Your illness is incurable . . . you must face a needle every day, once a day or twice a day or three times a day, however many times necessity demands . . . you have to be careful of the foods you eat . . . you are different from other children . . ." I just couldn't say there was no hope. Hope and faith are a part of childhood. Cathy had already demonstrated that.

Knowing that the bee game could not go on for long and that Cathy's objections, like any other child's, could become violent to the constant injection of a needle, I pictured the needle as a fairy's wand, as the instrument through which flows life itself—insulin. And it was like a fairy's wand, changing her illness to no illness at all, making her once again like other children, permitting her to eat the foods she liked, and to play and romp and participate in all the fun of childhood. Now, when we take time from our busy round to give thanks for our many blessings, Cathy, lest we forget, always adds, ". . . and thank you, Lord, for insulin!"

When our doctor suggested that Cathy be taught to give herself the insulin injections and to make her own sugar tests, I was aghast. Though she had been a little trouper, I was sure she would not consent to this.

I was wrong. I showed her a picture in a diabetic manual, of a little girl giving herself an injection, and immediately Cathy was anxious to try it, too. Her first attempt, however, was not successful.

"Um-m-m," she said after two or three trials, "I just can't jab the needle in."

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omatic

The need for insulin is constant, and the patient should learn to give his own injections. Even a child can use this type of automatic syringe

Of course you can't, I thought. But we had to keep at it, for our doctor had convinced me of the importance of teaching the diabetic self-sufficiency. Then I remembered having once seen a little gadget called a plunger that, by the release of a lever, pushed the needle automatically into the skin. I told Cathy that we would get this instrument before she tried again. We did, and it worked like magic.

Cathy was taught to measure her insulin in the syringe and how to make her own urine test for sugar. The whole business became a game to her. She kept a record of her tests in a notebook and soon became just as interested as I was in any deviation from the blue negative test. The blue test, I emphasized, meant everything was fine—any other color in the test tube meant possible trouble.

Studies Results of Diet Changes

She soon learned that extra food in her diet was usually the cause of something other than a blue test. She began to take an interest in the figures in her diet and wanted to learn what they stood for.

Slowly, slowly, Cathy began to discover that this was no game. This was life today, tomorrow. Would it be forever?

It is not easy to go back now and recall my emotions toward Cathy's illness except to say that I looked upon it as an ultimate catastrophe. I could not believe that Cathy's problems could be solved; I did not believe that self-sufficiency could be taught to one so young. Deep inside me, I did not believe there was anything I could do to erase the stigma of "being different" from the future life of my little girl.

"The first thing to do," our doctor told me then, "is to organize the team—INSULIN! DIET! EXERCISE!"

I looked at Cathy. Her face was wan and her eyes were like two large, black disks in their hollow sockets. The once chubby little body had now become delicate and spindling, and that awful hunger continued to gnaw. I knew that the greatly restricted diet was necessary until we attained harmony between insulin and food; until there was less spilling of sugar; until our team was co-ordinated. Yet the gnawing at my heart was no less severe than the gnawing inside Cathy, so with only a ray of hope, I set the team into action:

INSULIN—four times a day in the beginning.

DIET—very strict, hardly enough to keep her alive, I thought.

EXERCISE—short walks morning and afternoon.

Yet, Cathy's high spirits never faltered and her wonderful sense of humor saw all of us through.

The days pass into weeks. We fumble here—and there—and learn. A little more insulin. A little more food—and not quite so much hunger.

Add a little more bulk to the diet. . . . Use more of the low-carbohydrate vegetables, less of the high ones. . . . Plenty of greens in salads. . . . Add a cup of canned beef broth to luncheon and dinner or use D-Zerta, the gelatin diabetic dessert, as neither has much food value. In this way you can salvage a few more carbohydrates and increase the bulk. . . .

Try mushrooms; they have very little food value. . . . Hear Cathy say, "Why, Mommie, do you *have* to eat frogstools when you have diabetes?"

Watch the test tube; the amount of sugar is growing less! Just a trace of sugar all through the day. . . . Cut out one of the insulin shots tomorrow; that will make only three!

"Mommie, I feel so shaky. . . . My heart is beating like a drum. . . ."

An insulin reaction! Quickly, a glass of orange juice. . . . A lump of sugar!

"There! How do you feel now?"

"Fine. . . ."

It is fine, for it means Cathy is getting better. Less insulin tomorrow. The team is beginning to work together now.

We go down to two shots of insulin. Our walks become longer. Cathy feels stronger. More to eat. Yes, the team is beginning to work. INSULIN! DIET! EXERCISE!

Look at the test tube. It's blue! That means no sugar is being spilled. Cathy is beginning to assimilate her food. She looks more nourished and the gnawing hunger is *all* gone!

Now Cathy thinks of things other than the next meal. "When do I go back to school, Mommie?"

"Next week, perhaps. . . ."

Keep your eye on the test tube. It's still blue. More food! Less insulin! We're down to one shot a day—a mixture of protamine zinc and regular insulin.

Look at the test tube. It's still blue! And look at the team, prancing shoulder to shoulder like three thoroughbreds! INSULIN! DIET! EXERCISE!

Look at Cathy! Her dark eyes are sparkling! Her round pink cheeks and her gay laughter evoke the remark: "She's bubbling with health."

For Cathy, excitement rode high that first day back at school, but I was dubious. Might she have an insulin reaction? Would her teacher remember *everything* I told her and watch carefully over my Cathy? Would she remember to remind Cathy to eat her piece of fruit at ten o'clock? Would Cathy eat her lunch on time and eat everything I had put in her lunch box? What about the candy counter—would Cathy resist it? (She had promised to buy a holy card with her nickel instead of a candy bar. But could she be satisfied with a holy card every day?) Perhaps I could talk the school into selling other things besides candy and holy cards, then I'd give Cathy a dime every day. Good Lord, no! What if she decided to buy *two* candy bars!

Mother Asks a Lot of Questions

School was out at three o'clock. I was there at two thirty, just in case.

I watched her come racing toward the car, her lunch box swinging. She was beaming.

"Gosh, Mom! School's such fun!"

"Cathy, did you eat *all* of your lunch? Did you remember your ten-o'clock feeding?"

"Sure!"

I didn't want her to think that I didn't trust her, but I just had to ask, "Cathy, did you buy a holy card with your nickel?"

"Nope!"

My heart leaped. "What did you do with it?" I asked her.

"I'm going to save all my nickels so that I can be a millionaire when I grow up."

Finally, the newness of returning to school wore off. We were back in our old routine and for some reason Cathy didn't look as happy as she had. I asked the same question every day: "Did you remember your midmorning feeding?"

"Yep," she would say in a flat voice.

"Did you enjoy the grapes?"

"They were all right."

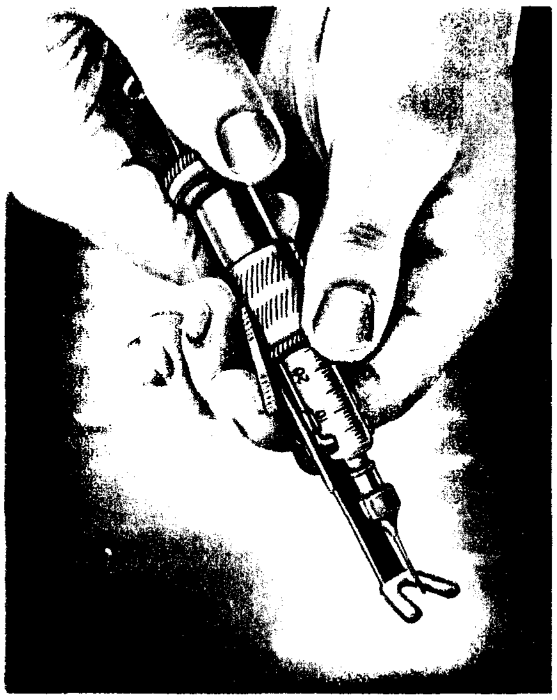
Something was wrong.

"Cathy, don't you enjoy your fruit in the mornings any more?"

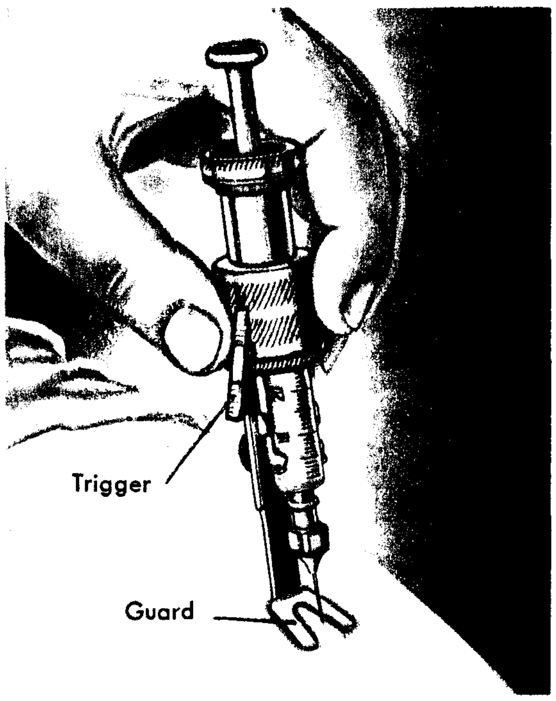
"Mommie, why do I *have* to eat fruit every

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

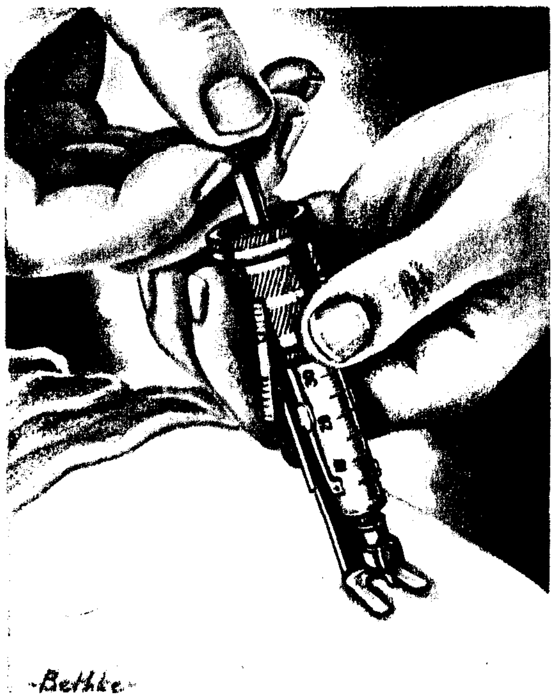
Operation of the Automatic Injector



Having filled the syringe with the amount of insulin which the doctor has recommended, the injector is cocked by pulling back the "collar"

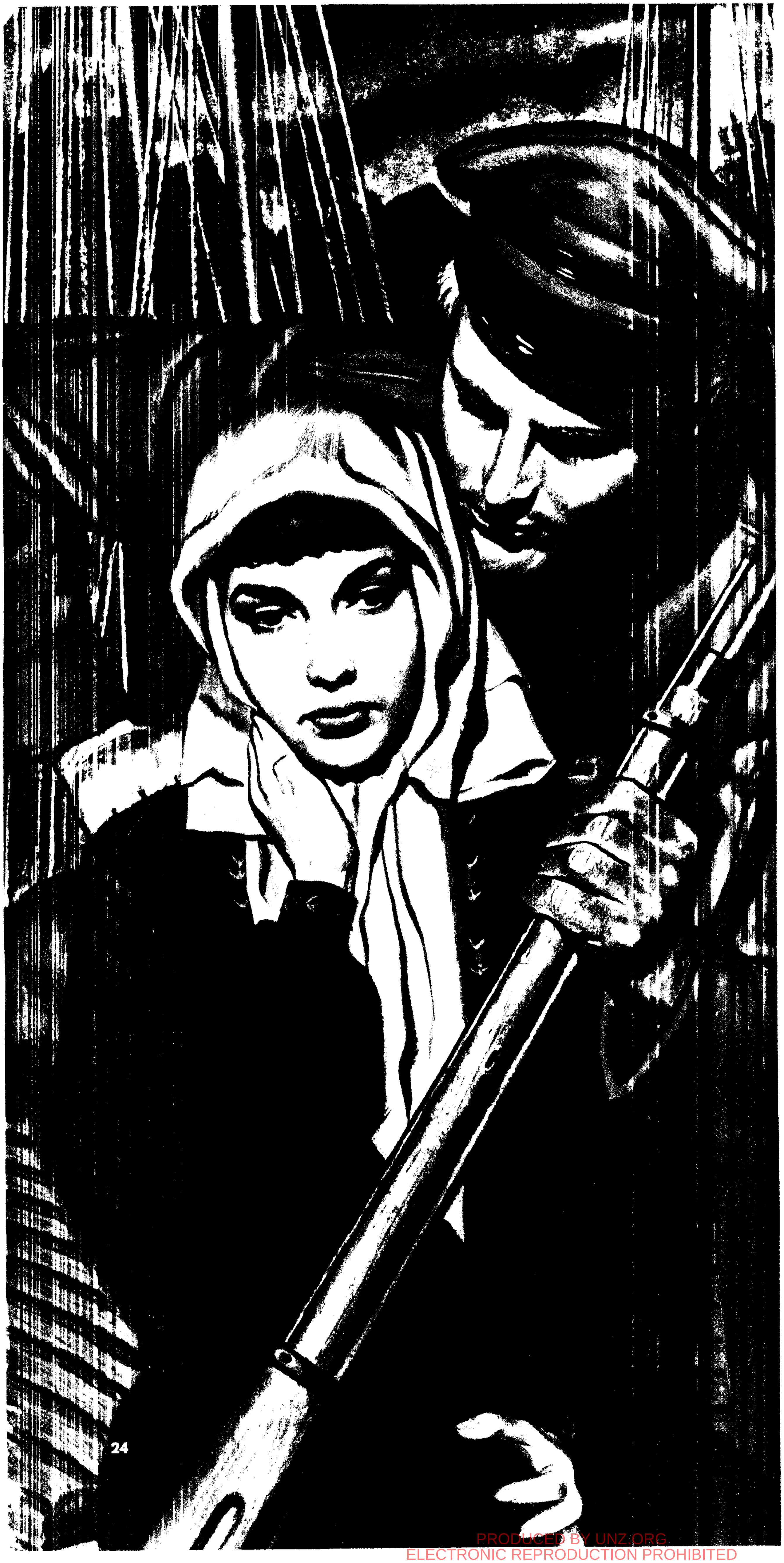


Patient places the guide on the skin and trips the trigger, automatically sending the needle into the leg—and this helps overcome painful hesitation



This accomplished, two hands are used to hold the syringe and operate the plunger. Experts are able to do it with one hand for injections into arm

DRAWINGS BY E. G. BETHKE



The Opal RING

By HAMILTON BENZ

Between her and freedom stood an enemy soldier who had guessed her secret. And she had only one thing to use as a bribe—her most precious possession

OF ODESSA, in 1917 during the revolution, I remember only a room with one window, a pine chair and a louse-ridden brass bed. I know that it is a port on the Black Sea, in a temperate climate. You can learn that in any geography. But say "Odessa" to me and I conjure up a hospital-like existence under quarantine of fear. Oh, yes—and a book, Das Kapital.

Three months previous, escape from Russia had looked as simple to my husband and myself as the last piece in a jigsaw puzzle. The trek from Moscow by way of Tula had gone as planned. But at Voronezh we were unable to find Gregor Borudu. We thought he had been murdered. For two plausible reasons my husband chose Astrakhan as the next stop: He had wealthy friends there, and I knew the Vanustovs, whose daughter Anastasia had been a schoolmate of mine.

The two weeks in Astrakhan were wasted. There was no trace of Ivan's friends, nor of the Vanustovs. I did not lose hope but I could feel it slipping away. Meanwhile we were purchasing "protection" more frequently than bread.

In my mind we were like a pair of starving squirrels in a falling tree, crisscrossing from branch to branch in frantic desperation. Astrakhan having failed, my husband Ivan blandly tackled the Rostov proposition. In that frigid city our problem was almost solved by others. Russian soldiers were everywhere, and as the Americans say, were "trigger happy."

The simplest thing we could do was to go to Odessa. Simplest! Rostov and Odessa were hundreds of miles apart. But I had one consolation: Odessa would be warm.

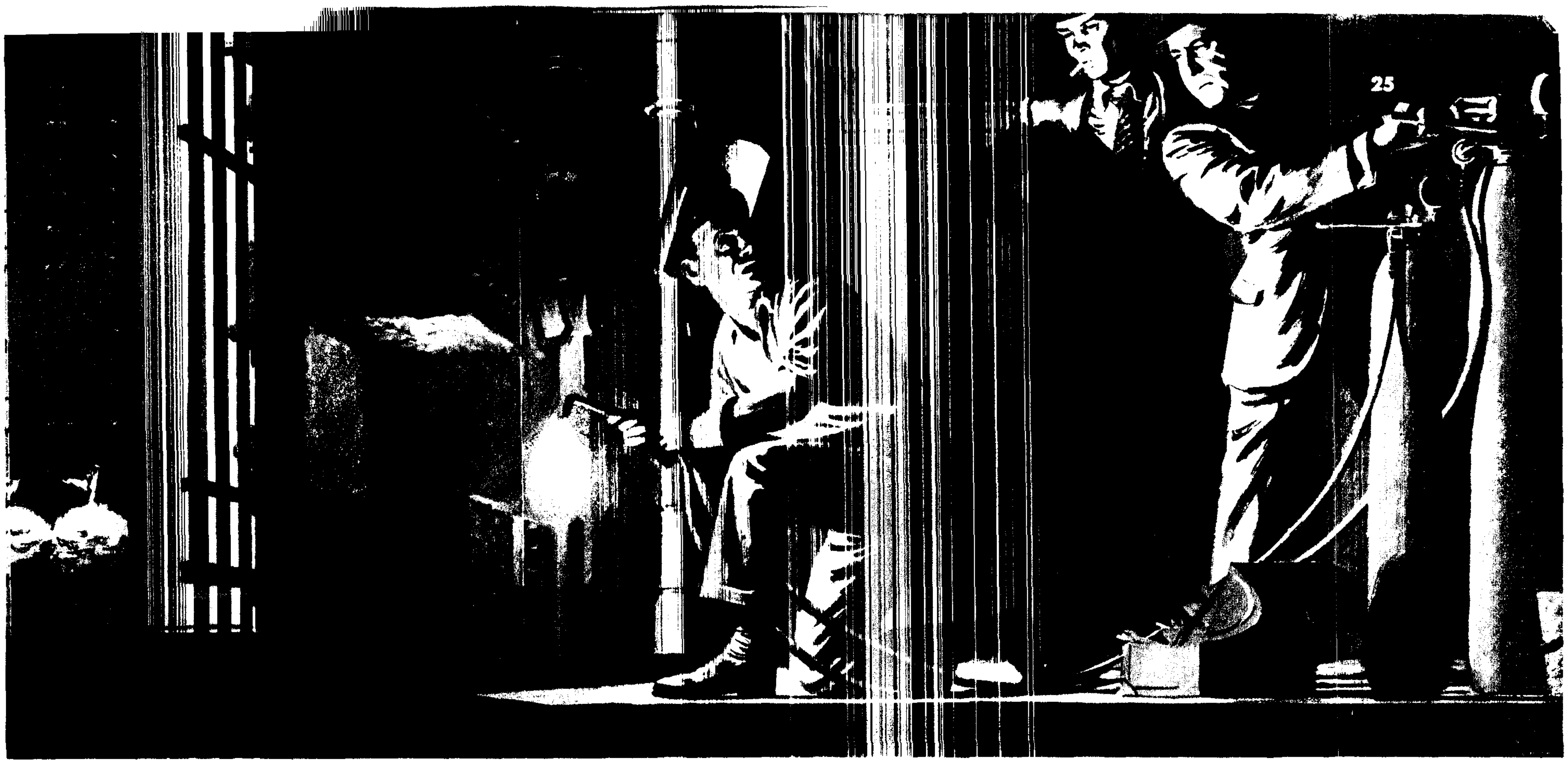
Financing that journey was costly. With our cash gone and some of our clothes sold, the trip, mostly by cart, took all of our jewelry except my opal ring. I swore that only death would part me from my ring. It had belonged to my mother, who died when I was a baby. The ring, a fire opal set in diamonds and rubies, had been in her family many years. My father had kept it until I was eighteen, and then given it to me on my name day—always a great celebration for us because it was his too. Mother had insisted that I be named Micaela. She was French.

I had an ingenious method of concealing my ring, which I wore stone palmward on the little finger of my right hand. Several thicknesses of gauze smeared with lipstick were wound around

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

I didn't hear his approach. Over my shoulder his voice half whispered, "Waiting for someone?"

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY



The Maccabees vault in Detroit contained fourteen million dollars, and it took five months of preparation to plot the robbery. Wilson started to burn a hole **in the bottom of the vault door and was only an inch or two from one of** the greatest hauls in the history of crime when something went wrong with his torch

I Was King of the Safecrackers

By HERBERT EMERSON WILSON *as told to DEAN JENNINGS*

Synopsis: HERBERT WILSON, who had quit the ministry, masterminded some of the most daring safecracking jobs in the history of crime. To prepare himself for his new career he had practiced ways of blowing safes, studied their construction, and schooled himself in the skills he needed. Then he led his gang in ravaging banks and lucrative businesses throughout the Middle West and East. His confidence and conceit soon knew no bounds, and when one of his gang came to him and reported a vault containing $14,000,000, Wilson set about plotting an assault that was to be the strangest in his whole career.

PART FOUR OF FIVE PARTS

I COULDN'T wait to get a look at the Maccabees safe in Detroit after Herb Cox said it was a pushover. It sounded like a junky's dream. I couldn't imagine anybody keeping fourteen million bucks in that kind of crib unless it was guarded by the Marines. I climbed into a car with Helen and we drove out Woodward Avenue. You couldn't miss the place at that time because it had a wide lawn in which the order's initials were cut—K.O.T.M.—Knights of the Maccabees. The building looked like an ancient castle, with gray granite walls and turrets on the roof, and around the back there was a whitewashed stone wall about ten feet high. There wasn't a cop or a guard in sight.

I walked right in with my phony business letters and met Daniel Markey, the supreme commander. I gave him a spiel about big investments and insurance for my mythical company, and he invited me to look around the building. I didn't want to seem too anxious, so I stalled and promised to come back. Two days later he conducted me through the building, and I saw the big box for the first time. It was in the basement and it looked like a blockhouse. The door was 18 inches thick, and we kidded around about burglars and how nobody in his right mind would try to break into it. I knew what he meant. It was loaded with alarms—bugged like a flea circus.

I called a meeting of the mob in my hotel that night.

Besides Cox my original partner, Joe Bertsch, Big Harry, my girl friend Helen and my brother, I had brought in Tony Masino, Cecil Graham and a girl named Rhea Rathman. Rhea was a beauty-contest winner with a brain and had earned her diploma in shakedown rackets of all kinds, mostly in New York. Tony and Cecil were con men, a pair of handsome guys who could toast a lady with champagne with one hand and slip off her sparklers with the other.

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Herbert Emerson Wilson

The Maccabees job, as Helen and I saw it, was primarily a research problem. It involved getting detailed floor plans, wiring diagrams, keys, employee backgrounds, location of burglar-alarm ring boxes and bells, and other information. I gave the boys and girls unlimited expense accounts and ordered them to get busy.

The preliminaries took five months—a new record for the mob—and cost us close to $4,000. Tony and Cecil did their jobs so thoroughly that they were both going steady with girls in the Maccabees office, and the rest of the gang was beginning to squawk about the boys' expenses. But Tony had the run of the office, and one night he was able to lift certain keys from his girl's handbag just before they left the building to go to a theater. He slipped the keys to us during the intermission, we made duplicates in a hurry and then got the originals back to Tony before the curtain rang down.

Unfortunately, Tony was so enamored of his girl that his conscience began to squirm and he wanted to pull out. We talked him out of it, but he was never the same after he saw her for the last time. He skipped when the job was done and we never saw him again—dead or alive.

We set the job for a Saturday night in June. We knew there wasn't any night watchman, and that worried me. Normally the presence of a guard was a tip-off that a place was vulnerable. Maybe there was a gimmick in this vault that we didn't know about. I was uneasy, despite Cox's assurance that his wife could burn it with her curling iron.

At five o'clock that day, when our spotters reported the building was empty, Joe Bertsch and I were waiting in a garage a few blocks away. We climbed into two huge packing cases—they looked like oversize coffins—and the boys fastened the lids. Each of us had two gas tanks and a lot of tools in with us and we had bruises for a week from the bumping around we got on the truck ride to the Maccabees building.

There was a traffic cop on duty half a block away, and even a couple of sidewalk superintendents watched the boys unload the big boxes, but I had counted on the boldness of this maneuver and everything was jake. They carried us into the basement, drove away, and ten minutes later we were ready for business. Meanwhile, Cox had arrived in a private policeman's uniform, and when we let him in, he spiked the alarm circuits. There was an enormous alarm bell hidden in the vines that covered the outside wall; Cox fixed that by filling it with thick paste and bird sand.

We waited until dark, hung black cloth over the basement windows and started to burn.

It was slow, unpleasant work. Steel can absorb only so much heat before it gets too hot to work on,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

CAMERA CLIX

The barren beauty of a rock-bound coast may be only a dream for 50 dreary weeks, but the travel experts know where it exists: Pond Island Lighthouse in Maine

Start Your Vacation Here

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

Planning thousands of vacations a year would turn the ordinary person into a raving maniac. But the travel tipsters plot trouble-free trips for the asking. They are your wellsprings of holiday information

ONE day a man walked into a railroad travel bureau in New York. "Where," he asked, "can I go for $3?" And without batting an eyelash, the travel adviser inquired, "Is that for one way or round trip?"

He had hardly finished naming a dozen rural spots suitable for week-end hiking, when a woman came to his desk.

"My husband and I are thinking of taking a long trip around the country this summer," she announced. "We've set aside $2,500. Can you tell us how we should spend it?"

To answer travel questions like these, the nation's railroads, bus lines, air lines and oil companies last year spent over $10,000,000 for travel bureaus and printed information to serve the more than 90 per cent of our population who do their vacationing in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. Wherever you want to go or however you want to get there—by plane, train, bus or in your own car—the travel experts have the answers to any puzzlers you may toss their way.

They can tell you what to wear at Lake Louise, in a New York night club or on a mule ride down Grand Canyon. They can give you the latest dope on where the bass are biting best in Minnesota, Michigan, Maine or any other state you may happen to name.

They'll cite the exact temperature of the water at 6:00 P.M. on June 9th in Lake Superior, the Gulf of Mexico or the Lake of the Ozarks. They'll tell you whether you can visit Grant's Tomb at any hour you please, whether you can take a camera into the U.S. mint in Denver, and whether you're allowed to walk up the stairs inside the Washington Monument.

As wizards of botanical knowledge, they'll reel off the exact blooming time of the azaleas in Charleston, the apple trees in the Shenandoah Valley and the desert flowers in Death Valley. They can tell you when to schedule your trip to hit the Tulip Festival in Holland, Michigan, the Roundup in Pendleton, Oregon, or the Pow-Wow in Flagstaff, Arizona.

If you want them to, they'll do more than just answer your questions. They'll pass on tips that will knock out travel problems before you come to them, and get you more vacation for your money.

In a bid for their share of the $10,000,000,000 that Americans spend annually on travel, the transportation and oil companies are doing everything they can to make pertinent information easy to get. In addition to the regular information booths found in all large railroad, bus and air terminals, there are many special travel bureaus. The largest bus system has 50 of them. The 21 railroads coming into Chicago maintain 12 in that city alone. Many oil companies are busily opening bureaus where motorists can ask their travel questions in person. Besides these, there are 1,700 travel agents in the nation who make their living by selling travel. The transportation companies and hotels pay these agents' commissions out of regular charges.

Even if you live in a small community, you can still take full advantage of travel-information services simply by writing to the railroads, bus lines, air lines or oil companies. They maintain large, special staffs of experts who do nothing but answer mail inquiries.

The flood of questions is terrific. The New York Central estimates that last year it answered over 1,000,000 queries, excluding those concerned with train schedules. In Chicago, the railroads with stations there estimated they answered 2,000,000 questions. The Greyhound Bus System and the air lines took care of better than 3,000,000 more travel inquiries. And that is merely a sampling of the largest groups in the answer business.

Such Amazing Questions, Too!

People ask questions about an incredible variety of travel subjects, but tops on the list is, "Where should I go and how do I get there?" A surprising number of would-be travelers have hazy ideas about where things are. One man explained to a Chicago counselor that he hoped to see both Los Angeles and San Francisco on the same day. He was flabbergasted to learn that they are over 400 miles apart.

A tourist visiting Washington, D.C., asked a travel adviser where he would find "the Seattle district." A New Yorker, bound for St. Louis, wanted to stop off at Minneapolis en route, and refused to believe it when told that such a stopover would involve an extra thousand miles of journeying. When shown a map, the patron admitted that he had confused Minneapolis with Indianapolis.

The oil companies, which serve carefree motorists, are no longer surprised by large orders like, "I want to take a trip through the United States. Please send me a route." Railroad and bus advisers are used to, "How long will it take me to see America?"

The biggest headache of the travel experts is to help people squeeze everything they want to do and see into the average two weeks' vacation. Typical is the man who went to a Philadelphia railroad travel bureau and announced, "I want to see the national parks during my vacation."

"Which ones?" asked the adviser.

"All of them," he said blandly.

The man was somewhat nonplused to hear that there are 28 national parks and that they are located in such diverse sections of the country that he couldn't possibly cover them all in two weeks.

A trip to the West Coast is the dream of many people who live in the East. The travel counselors hate to disappoint anybody, but they say that if you're an Easterner with rosy dreams of sight-seeing all the West Coast attractions, you'd better plan an absolute minimum of three weeks for your trip. The train trip alone from East Coast to West takes four days each way, and on a two-week trip, that leaves only six days for sight-seeing. Most people want to take in at least all of California and many

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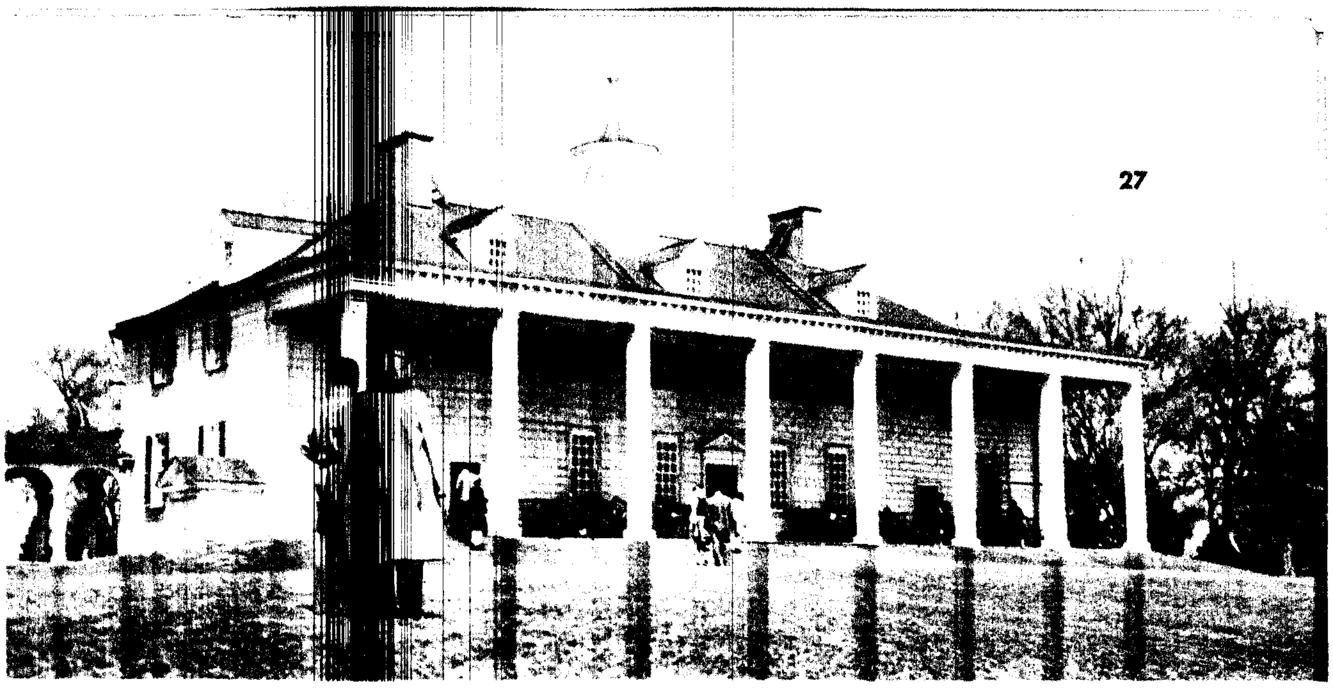
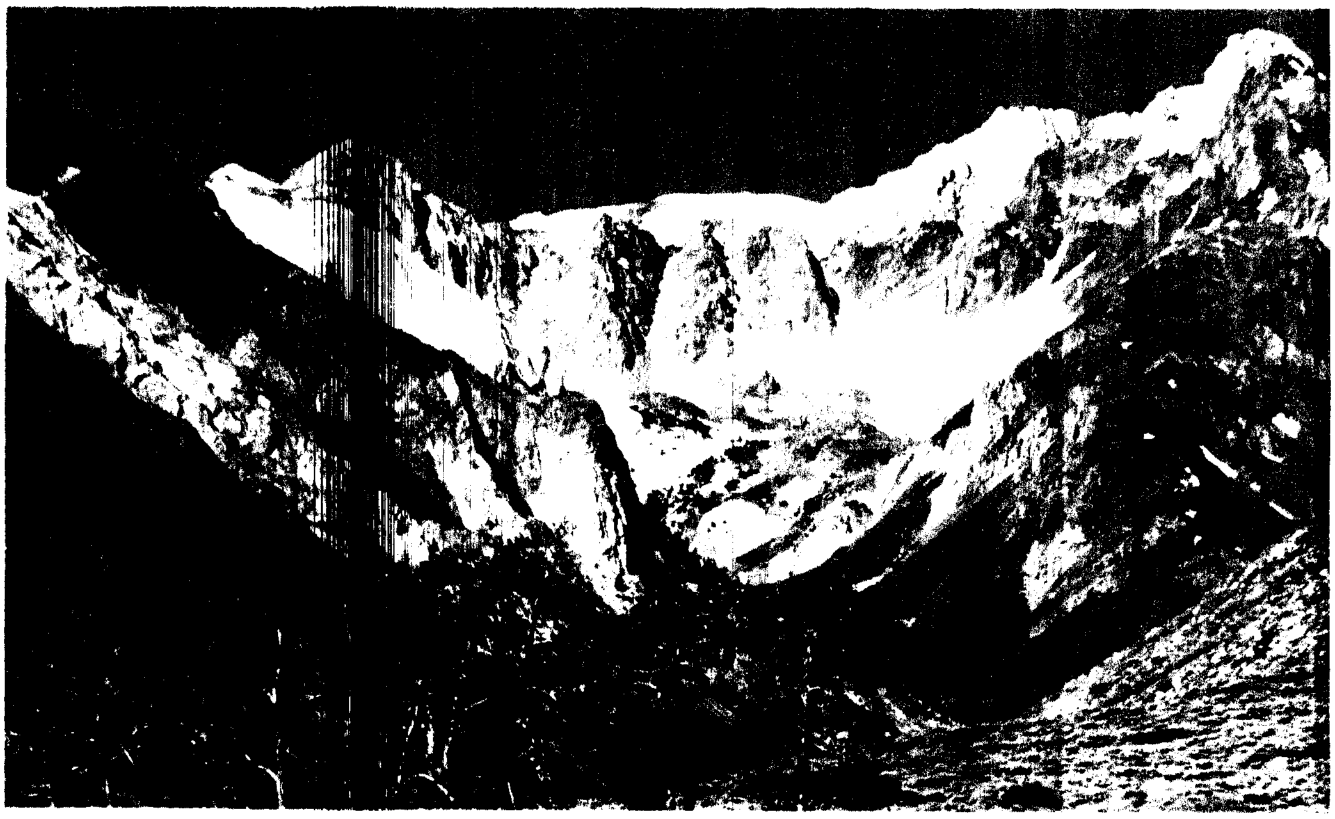


ARDEAN MILLER

At Mount Vernon, the mecca of vacationers who like to relive history, sight-seers stroll through the very rooms and over the same grounds that once delighted George Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson and other historical figures

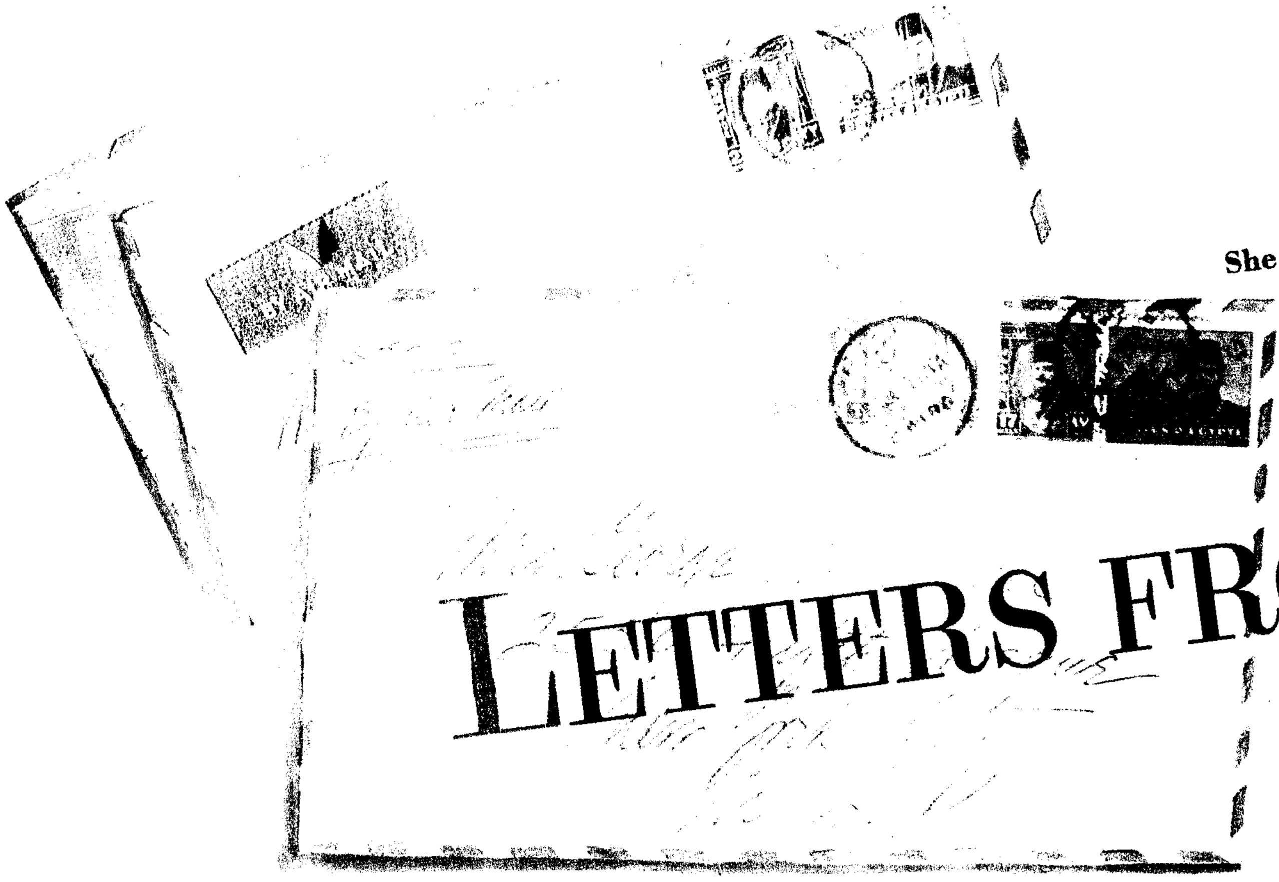


HERMAN V. WALL

There are innumerable reasons why people select a particular vacation spot. Health seekers will go to the high Sierras in California (above) for the mountain air and not for the majestic grandeur, while tourists interested in more mundane diversions will find their fun in the casinos on Fremont Street in Las Vegas, Nevada (below)

FRED H. RAGSDALE

GAMBLING HALL
HOTEL APACHE
GAMBLING HALL
SALOON



She never read the letters from her husband. But she learned what was in them —learned in a way no woman could bear

LETTERS FROM CAIRO

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

I HAD been very close to George and Cynthia Spence, and she called me as soon as she heard the news of his death. My own family was out of the city for the summer, so I was able to see Cynthia often at this time and to help her, a little.

It had been a good marriage, and Cynthia was desolated. Unfortunately, I think, she tried to suppress her feelings. She announced that she was going to make a tremendous effort, starting immediately, to forget George. She asked me not to mention his name. On my second or third visit to her place, I noticed that she had put away his picture.

The next day, I saw that she was no longer wearing his ring. She thought, of course, that this sort of thing would support her resolve. It didn't look healthy to me. It prepared me, however, for the strange thing she did when Spence's letters began arriving, about a week after his death. She showed me the first one, unopened, and said to me, "I've decided not to read it. I want to, but I don't think I could stand it."

I remembered some letters I had got from my father after he died and how uncomfortable it had been to read them. "I think I understand," I said. "It might be a good idea to wait a while."

"No," she said firmly, "I'm not going to read it at all." She handed it to me. "Would you do it for me? There may be more. I don't mind your seeing the personal things, and if there's anything I should know, you can tell me."

I wasn't keen on doing it, but I said that I would, of course, if that was what she wanted.

The last Cynthia knew about Spence was that his plane, taking off from Cairo on July 10th, had crashed. That was all the telegram said, except that he was dead. There had been no mention of his name in the papers, presumably because of the job he had. Spence let most people think he was a mining engineer, as once he had been. That conveniently explained his many trips abroad. Actually, he worked for the government: intelligence.

It was hard to believe. He was a conspicuous sort of man—big, heavy and talkative. You would have thought him incapable of keeping a secret or of operating anywhere except in the open. He mentioned his work rarely, but at those times he did with amusement, as though he thought himself comically ill-fitted for it.

He was devoted to his home and to Cynthia. I have never known a man so obviously proud of his wife. When they appeared together, he seemed to exhibit her—holding her a little ahead of him and smiling not at her but upon her. She was quite an exhibit, at that—small, with striking black hair and eyes. She was a good companion for him. She knew that his warmth and candor, and a certain innocence, were not cultivated, and that these were qualities which mattered in their marriage. She knew he had other qualities, for dealing with other people. Spence once told me, with that innocence peculiar to him, that Cynthia, thank God, had no curiosity about his work. She had, of course; she simply understood that they could not live together if she showed it.

That was control—the thing she was trying so hard to exercise now. As she handed me Spence's first letter, she said, "After you've read it, burn it, will you? If it's around, I'll want to read it, and I mustn't. Just burn it."

Her desperation alarmed me as I walked back to my own place. I knew I would have to leave town on business in a few days, and I didn't like leaving her alone. I didn't like having the letter, either, and when I sat down to open it, I felt, unreasonably, that I was prying. That was a mild thing compared with the feeling I had as I read the letter. It was dated July 7th, in Cairo, and began with a rather formal and cautious mention of where he had been and where he was going next. Then, with a sudden shift, he wrote:

"Cynthia, I don't know how to tell you about this, but I must do it and I hope you will try, somehow, to understand. I am very much in love with another woman. I know how you must feel, having read those words. Believe me, they are the most difficult words I have ever written. I would not tell you a thing like this if there were any doubt in my heart and mind of its being real.

"How it has happened, or why, I can't begin to explain. About all I can say is that I have no power against it. Can you believe me—will you try to—when I say that I love you no less than I ever have, which is enormously, but that this is something different, something I never dreamed could happen? Can you see that it must be an overwhelming thing that would make me do what I am doing?

"I have known this woman—she is English and her name is Elsa Chapin—for several years, but until recently our acquaintance was a very slight one. It is only in the past month that we have been together a great deal, but our feeling for each other is now too strong to be suppressed. I realize this is an awfully bad way to let you know about it, but I feel I must do it. Certainly it is better for you to hear of it this way.

"What is more important—we have talked it over and agree that we cannot stand being together, feeling the way we do, without your knowing about it. Elsa is extremely sensitive to your point of view on this whole thing. It may not matter to you, but I would like you to know that she is almost saintlike in her honesty and decency, and I believe that when you see her you will have some understanding of why I feel the way I do about her. I am hoping that one or both of us can see you and talk to you very soon.

"Cynthia, I can't write another word now. I can't tell you how much it hurts me to be hurting you. I won't hope for your forgiveness, but I hope you will try to understand something of my own unhappiness. I will write again—as soon as I can bring myself to it."

As I finished reading the letter, my own shock was still so great that I could think of nothing, for the moment, except the frightful complications and suffering that lay ahead for all of them. Then, suddenly, I remembered—Spence was dead. I had never thought I would be relieved by the knowledge of his death. By the grace of God, Cynthia herself had delivered this letter into my hands, and she would never need to know of it. The worst of gossips might spare her now.

ONCE more I read the letter and then, with some enthusiasm, followed Cynthia's instructions to burn it. This was one letter no one else was going to see. Not that that disposed of the problem. He had said he would write again. I could only hope that Cynthia would not go back on her resolve, and that between the 7th and the 10th of the month, when he was killed, he had not been able to write very much. I was bothered, too, by his having said that "one or both" of them might be seeing Cynthia soon. That sounded a lot like something that might be awkward.

I hated going to see Cynthia the next morning. I felt doubly sorry for her now, and although it was easy enough to conceal my reason for it, I was afraid she might sense my having one. In any case, I had to see if there were another letter.

There were two. Cynthia slowly and rather sadly turned them over in her hands.

"I can't bear not reading them," she said. "It's all there is of him, in a way."

"I know what you mean, Cynthia, but I think it's a bad idea. He was going to be back soon, you know, and he talks about that. It gives me a turn, and I know it would hurt you. I don't think he'd want you to be reading them now."

She lowered her head and looked down at the familiar handwriting. She looked awfully small and unhappy.

I said, "There wasn't anything in the first one you'd need to know. There probably isn't in these.

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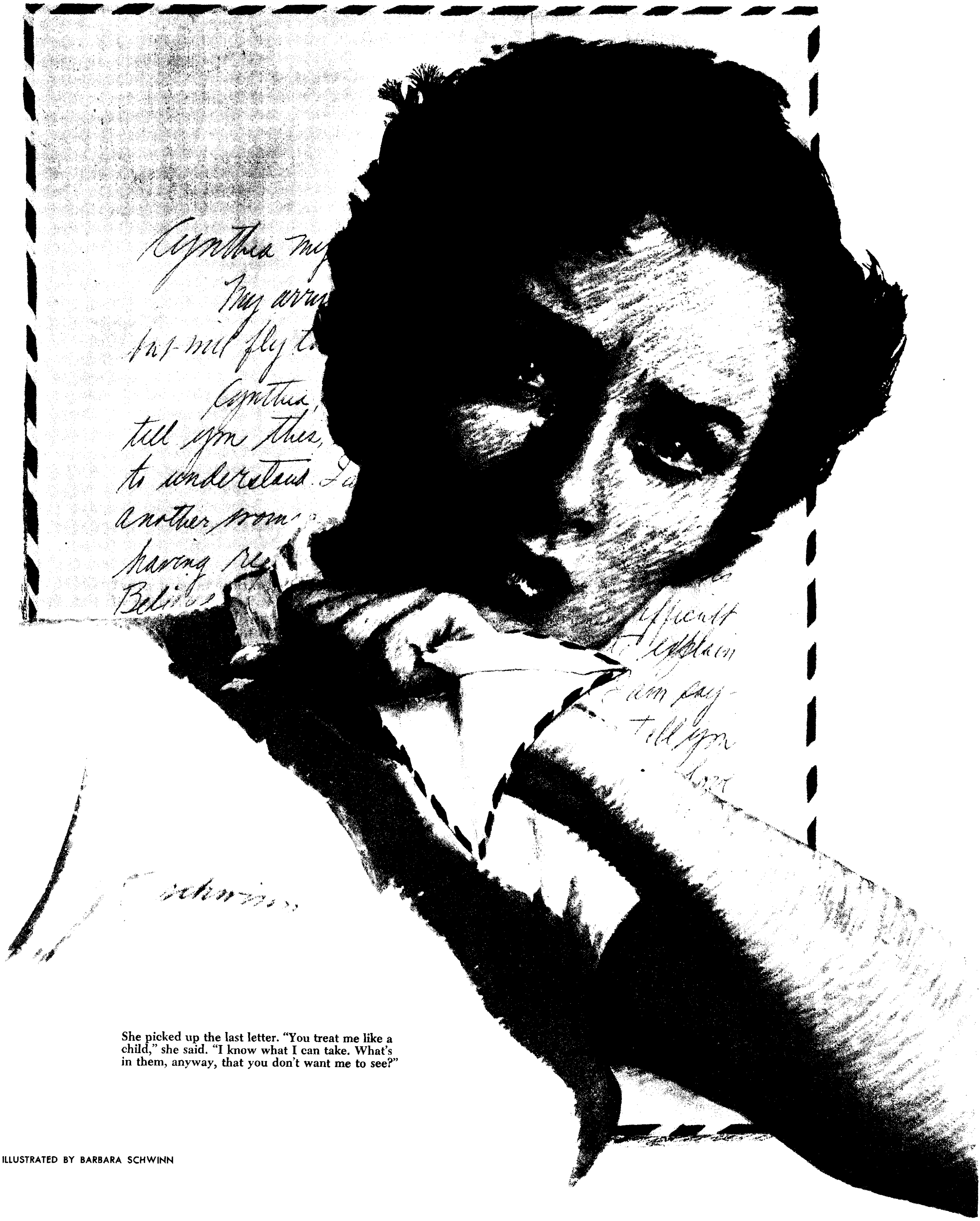
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She picked up the last letter. "You treat me like a child," she said. "I know what I can take. What's in them, anyway, that you don't want me to see?"

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

The Herb Hunters

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

Superstitious Chinese will gladly pay $50 for ginseng roots like these which resemble miniature human beings. This formation is rare, though, and not important to root peddlers

LEO CHOPLIN

So you think weeds are good only for making you sneeze or taking up time in gardening? You've got the wrong pitch on about 300 of them. Talk to wildcrafters Bill Nelson of Farmington, Iowa, or John Kelly of Looneyville, West Virginia. They will comb your countryside for a good income and the herbs your druggist needs to fill his bottles of cures

ONE autumn evening, a farmer near Forestville, Minnesota, noticed a car with a Missouri license plate parked near his wood lot. He decided that the "foreigner" must have stopped to admire some weeds that grew wild on the hillside and broke out every autumn in a profusion of red berries. Two days later, he happened to pass by the wood lot again. He stopped in astonishment. The ground had been turned over as though by a giant mole. Every trace of the "weeds" had vanished and so had the car with the Missouri license plate.

Curious, the farmer collected a few broken leaves that had been overlooked and took them to his friend, Oscar G. Austin, of Canton, Minnesota. Mr. Austin is an expert on wild herbs. He took one look at the light green leaves and sighed regretfully.

"That 'weed' was ginseng, and its root is worth 75 cents an ounce," he told the surprised farmer. "Some wandering 'leaf peddler' spotted that hillside during the summer and decided to come back in autumn when the sap from the plant runs back into the roots and gives them their highest value. For years you've had several thousand dollars' worth of ginseng growing wild on your farm—and never knew it."

Scattered over America are thousands of men who make their living collecting valuable wild herbs. They call themselves leaf peddlers or "wildcrafters." They follow the flowering plants north in the spring to the Canadian border and then travel south in the autumn to collect the valuable rootstocks.

And they perform a useful function. Without them, druggists would be unable to fill certain prescriptions and many businesses would be paralyzed. If you have ever bought a cough remedy containing horehound, splashed your face with a witch hazel shaving lotion, put out rat poison with red squill in it, used sage to season a stew, or received a medicine containing digitalis, belladonna or aconite, you are indebted to the wildcrafters.

American druggists used to depend largely on Europe and Asia for most of their herbs. But the war heavily damaged the foreign sources of supply, and today many roots and herbs to be found in this country are bringing the highest prices in 25 years. The S. B. Penick Company of Asheville, North Carolina, one of the largest buyers of crude herbs, recently sent out this appeal to collectors: "The shortage of roots and herbs is a serious matter. If this country cannot produce enough medicine to prevent a fight against epidemics, there may be serious consequences."

RICHARD C. MILLER

Wildcrafter Jimmy Wilds and aide, Bill Lowery, digging up peony roots worth 70 cents a pound

Unfortunately, collecting wild herbs isn't easy. A wildcrafter must be an expert botanist, an experienced outdoorsman, have some knowledge of pharmacy, and be willing to accept disappointments that would discourage the most hardened gambler.

One of the most successful wildcrafters is Bill Nelson of Farmington, Iowa. Nelson took up leaf peddling during the depression thirties.

"At that time," he says, "herbs were at rock-bottom prices, but even so I made a better-than-average living. All the equipment I needed was an old trowel and a grain sack slung over my shoulder. Often in a few hours' searching I'd find a patch of herbs worth $20 or so. Then, of course, I'd sometimes hit a really valuable growth of ginseng or goldenseal."

Nelson might be called a " 'seng digger"—a wildcrafter who specializes in finding ginseng. Ginseng is the most valuable of all the herbs. The prices for this strange plant vary with the market demand, but the roots have been sold for as much as $15 a pound.

Curiously, ginseng has no medical value. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)

This Symbol Means

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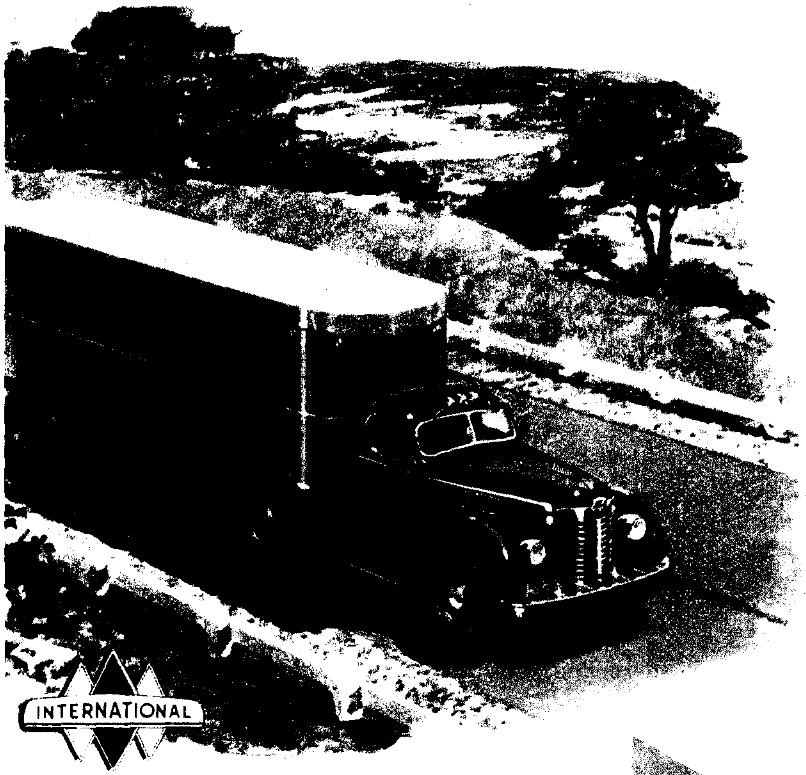

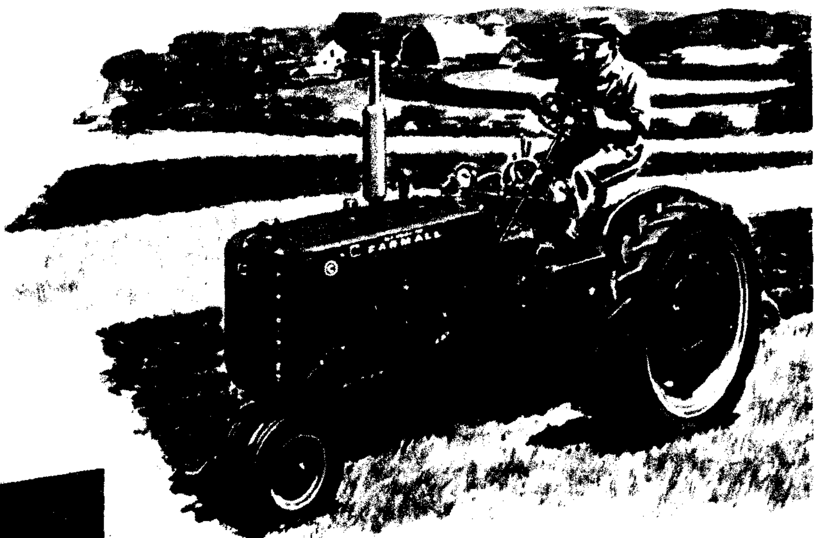

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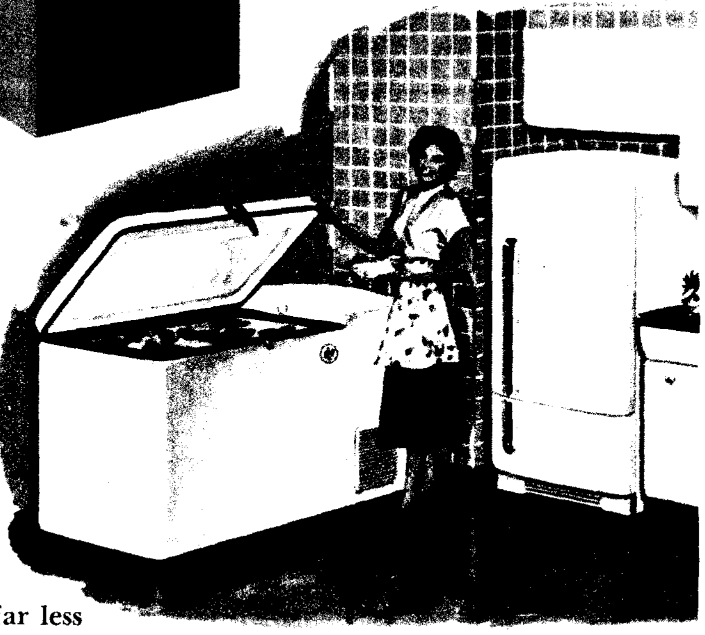
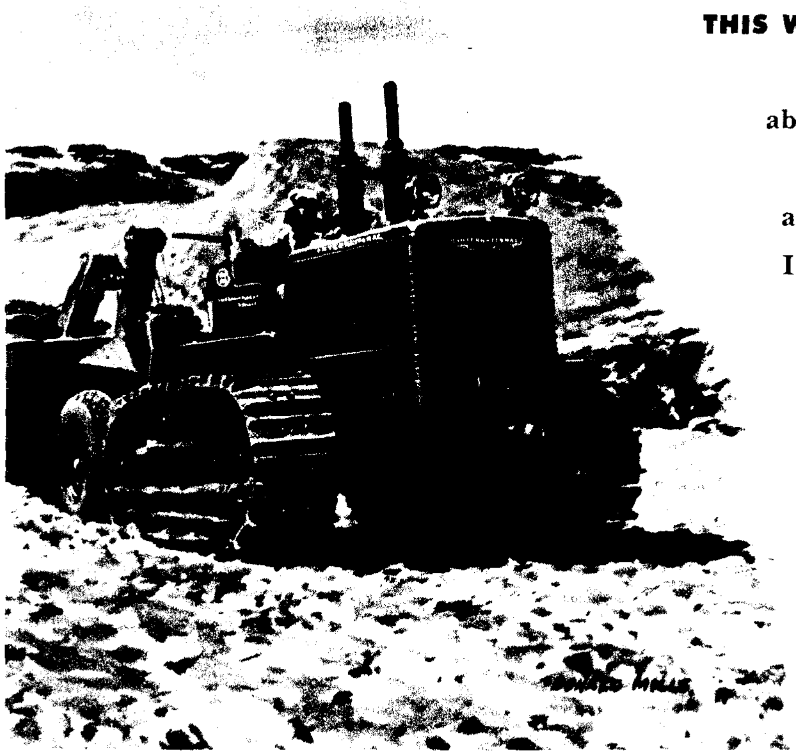
In more and more homes and farms throughout the country, International Harvester Refrigerators and Freezers mean essential protection and preservation of vital foods; new convenience.

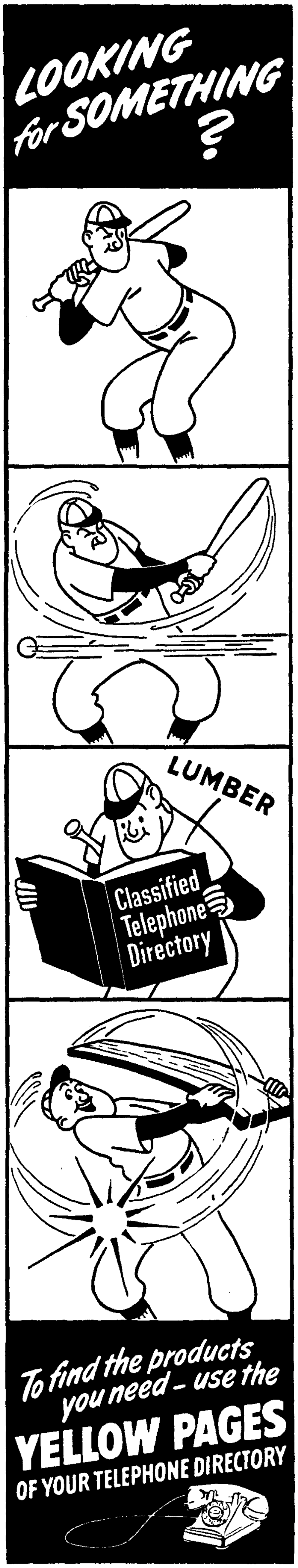




THIS WORLD-FAMED SYMBOL is your assurance of dependability . . . in farm equipment, motor trucks, industrial power, and home and farm refrigeration. It means more from the soil . . . with far less toil. It means quick, dependable, economical transportation. It means dependable, economical power for industry and construction on countless jobs both large and small. And . . . it means priceless dependability in the protection and conservation of food. Yes, *you* can depend on the dealer who displays this symbol of International Harvester for quality products—designed right . . . built right . . . priced right.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" Sunday afternoons over NBC


LOOKING for SOMETHING?
LUMBER
Classified Telephone Directory
To find the products you need - use the YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

RALPH BUNCHE—AMERICAN PEACEMAKER

Continued from page 15

"We made the rules up as we went along." But in retrospect his procedure sounds immensely complicated. When each delegation arrived he would speak to the leading members separately in order to determine what kind of agenda he might draw up.

After this, he would call the first joint meeting, for the purpose of approving the agenda and signing a cease-fire agreement. "There was a double purpose in this," he later explained. "Primarily, it was to get both sides to meet—but also, I wanted them both to get accustomed to taking formal action, and to signing something. That way, I figured, the next step might not be so difficult."

The doctor soon found out that every step was difficult. Both sides at the beginning were always frigidly polite—not exactly hostile, but extremely reserved. No point in any agreement was ever signed immediately upon presentation.

"Whenever they got together," Dr. Bunche said, "you'd always find that there was still a gap between them. It was always a matter of timing, always a matter of finding out when it would be appropriate to reduce a discussion to a formal, written draft of one point. We never would throw a whole draft at them at the beginning—that would've scared them to death.

"Finally, after we had gone pretty far along, we'd give them the first draft of a complete agreement. That had to be modified over and over. It was just that you had to talk everything out with them beforehand, separately and together—a matter of their going back to consult with their governments, of compromises and more compromises."

Making His Trumps Count

Another of Dr. Bunche's strategic moves was to have the delegations formally elect him chairman of the mediation meetings. He would then use his position as his trump card. "Sometimes, when they reached an impasse, they'd ask me to prepare a compromise, which I did," he said. "If that didn't work, I would say to them, 'Well, I think this is a reasonable basis. If the negotiations fail because X side refuses to accept this compromise, X side will have to take the responsibility for this failure in the United Nations.'"

The doctor smiled in recollection. "It was pretty touchy sometimes—there was a crisis every day. Every time you blew your nose over there you'd offend somebody."

After 42 days of haggling, bickering and hairsplitting on a high diplomatic level, the Egyptians and Israelis signed their armistice last February 24th. Four days later the Trans-Jordan delegates arrived to negotiate with a new contingent of Israelis. Difficulty arose immediately. The members of the two delegations remained singularly aloof for the first five days. When Dr. Bunche finally brought them together he found them still cold. He shuttled back and forth between the two parties, compromising, browbeating. By March 11th he had achieved a formal cease-fire agreement, but he couldn't get them together to sign the armistice until April 3d.

By then, the coldness had been melted by the force of his personality—melted to such an extent that the Trans-Jordan party invited the Israelis to remain at Rhodes one more day for a party in celebration.

As though the delay in the Trans-Jordan meetings hadn't been enough, a similar incident occurred during the early days of the Syrian negotiations.

The Syrians were unwilling to come to Rhodes, and Dr. Bunche had arranged for their meeting the Israelis in no-man's land in Galilee. Occupied with other negotiations at Rhodes, the doctor sent his personal deputy, M. Henri Vigier, and his chief of staff, Brigadier General William E. Riley, to meet the two delegations in a trio of tents erected for the purpose. On the first day of formal proceedings a report came in that Israeli forces had crossed the border into Syrian territory. Negotiations were immediately suspended.

Dr. Bunche flew to Beyrouth to appeal to the Syrians to hold off military action until he could talk to the Israelis. For 36 hours he begged and wheedled both sides by telephone, wire and personal visits. After two days the Israelis withdrew, and the doctor, wiping his brow, saw the no-man's land parleys swing into action once more.

The resolution of this incident was typical of Dr. Bunche's enormous restless energy. "He drove himself and his staff night and day," Bill Maschler, an administrative officer, said. The doctor's secretary was seldom able to go for a walk on Rhodes but that she was picked up by a jeepful of Marines, sent to bring her back to the doctor's office.

One night she fainted from exhaustion, but was given brandy and propped up so that she could complete some urgent work.

If this makes the doctor sound like a stern taskmaster, members of his staff—even those who disagreed with him on points of policy—hasten to add that he never spared himself. "He plunged into every problem as though his life depended on getting it solved," one of the doctor's most severe critics says. "He has an uncanny ability for grasping a situation, and sizing it up completely."

The details of the negotiations, step by step, can never be told. They are buried in the thousands of documents, drafts and counterdrafts, compromises and ultimatums, which were destroyed before the armistices were signed. Their effects linger, however, as circles under Dr. Bunche's eyes, as lines in his pleasant, earnest face, as tones in his soft, rather hoarse voice. At this writing, he is an exhausted man who has not had à leave from the government or from the U.N. since 1941.

Ironically enough, Dr. Bunche never intended to enter government service; still more ironically, he never planned to get into the Palestine fracas. He became mediator by accident—by accident and coincidence.

Ambush at a Road Block

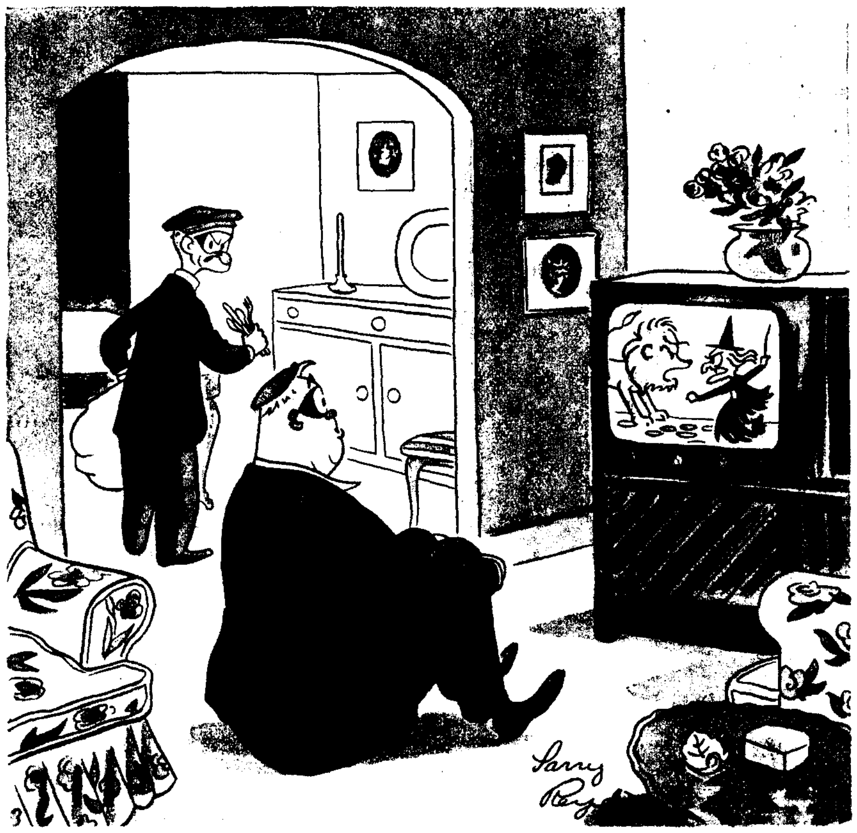
Last September 17th, on the Hill of Evil Counsel, along the upper Katamon road in Jerusalem, Count Folke Bernadotte, U.N. Mediator for Palestine, was returning in an automobile from Government House, which he had been inspecting as a possible headquarters for future activities. Suddenly, at a road block, the count's party was halted by an Israel army-type jeep painted cocoa brown, carrying five men.

One of them fired 20 blasts from a Sten gun. Colonel André Serot, a U.N. observer, was killed instantly. According to General Aage Lundstrom, then chief of staff, who was sitting in the rear with the count and Colonel Serot, he asked Bernadotte if he had been hit. The count nodded, and lost consciousness. He was dead on the car's arrival at a near-by hospital.

Although the Israeli government promised full co-operation in tracking them down, the assassins got away and were never apprehended. All that has ever been learned of them is that they were members of the terrorist group known as the Stern Gang.

Fifteen or 20 minutes later, Dr. Bunche arrived at the place where the count's body had been taken. That he himself had escaped death was due to a series of

BUTCH



"Okay, Butch, you stay an' see what happens to the ol' witch, but don't come around wantin' half of the loot"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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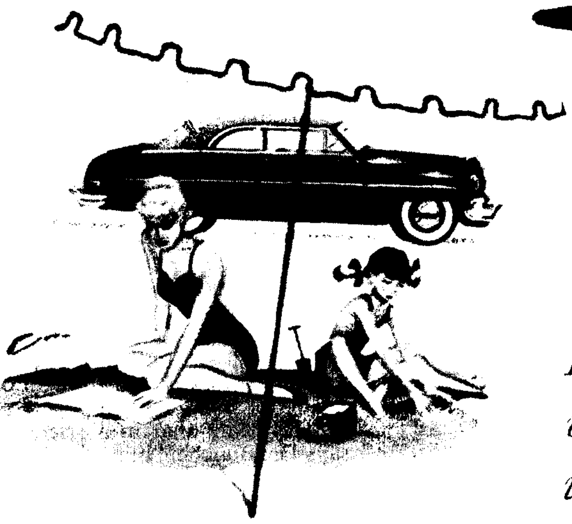

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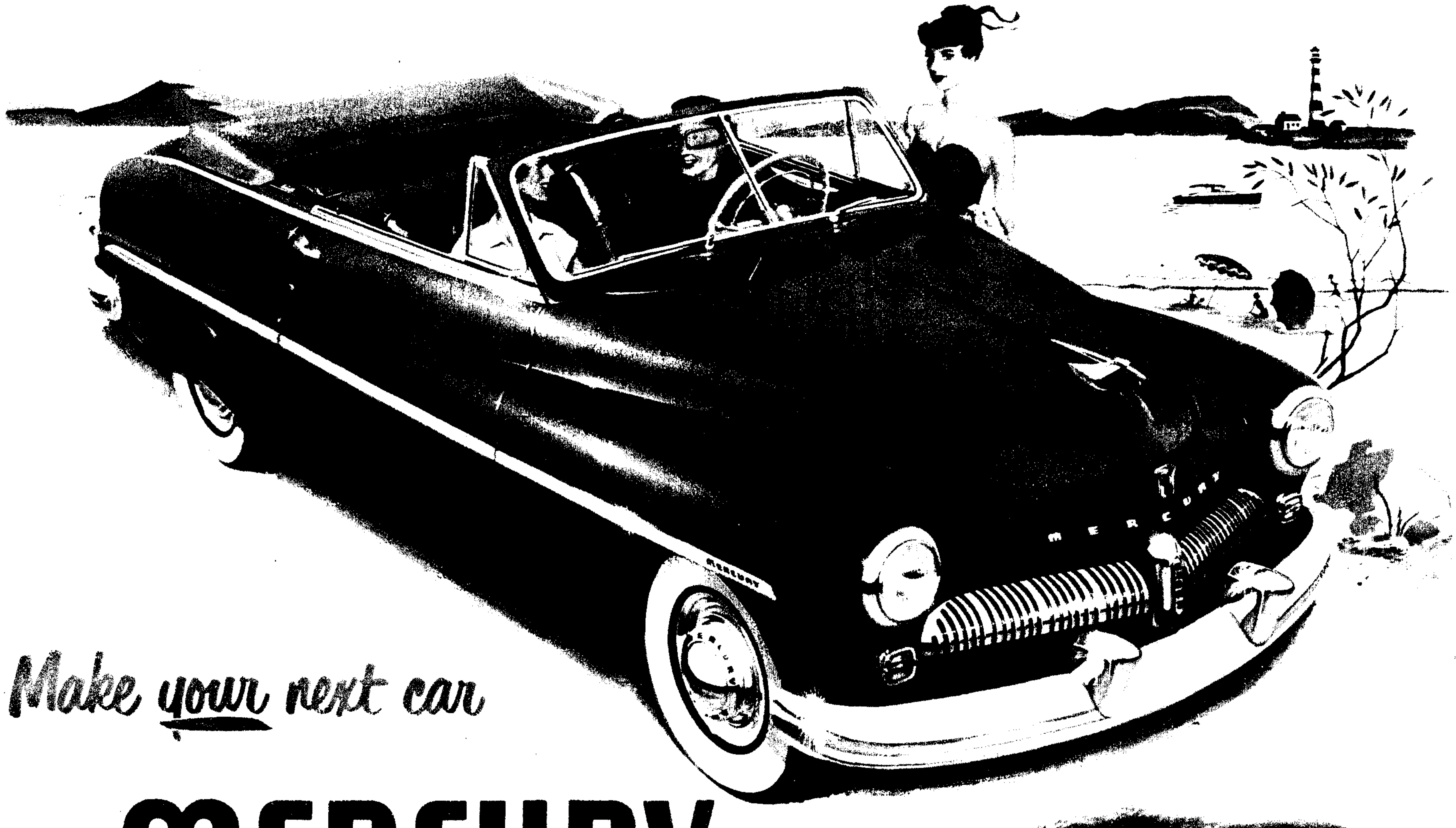

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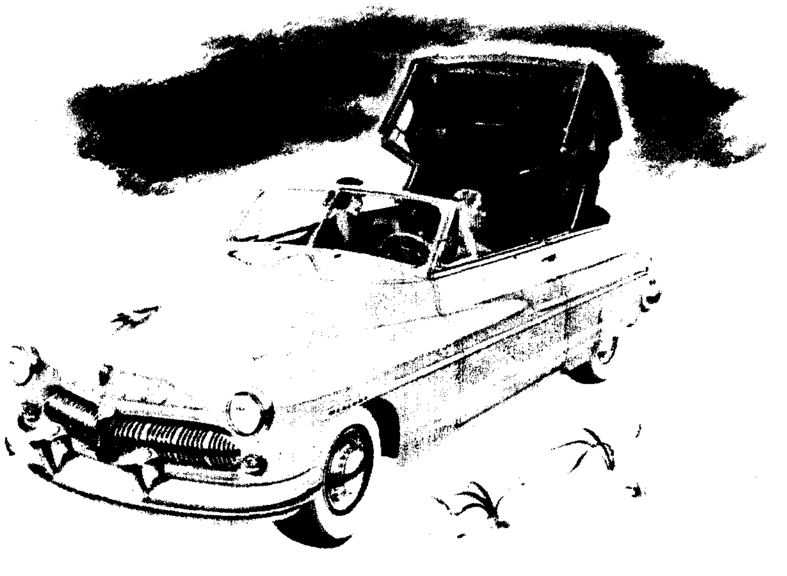

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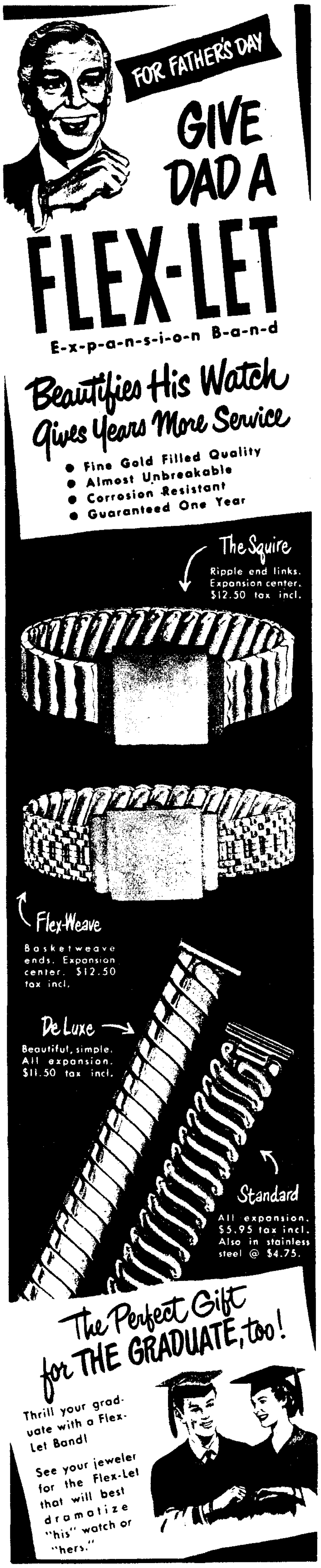
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uncanny delays. From time to time both he and Bernadotte had heard that terrorists were claiming: "We'll get No. 1 and No. 2." Colonel Serot's seat in the car at the time of the killing was the one that Dr. Bunche, as Bernadotte's right-hand man, had usually occupied. Some members of the party later said that they were certain that the terrorists had mistaken Colonel Serot, who was swarthy and rather stout, for Dr. Bunche.

The count and Dr. Bunche had planned originally to go to Jerusalem together. At the last minute, the doctor had to remain behind at Rhodes to complete a report. He prepared to leave to join the count the next morning, but the count's plane, which was to pick him up, was late. "That was the only time it ever developed any trouble," he told an acquaintance later.

There was another delay when he finally arrived at the Haifa airport. His secretary, Mrs. Daughton, who is a British subject, was held up by Israeli officials because of her British passport—the first time that this had happened, too. The doctor was nearly three hours late when his party landed at Kolundia Field, near Jerusalem, for their meeting with the count. The party was detained once more at an Israeli sentry post in Jerusalem. Their names weren't on the approved list. Dr. Bunche produced his credentials, but to no avail. Finally he persuaded the officials to let him send to Bernadotte for help. While he and Mrs. Daughton and their party were waiting, a car came dashing up and an Israeli officer and some United Nations observers reported the assassination.

Promotion to Graver Danger

The death of the martyred Bernadotte was a crushing personal blow to Dr. Bunche. On its heels came the realization that he was now solely responsible for peace in Palestine. That night the Secretary-General of the U.N. ordered him to assume the post of Acting Mediator, and this action was confirmed the next day by an emergency session of the Security Council in Paris. He later told friends that he never paused to consider the extreme gravity of his assignment: "There was too much work to do."

Apparently he also never considered the element of personal danger. Immediately he began receiving notes like this: "You'll get what Bernadotte got." On one occasion a letter, from an ardent Zionist, read:

Dr. Ralph J. Bunche
United Nations Acting Mediator for Palestine
Sir:
Drop dead.
Your obedient servant,

Dr. Bunche and his party continued to move freely through the battle zones. Sniper fire was everywhere; he may have been shot at several times. "There were always bullets whizzing around," he said. "I guess it just wasn't my time to go."

He and his staff experienced air raids in Tel Aviv, Damascus and Amman. In Jerusalem they sometimes sat on the Y.M.C.A. veranda in the evenings and watched the Arabs and Jews taking pot shots at one another from the Old Wall and from entrenched positions in houses.

His party was not armed. Dr. Bunche wore a U.N. arm band and his car displayed a blue U.N. flag; later he added a white one as well because the U.N. emblem looked too much like the Israeli flag at a distance. "The only safe credentials we had in no-man's land," he said later, "were the accelerators of our cars." Including Colonel Serot and Count Bernadotte the mission lost ten men.

Dr. Bunche's disregard for personal safety and his phenomenal drive are only two sides of a personality that often has puzzled even those who have observed him closely for long periods.

In one sense, the doctor's whole career has been paradoxical. Although he disclaims personal ambition, he has achieved virtually everything he has aimed for thus far; he always has plotted his career with great care. Yet even his opponents agree that he has no political aspirations.

Dr. Bunche's direct, purposeful manner is illustrated by his courtship. He met his wife in Washington in 1929. "He came in with some other fellows to meet some girls who had gathered at my place," Mrs. Bunche recalled. "We were all going to a party. I was sitting by the piano, and when it was time to go, he pointed at me and said, 'I'd like to take the one on the bench.'"

At that time the future Mrs. Bunche was teaching in a Washington elementary school, at $2,200 a year. Young Ralph, a fledgling instructor at Howard, was earning only $1,500. The difference evidently didn't bother him.

The Bunches were married in 1930 and spent their honeymoon at Harvard, where the doctor had begun his graduate studies.

Ralph Bunche was born in Detroit on August 7, 1904; his parents were Fred and Olive Agnes Bunche, one a barber, the other a musician. When the boy was about ten the family moved to New Mexico for the sake of his mother's health. When she died soon after, he went to live with Mrs. Lucy Johnson, his maternal grandmother. His father died when he was twelve.

Dr. Bunche has said repeatedly that Lucy Johnson was the strongest-minded woman he has ever known. Physically she was quite frail, weighing only a little over 100 pounds. A widow at thirty-five—her husband had been a schoolteacher in Indian territory—she not only provided for her own five children, but also took care of her grandson and his little sister, Grace, at her home in Los Angeles.

With his grandmother's encouragement, young Ralph earned excellent marks in school. He also found time to help out with the family income, by carrying papers and later working as messenger boy, carpetlayer and janitor.

In high school, young Bunche played basketball and baseball, and was on the football and track teams. In 1922, while out for spring football practice, he somehow got the tip of a grain stalk in his ear. This caused two mastoid operations, leaving him deaf on the left side. A blood clot that settled in his left leg was another result of the operation. Although the leg has given him trouble ever since, in college he was a star guard on a basketball team that captured the Southern California Conference title for three consecutive years.

The Principal Says Good-By

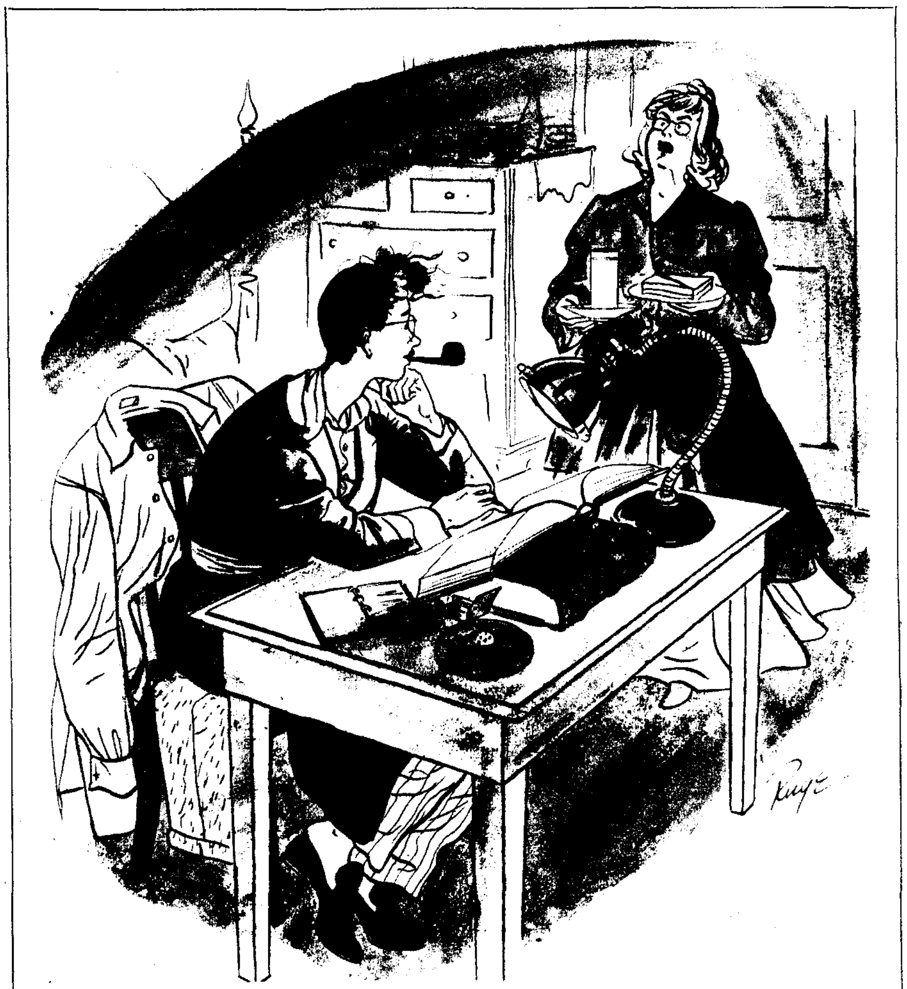
The real nature of the problem facing the American Negro was brought home to him following his high-school graduation exercises, at which he was valedictorian. After the ceremony the principal shook his hand and said he hated to see him leave. "I've never thought of you as a Negro," he added.

"He meant that in a friendly spirit," says Dr. Bunche, "but it made me realize how deep-rooted and unconscious prejudice can be."

The incident may have been a factor in his decision to devote his life to studying and aiding colonial peoples. He literally breezed through the University of California at Los Angeles, where he majored in political science, and maintained an A-minus average all the way. He went there on a scholarship, the first in a long series that enabled him to obtain his entire education without paying a cent for tuition.

"Ralph always wanted to excel in everything he did," his aunt, Miss Nellie Johnson, has written. "If he had one outstanding characteristic as a boy, it was self-confidence. I remember one time that he was with his grandmother on the occasion that Oscar De Priest, a Negro congressman from Chicago, visited Los Angeles.

"A large delegation was waiting at the



"Do you have to stay up till three-thirty to be a district attorney? Sometimes I wish you still wanted to be a lion tamer!"

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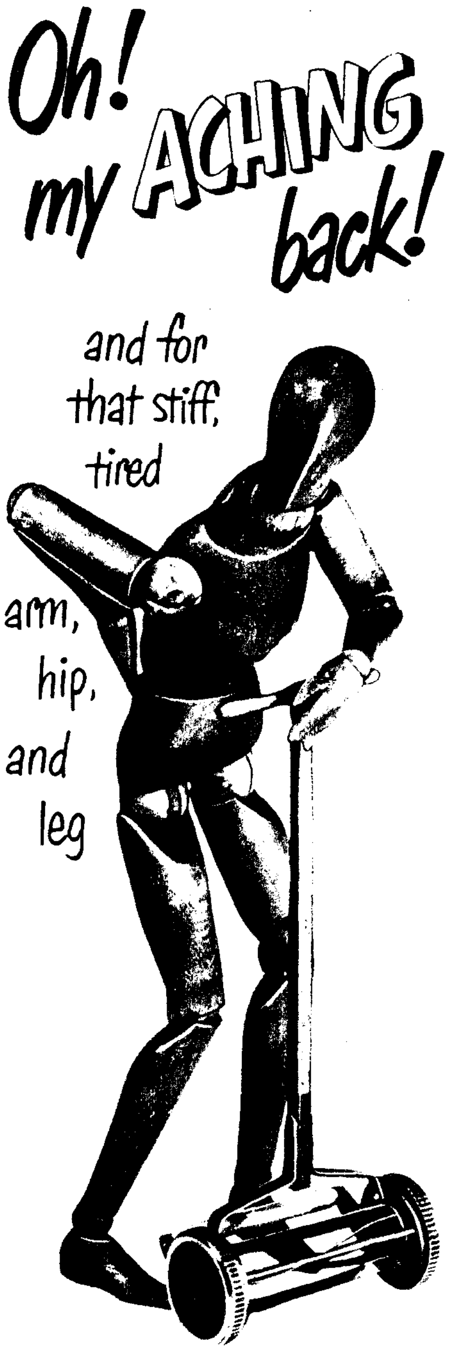
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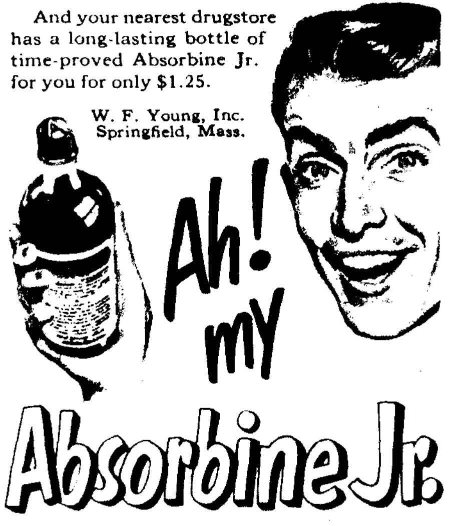


train to welcome Mr. De Priest, and Ralph said laughingly, 'Well, Nana, you can't tell—perhaps someday they'll meet me with a brass band.'" (This may well be the case if the doctor ever decides to go back to Los Angeles. Both the city and the state of California have passed resolutions commending him for his service to the nation.)

Dr. Bunche graduated *summa cum laude* in 1927, and from that point on he skyrocketed in the academic world. The following year he took his M.A. at Harvard, still in political science, despite the advice of older friends who thought he should concentrate on becoming a lawyer, doctor or minister. He joined the teaching staff at Howard in 1928, became assistant to the president in 1931, and finally became full professor in 1936. He has been on leave from the university since 1941.

Meanwhile, he went on with his studies. He earned his Ph.D. at Harvard in 1934 and later studied at Northwestern, the London School of Economics and the University of Cape Town in South Africa. He was granted the Ozias Goodwin Memorial Fellowship at Harvard, a Rosenwald Field Fellowship; and the Social Science Research Council postdoctoral fellowship; his Ph.D. thesis won him the Toppan prize as the best essay in social sciences.

He was never simply a book student. He spent all the time he could traveling and observing firsthand. He lived in Africa for long periods with natives, and once traveled around the world. One African tribe made him an honorary chief.

Firsthand Data for a Book

In 1941, when Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish sociologist, began work on his book, An American Dilemma, a monumental study of the American Negro, he chose Dr. Bunche as one of his assistants. Together they made extended field trips in the South, and they were chased out of three towns for asking too many questions. In the course of this work he prepared more than 3,300 pages of manuscript material which was later worked into Myrdal's book.

When World War II came, Dr. Bunche was tapped by General Bill Donovan to head the O.S.S. African section. (His deafness and bad leg kept him out of active military service.) Donovan later remarked, "Why, the man's a walking colonial institute." This reached the State Department, and in 1944, Dr. Bunche was made associate chief of the Division of Dependent Territories. He attended the San Francisco Conference to draft the U.N. Charter as an adviser to Commander Harold Stassen, and there his work came to the attention of Dr. Victor Hoo, of China.

"He was the fastest draftsman I'd ever seen," Dr. Hoo said. "He would listen to a discussion, no matter how complicated, and right away he would make a draft of it—adding his own ideas, which were always good."

When Dr. Hoo became head of the U.N. Department of Trusteeship and Non Self-Governing Territories he offered Dr. Bunche the post of director of the trusteeship division, which he accepted. Later, when Dr. Hoo went to the Holy Land as a member of the U.N. Special Committee on Palestine, he took Dr. Bunche along. The latter's ability in draftsmanship never served him better. He worked on both the majority and minority reports.

This experience in Palestine led to his being appointed head of the Secretariat when Count Bernadotte was named Mediator. Dr. Bunche flew to join the count in May, 1948, on two hours' notice. From that point on, he never let up in his efforts to assist in making peace between the Israelis and the Arabs. At times he was criticized harshly by both sides—but, as the negotiations went on, those who came to scoff remained to praise.

Dr. Bunche came home from Rhodes determined to get a little peace and quiet, and to get reacquainted with his family. Before he had been back a week his desk was littered with more than 150 requests for lecture engagements. He was offered several first-rate posts with leading universities. He appeared on the radio five times in three days, and reporters from magazines and newspapers dogged him constantly. The only comment he would make on future plans was that he wanted to live, for a while, "in a state of complete anarchy," with his wife and children; and that ultimately he wanted to get back to teaching, his profession and first love.

In the course of the interviews he granted, the question of what makes Dr. Bunche go came up time and again. Inadvertently, perhaps, he supplied a clue to the answer. At that time Paul Robeson, the singer, was sounding off in Paris at the World Congress of the Partisans of Peace—a meeting attended widely by Communists and fellow travelers. Among other things, Robeson declared that American Negroes would never fight the Soviet Union—that they would never go to war for the United States, where they had been oppressed, against a country in which they had been elevated.

This struck many people as incongruous. Here were two of America's foremost Negroes, both in the headlines at the same time, both having risen to eminence the hard way, both having had experiences with Jim Crow custom—and yet they were as far apart as democracy and Communism.

Dr. Bunche was asked what he thought of Robeson's statement. "Paul should stick to singing," he said quietly. "I've known Paul since 1927. He's had some very unpleasant experiences here, as all of us have had. He's resentful of the injustices, as all of us are. I know that when he went to Russia he was very well received, and that may have influenced him to follow the party line.

"He's entitled to his opinions, of course, but I think he's radically wrong. His statements represent the attitude of very few Negroes indeed."

Speaking soberly, now and again rubbing his broad jaw with one thumb, Dr. Bunche continued, "The American Negro is an American citizen. Except for his racial problem, his reactions are the same as those of any other citizen. That's equally true of his patriotism.

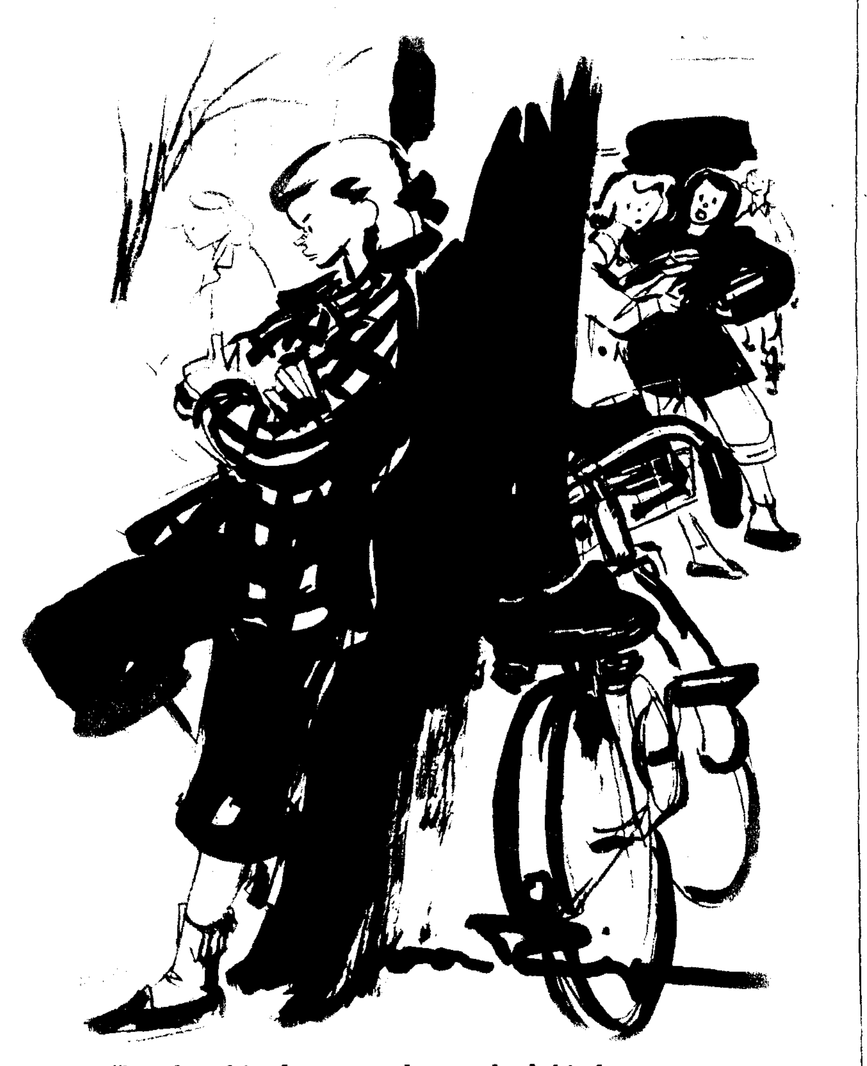
"The Negro is a better American than most when he insists on the realization for all Americans of the ideals as set forth in the Constitution. Because he believes in these things, he would certainly fight to protect the country and its ideals. He's always done so, and I think he always will.

"But it's the responsibility of the Negro—and of every citizen, regardless of color—to keep insisting on the privilege of enjoying his birthright which is equality of treatment and opportunity.

"With very few exceptions, the Negro has no separatist or nationalist aspirations. His struggle hasn't been for a state or for a separate existence, but to become a full and first-class American. This has been denied him; his birthright has been denied him; and violence has been done to the Constitution.

"In my opinion, the first objective of the Negro is full integration into the main stream of American life. Every Negro is involved in the struggle—and the extent to which the Negro can find the fullest place for himself as an American is his contribution to the struggle."

There is no question that Ralph Johnson Bunche has found his fullest place; that he has contributed to the struggle; and that his efforts have brought all Americans, of all colors, closer to integration in democracy. THE END



COLLIER'S "Her boy friend wants to borrow back his fraternity pin to take along with him on his vacation. Wouldn't that make you suspicious?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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THE OPAL RING

Continued from page 24

my finger until I had a fair-sized bandage. I was quite proud of this: It had worked in Voronezh and again in Rostov. . . .

Odessa. That room. Eleven days is not a long time, but by the third day the room had acquired the permanency of a crypt. Then Ivan came in with a copy of Das Kapital. Read it, he told me, and learn what we're running away from.

Ivan was tracing a rumor that an old friend, Mushkin by name, was in the city. A Jewish magnate from Smolensk, he was a relative of shipping merchants in Odessa. This looked like a lead that could be productive. It was. Ivan returned one night with the following orders: Three days hence we were to be on the wharf at sunset, dressed in our cheapest clothes, and carrying no baggage. A skiff, piloted by a man with a red scarf, would dock and unload a basket of fish. We were to get into the skiff and the boatman would row us to a launch which would keep a rendezvous ten miles out at sea with a freighter.

Then, on the morning of the day of our liberation, a division of Russian soldiers entered the city. All morning we heard spasmodic rifle fire. The old lady of the house told us they were rounding up and shooting on sight all "suspicious characters." I asked her if she thought I came under that category. "Don't say a word," she said, "and you'll easily pass for a peasant."

TOWARD late afternoon I donned an old plaid skirt and a black blouse, tied a gray scarf around my head, put on my oldest pair of walking shoes. With an attempt at whimsey, I told Ivan I was grateful for the warm weather: I could leave my sable coat behind. Along with several pairs of silk stockings, I gave it to the old lady. And also Das Kapital. "A book!" she exclaimed. "What is it?" I advised her to put it alongside her Bible.

My worldly goods now consisted of a pocket mirror, a lipstick—a silver gewgaw Ivan had picked up in Paris—and my ring. Ivan had nothing but the clothes on his back. And what clothes! A floppy straw gardener's hat, grimy with dirt; a pair of ragged trousers, the ends of which he stuffed into the tops of his once handsome *sapogi*, the toes of which he had cut off to show bare sockless feet. A week's growth of beard and bloodshot eyes accentuated his gaunt appearance.

It was a five-minute walk to the harbor. For the first time I caught my husband's optimism. No one stopped us. The rifle firing had died out except for an occasional shot from the center of the city.

On the wharf a few soldiers stood about, keeping their distance from groups of idlers and the usual waterfront coterie. At one end of the wharf an officer leaned against a stanchion, puffing a cigarette. Ivan, according to our own little plan, left me and merged with the crowd. Lobster crates were stacked near the water. I sat on one of them and tried to hide my excitement under a mask of boredom. I sat back, tried to relax.

I didn't hear his approach. Over my shoulder his voice half whispered, "Waiting for someone?" Two impulses were almost simultaneous: to rise and walk away, or to play the harlot and bluff him off. But I had neither the courage to do the first nor the confidence to try the second.

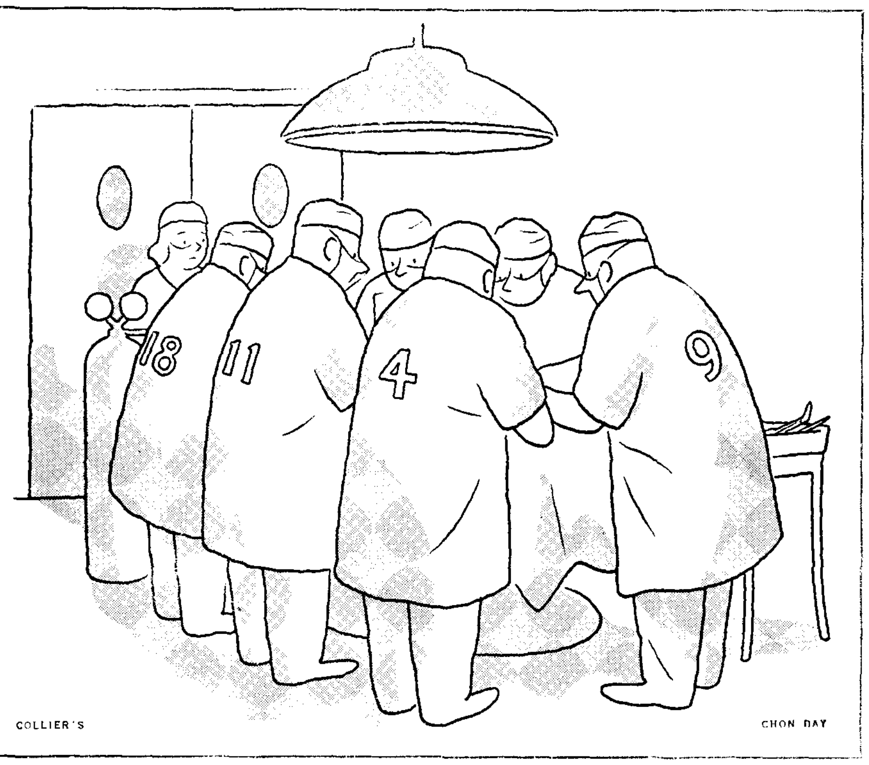
Turning, I saw his eyes first. Small, blue and wide apart, they told me he had no Tatar blood. Broad cheekbones angled down to almost bloodless lips, almost a lipless mouth. On his chin a few straggling blond hairs placed his age at hardly more than eighteen. His braggadocio air made me think of a schoolboy playing at soldier. But the rifle looked ugly as he leaned on it.

"You know, I don't want to kill you." He stared down at me with a grave condescending expression. "But I may have to." He turned and looked in the direction of the officer. "You see him? All he has to do is drop his right hand and you're a dead one."

"Why should he want to kill me? He doesn't know me or anything about me." I caught myself too late, remembering the old lady's advice.

The soldier literally hurled himself onto the crate beside me; then he leaned confidingly close. "You're right!" He spoke eagerly, with a hushed excitement. "But I do—now! I was suspicious. I wanted to hear you talk. You're highborn."

"That was not my fault." I made my voice as calm as I could.



He roared with laughter, slapping his thigh. "Not your fault! That's a good one! I like it—not your fault! His laughter was prolonged, almost hysterical. When the fit had subsided he shook his head like a man coming up out of water. His transition from gaiety to seriousness was as abrupt as an actor's. "I don't know," he said somberly. "I just don't believe in any of this. "I wouldn't see the point of killing you." With a quick movement he set his rifle at his feet, reached into a pocket and started to take out his hand, then paused. He looked out into the harbor.

"Do you see that beautiful yacht? We boarded her this morning, killed the whole crew and the captain. Then we divided up everything in the yacht. You know how our system works: share and share alike. Well—this is my share."

In his hand were two objects: a bottle of liniment and an ivory piano key.

"Now let me ask you—do you think this is fair?" His face was serious, as he continued without waiting for an answer from me: "How am I to believe in a system like this?" He said it quietly, but he chewed the words through an undertone as his mouth puckered with a bad taste.

"In fact, I don't believe in it at all." He was silent for a moment eying my bandaged finger. I couldn't think of a reply. As he pocketed his "share," I took out my lipstick and mirror and, so that my hands wouldn't tremble, braced my elbows on my knees. He watched me as I put on the lipstick.

"Is it real silver?"

I handed it to him. "If you think it's valuable, you may have it."

He took the lipstick, smiling at me in an odd way as he toyed with it. Then he pulled up the sleeve of his jacket, ripped off a piece of bandage wrapped over a wound on his arm. He folded the thin gauze to three thicknesses, then smeared lipstick on one side.

I looked out on the harbor. A small boat was heading toward us; in it, the standing figure of a man with a scarf around his neck, pushing on his oars. The soldier looked at me as he put the lipstick in my lap, followed my eyes to the boat, then back to my face as I turned to him. In silence we read each other's thoughts. Behind mine, he read the meaning. Then, holding the gauze up to the fading light he studied it. To the right, some ten paces away, Ivan stood looking out toward the skiff, trying hard not to appear concerned.

What prompted me to unwind the bandage, I shall never know. Futility, perhaps.

"Oh—a jewel!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. An opal. Fire opal, they call it."

"Diamonds, too!" he added with almost childish envy. "And what are those red stones?"

"Rubies." I had the feeling he was feigning ignorance. This was no situation for game playing. "It's a very valuable ring." I said it bluntly.

He nodded, then said quickly, "Aren't you wondering how I guessed?"

"Yes, tell me," I was truthfully interested.

"I've worked in hospitals. I've seen many wounds, lots of blood. I know what it looks like when it shows through anything: a dressing, a uniform, a handkerchief, a newspaper." He pointed to my bandage lying on the boards of the wharf. "And it's never that color." He grinned at me. "Clever, eh?"

"You have a keen eye."

"I'm going to be a famous doctor some day. Everyone says so. I don't listen to them. I *know* so. But I don't want to be a doctor in Russia. I'm going to Egypt. I want to study medicine in Alexandria." His eyes looked at the sky as he lived a few moments in the future. "But it costs money." He was looking at the ring.

"It's my good-luck stone," I said.

"Has it brought you good luck?"

"So far, yes."

"Then it should bring others good luck, too."

I looked down at my ring, swallowed hard, hoping that he wouldn't notice. My opal! "There's a superstition about opals. The English say it brings bad luck. And you know how smart the English are."

Most Russians are peculiarly superstitious and properly respectful of the English. His awed "They do?" proved he was no exception to both rules. "Well, then, but why are you wearing it?" He was actually concerned for me.

"Because it protects only those who are October people. My name day is in October. Archangel Michael is my patron saint. That's a funny name for a woman—Micaela—it's French. My mother was French." I had paused for breath, when he let out a shout of joy.

"Yah! What do you know! That's my day, too! Mikhail is my name. All my life I've wanted to find someone with my name day and now it turns out to be you! A woman!"

MY FEARS were literally shaken out of me as he grabbed me at the shoulders, jounced me from side to side, took my hand, pumped it ferociously as he blew his words at me. The hard calluses on his palm, the sweat of his hand, the stench of his breath—I minded none of these things as he wriggled about in a childlike ecstasy. When he too paused for breath, I told him it was also my father's name day.

His mouth opened wide in amazement. "I can't believe it! This is too much!" He was patting my hand in his excitement. Then his fingers touched the ring. He peered close over it.

Looking past him, I saw Ivan gesturing quickly toward the skiff. It was already moored, and the man with the scarf was pushing a basket of fish onto the wharf. I got up; the soldier rose with me, not letting go of my hand. Very gently, he removed the ring from my finger, held it up in the light, squinted closely at it as he had probably seen jewelers do, nodded his head sagely.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"America."

"Where in America?"

"Brewster, New York."

"That's too hard." He took out a letter and a stub of a pencil. "Here. Put your name and address on the back of this. We must send each other greetings."

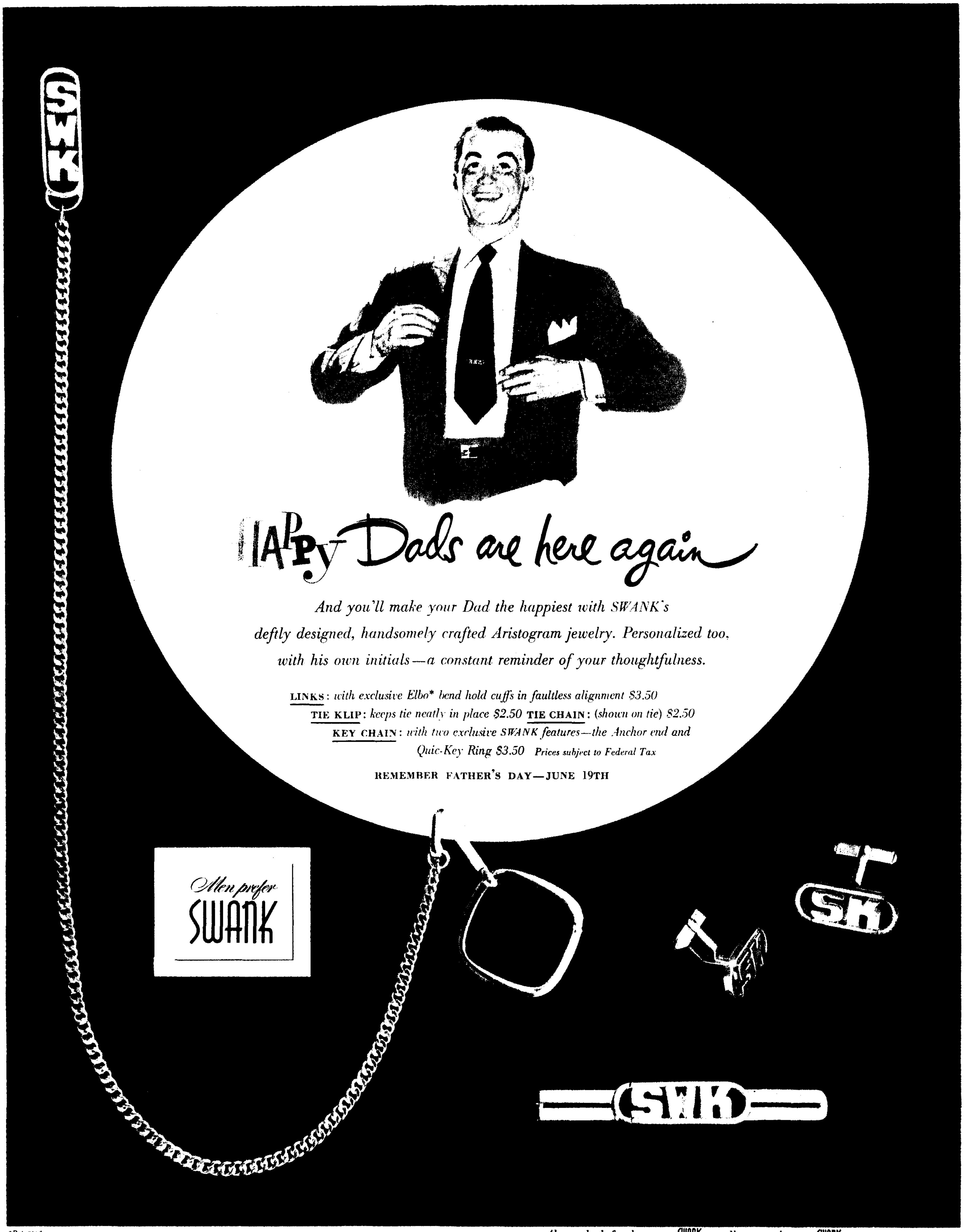
As I wrote, he fondled the ring. The sun had fallen below the horizon. It was getting dark; and cold, I thought, for I was shivering. As I handed him the letter, I noted that his face was inscrutable, a mask. Carefully he dropped the ring inside the envelope, folded it several times, put it into his jacket pocket. Then he spoke:

"Your man is waiting."

Without a word, I moved away from him. Ivan helped me into the skiff. The boatman pushed off. I saw the soldier watching us, standing where I left him. Then he came quickly to the edge of the wharf, and with an impulsive gesture—a ridiculous half wave of the hand—he called out, "Good-by, sister!" . . .

Yesterday was my name day. From the post office in Brewster, Ivan brought back some packages and mail. An insured letter was postmarked Port Said. On the back of the handsome stationery, in embossed printing, was the name: Dr. Mikhail Petroff. Inside, wrapped in gauze, was my opal ring, returned to me after thirty years.

THE END



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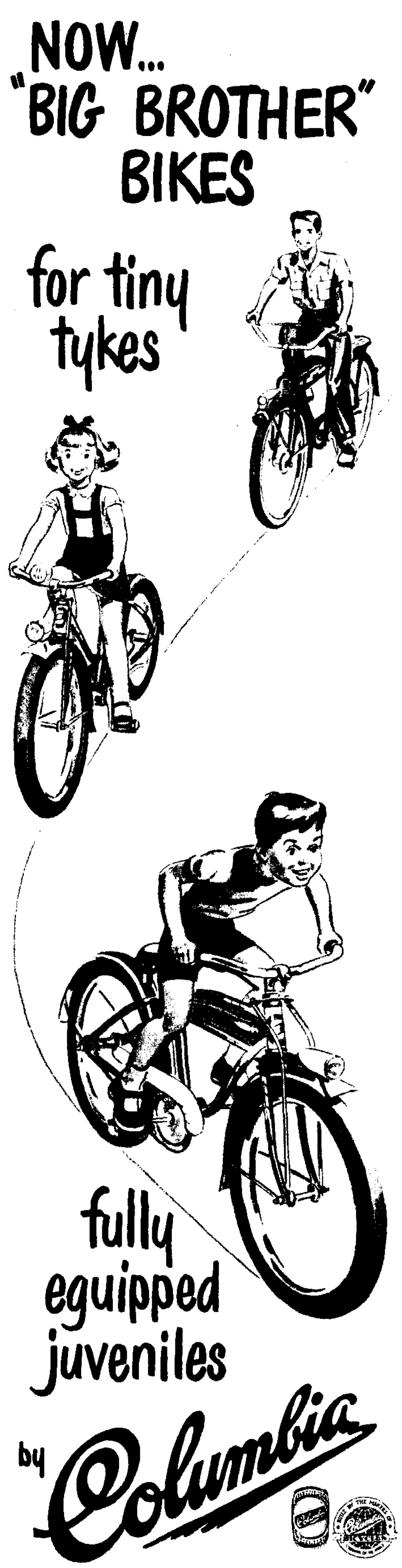

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LETTERS FROM CAIRO

Continued from page 28

It's personal stuff. I don't have to read them, Cynthia. I'll just take them and burn them, if you like."

"No, no," she said. "You'd better read them. I really don't mind. There might be something." Quickly, she pushed them into my hand. She looked up at me. Tears came to her eyes. She said, "I'm sorry," and turned and ran to their bedroom.

I knew I had been a little cruel, but it was a lot better for her to imagine what was in the letters than to know. I took them to the office with me and read them there. These latest ones, both dated July 9th, were as bad as the first. Spence filled them with one sorry attempt after another to make himself understood. I am certain that I read them without curiosity. Once the bare facts were known, there was nothing but humiliation for me in watching the poor devil wrestle with them. He now seemed most concerned lest Cynthia think his relationship with Elsa Chapin was something casual and cheap. He repeated his assurance that he had never, during their marriage, even considered another woman, and that this was a deep and genuine love.

I didn't want to carry these letters around, so I tore them into small bits and flushed them down the drain. It was good to be rid of them, but I was still worried. It was clear now that I would have to go to Washington the next day, and in one of the letters Spence had said that he would probably write once more, from Cairo. If a letter came in my absence, Cynthia might very well break down and read it. I decided to leave the office early for her place. The letter could have come that afternoon.

UNLUCKILY, it hadn't. But Cynthia was in better shape. I took her out to dinner—downtown to a place where we wouldn't meet anyone. She wanted to talk about herself, so I let her. She had ideas about going to California, maybe, or some other place far away, and getting a job. I knew she wouldn't be doing anything of the sort, but there was no point in saying so. This was a part of the long readjustment and it was good for her to be thinking ahead.

"What did he say?" she asked me suddenly. She was looking at me with an expression so full of loneliness and longing for him that I had to help her.

"You know what he said, Cynthia. You know he said, in every letter, how much he loved you and how he was waiting to see you. They were letters you would love, if he were living. But you couldn't read them now, believe me. There were, of course, a few words about his plans for coming back. That's all. So far, there's nothing I need have read."

"So far? Will there be more?"

I had intended her to pick me up on that. The question of another letter had to be settled. "Possibly," I said. "He'd have had time to write one more."

"One more. His last letter—that one I'm going to keep. I should keep his last letter. I should read that one no matter how much it hurts."

I said, "Possibly, Cynthia. Don't count on another letter. His last one said he was leaving the next day. You know how one of those days can be."

I took her home, and just before leaving her I said quite carefuly, "If there's another letter, Cynthia, you can do as you like about it. It's really your business. But don't tear it open—don't read it quickly. I know how you feel, but take it easy, will you? Don't open it without talking to me first. Remember, every day you'll have just a little more strength against this thing. Take my word for it: Letters of this kind are tough. They fool you. They make you think—well, they make you think he's still here. You read them and then you have to start all over again with the fact that he's gone. Will you wait? In case there's another one?"

She looked tired, and I guess she was and so she said, "All right. It's not a promise, exactly, but I suppose you're right. I'll try."

It was the best I could do. I told her I would be leaving town in the morning, but that I would stop by to see her first.

It worried me for most of the night. One last letter could make all the difference. And yet, much as I wanted to intercept it, I couldn't wait around for it indefinitely. In any case, I couldn't stay at Cynthia's, policing her. If the letter came the next morning, perhaps I could get it. Otherwise, I would have to rely on her halfhearted promise.

Having to catch an early train, I was early arriving at Cynthia's. But she was up. She said she hadn't slept, and she looked it.

As soon as I came in, she said, "There's another letter." It was clear that she had not read it, but she seemed to have spoken in a race with temptation. I couldn't help smiling at her.

"You don't want me to read it, do you?" she said.

I said, "No, I don't."

She turned away impatiently, then back, with a look of pleading in her eyes.

"Cynthia, it's your letter. But try to understand, won't you? I don't pretend to know your feelings, but I think I know what you can take right now and what you can't take. I know you'd be sorry if you had read the other letters. This one will be worse. It's almost surely his last one. Can't you see what that will do to you?"

"No, I can't! Why don't *you* understand? You keep saying it will make things harder. It couldn't! Things get harder anyway—harder every minute!" She went to a table and picked up the letter and stood holding it. "You treat me like a child," she said. "I know what I can take. For Heaven's sake—they're letters from my own husband! What's in them, anyway, that you don't want me to see? You'd think—"

"Stop it. You don't have to think anything. I know what was in the others, and you don't. He wrote about his last few days. Do you want to read now about his last few hours and his last few hopes?"

It was like hitting her, but it worked. She looked scared, and she didn't want any more.

"Let me have it, Cynthia. I won't burn it. Someday, if you want it, to keep, I'll give it back."

She held it out to me. She was pale, and her hand was unsteady. I put my arms around her for a moment and told her I would see her the next day and then left her. I was pretty unsteady myself.

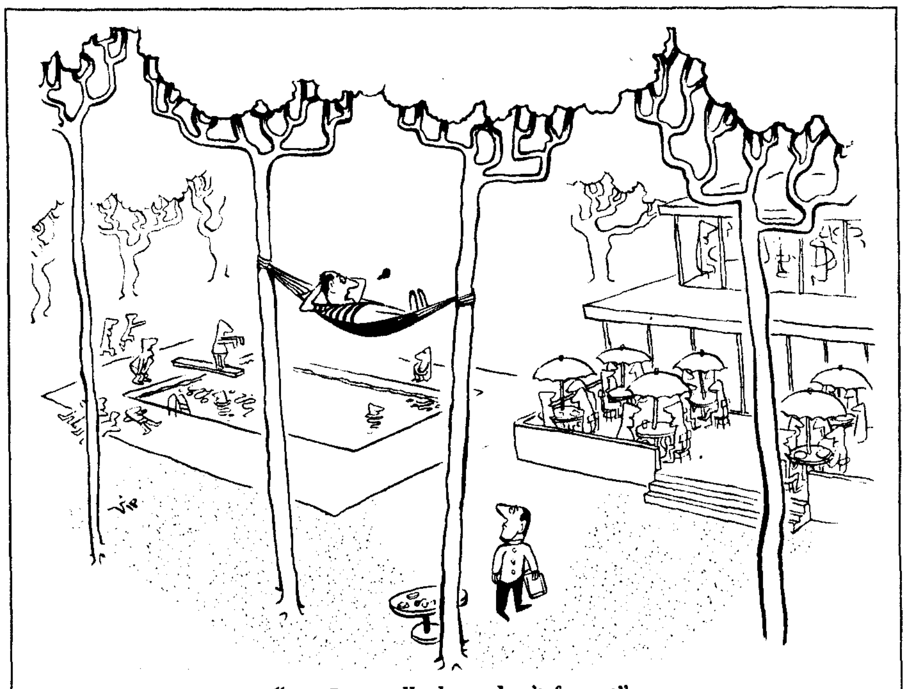
I was in a hurry to get to the train, and in no hurry to read Spence's letter; I had had enough of his problem and his anguish for a while. I found my seat and went into the dining car for some breakfast. I read the paper and was nearly to Philadelphia, I guess, when I finally took the letter out of my pocket.

IT WAS dated July 10th, and in the first few lines Spence made a reference to his third letter, which assured me that this one was his fourth and last. From there, he went into the familiar explaining, regretting and hoping. There was a page or so about Elsa and then, at the end: "I am sorry I cannot tell you where I'm going from here—nor can I send mail again for some time. But I will be home, as you know, around the first of August. I am so anxious to talk to you. I am afraid I have handled this whole thing badly, and yet, in all honesty, I can think of no other way that would have been less unkind to you . . . I must go now. My plane leaves in an hour."

An uneasy feeling brought me back to the passage in his letter about Elsa. I read it more carefully: "Elsa sailed from Alexandria last night and should reach New York in about ten days. She would like to see you, Cynthia. Personally, I should think that would be very difficult for her, and for you, and I have suggested that she wait until I get back.

"But she feels strongly about it—she says waiting would be the easier thing to do, but not necessarily the fairest. She realizes that you may not want to see her at all, but feels that if you do, you should be allowed to decide when it will be. In any case, she will be in town for a couple of days before going on to the Coast, and she will get in touch with you as soon as she arrives. She said she would not phone you, of course; she would send a note."

As I finished reading this, I had the sensation that something terrible was in



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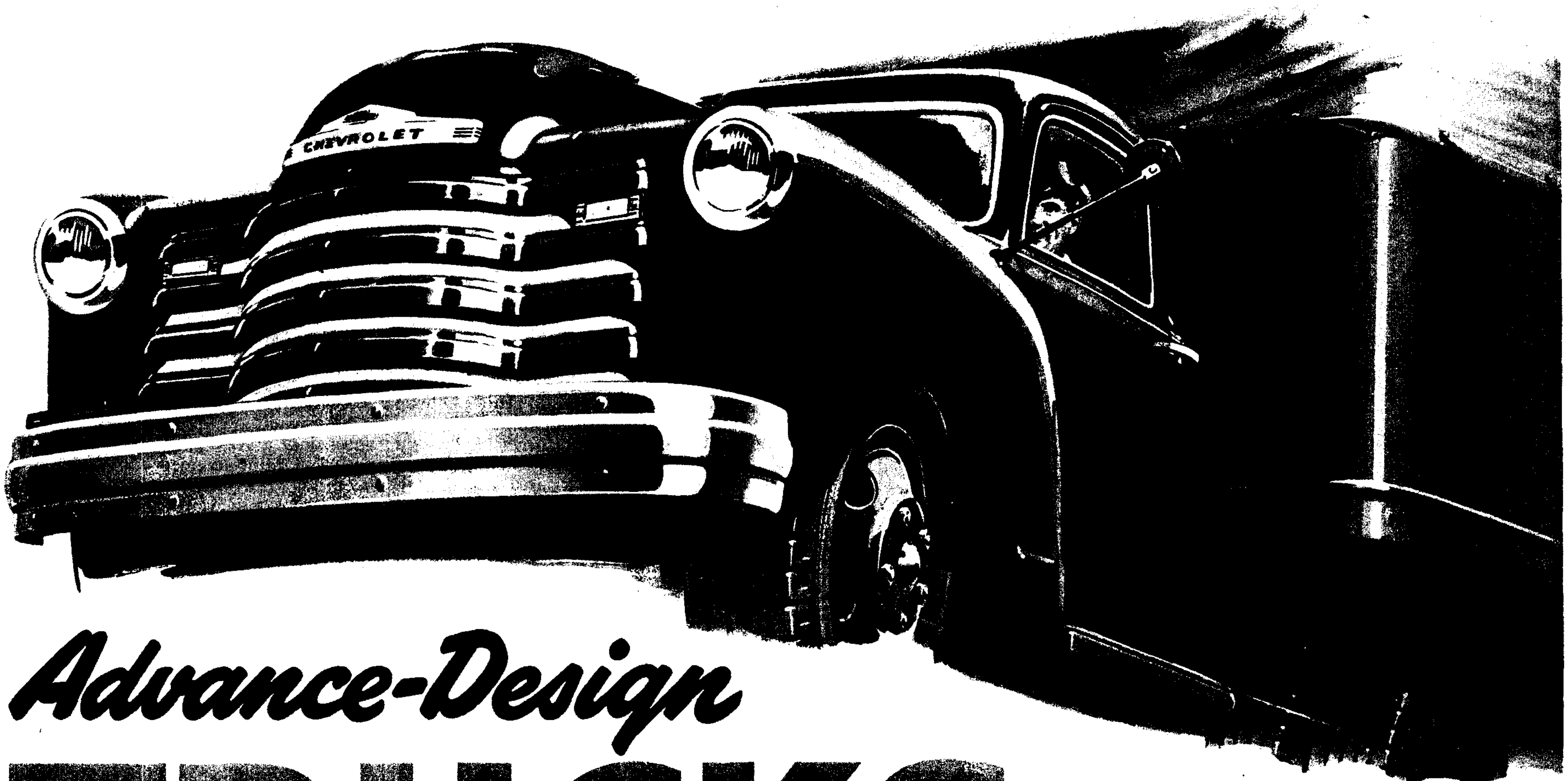

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the making. I began putting the facts together. Today was July 20th. If, as the letter said, Elsa Chapin had left Alexandria on the night of the 9th, she was now due in New York. Having been at sea for ten days, she almost surely would not know of Spence's death. And, believing that Cynthia knew all about her, she would write her a note, asking if she might come up. Cynthia might be puzzled, but she wouldn't refuse—and then they would face each other with the most horrible news either of them could possibly hear. I didn't see how Cynthia, in her state of mind, could stand it.

WE WERE getting near to Wilmington. I would have to get off the train there. I checked the newspaper for ship arrivals. There was nothing likely scheduled for the next few days; but Elsa Chapin could have arrived the day before. With no chance of heading her off, the only thing left was to call Cynthia. If she had heard from Elsa Chapin, she would tell me. If she hadn't, I would have to warn her.

I could say I had just read Spence's letter and learned that this was a person she shouldn't see—something connected with Spence's work—*he* had written the warning. Cynthia wouldn't quite believe it, but it might slow her down; anyway, it would give me time to get back there and see to it that Elsa Chapin didn't show up. As for the letter, I would have to lose that and take the consequences.

I got off at Wilmington and found I could catch another train back to New York in twenty minutes. I called Cynthia immediately. She made it easy to start, but very hard to finish.

"I thought you were in Washington," she said. "I'm glad you called. Who's Elsa Chapin? Do you know her?"

"That's why I'm calling. I'm in Wilmington, Cynthia. I just read George's letter. He says she might be in town about this time and to stay the hell away from her. It sounds like business. What have you heard from her?"

"Just a note, this morning. She wants to see me."

"Don't do it, will you? There's something queer about this. Stall her until I can get back and look into it."

"I *can't!* She sent this note up by messenger and said she was just in from Alexandria, so I thought she was some friend of George's and told her to come along. I sent a note right back with the messenger."

"Oh, God! When is she supposed to come up?"

"This afternoon. I asked her for tea."

"Do you know where she's staying?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. My goodness, you act as if you thought she'd poison me! George probably meant she was an awful bore or something."

"No, he didn't. Look, Cynthia, I'm sure you oughtn't to see this woman. I don't mean it's dangerous, but it sounds as if seeing her would involve you in something. Get sick, or go out somewhere. Don't worry about being rude. Just don't see her—"

She was laughing. "Don't be ridiculous! You poor thing—you're in worse shape than I am! Now go on to Washington and stop thinking about me. You can call me tonight to make sure I haven't been kidnaped."

I knew I was sounding like an ass, but I didn't have much choice. "Cynthia," I said, "I honestly think this is serious. I've got to ask you not to see her. Unless you say you won't, I'm coming back on the next train—"

"Oh, please! Will you please stop treating me like a baby? I just can't stand this. I'll see her if I want to. Now *don't* come back. I'll be furious at you."

She hung up. That was that. I had five minutes, so I called the office and said I'd explain later and got the train back to New York. It was twelve thirty. With luck, I might reach Cynthia's place before teatime—whatever hour that might be in the mind of Elsa Chapin. If I didn't make it—well, there was only one other hope. If Cynthia spoke first—if she said Spence had been killed, on the 10th, and if Elsa Chapin were quick enough to see what that meant, and if she were strong enough, then Cynthia might never know. It was a small hope. If they met, Cynthia would probably be polite, and very curious, and Elsa Chapin would swiftly uncover the truth.

It was two forty five when I got to New York. I got a cab and went directly to Cynthia's. The elevator man knew me, and I wanted to ask him if Mrs. Spence had a caller, but I was afraid to. As I rang her bell, I had the feeling that a doctor would have been more useful in the situation than I.

I heard quick steps and Cynthia opened the door. I don't believe I have ever seen a face, or an expression, so devoid of light. There was nothing in it but pain and disillusionment and bitterness. She knew. As she looked at me, her eyes brightened a little, with hatred, and part of that was for me. She pulled the door half closed and stepped into the hallway with me.

"Go away," she said.

I said nothing and made no move.

She sighed and looked toward the elevator door. "All right," she said. "I suppose I'm going to need you—I'm going to need something—when she's gone. Come in, if you want to. But don't take over, will you? Stop being a man for just a few minutes. I don't know what I'm doing, but I don't want anybody telling me. She's going now. Just come in and meet her and be quiet."

She was looking around distractedly. She turned and started in the door.

I said, "Cynthia, how long has she been here?"

She was walking ahead of me, paying no attention.

"Cynthia—"

"Never mind," she said over her shoulder; and then, in a conventional social tone: "Please come in."

ELSA CHAPIN was standing. Certainly she was older than Cynthia. She was tall, with brilliant blue eyes and light golden hair drawn back to a large knot. Her movement as she turned to me, was slow, easily poised. Physically, she was everything that Cynthia was not.

As she heard my name, she barely inclined her head and gave me her hand, warm and firm. She did not smile, but there was something in her expression that made me think she knew who I was.

She turned to Cynthia. "I must go now. I appreciate your letting me come up." Her voice was softly unhappy.

Cynthia needn't have told me to say nothing. It was clear enough that they had accomplished their sad, shocking exchange. I could only be quiet and wonder, with considerable admiration, at their composure.

Cynthia saw Elsa Chapin to the door. When she came back, she went to the cupboard and poured herself the first drink I had seen her take since George's death. She drank it quickly and her eyes watered. She looked at me and said in a casual but rather hard tone, "Well, what do you want?"

"Nothing now. What did she say, Cynthia?"

"You read the letters, didn't you?"

I asked her to sit down. The brittleness in her attitude worried me. She was holding a lot back, and I didn't know what form it would take when it came out. It would be much the best thing if she could direct it at me. "I was trying to spare you this, but I botched it pretty badly. If I'd read this last letter an hour earlier, you would never have known. I'm damned sorry."

"Thanks," she said flatly. "I could kill you, but I suppose I should thank you."

"I have an idea how you feel, Cynthia. You're doing awfully well with it."

"Oh, yes—I could have killed her, too, but I didn't. I didn't hurt her at all."

"Cynthia, it isn't going to help you to talk about this now. Why don't you turn in? Maybe that drink is a good idea. Have another one and go to bed. I'll hang around in case you want anything later."

She got up and poured another drink. Her hand was shaking and she spilled about half of it. She put it down. "I don't want to turn in. I don't want another drink. I wish I were dead and I wish you were dead and I wish she were dead. No, I don't want her dead. I want her good and alive and beautiful and waiting for her beloved George."

I looked up quickly. "What do you mean by that?"

"I just want her alive—alive and waiting, the way I was. She loves him so, just like I did, and he loves her, she thinks."

Cynthia began laughing, at first quietly. I jumped up and went to her.

"For Godsake, Cynthia, what are you talking about?"

She was shaking with laughter now, putting her hands to her face. I shook her hard.

"Cynthia! What did you tell her?"

"Nothing!" she cried, sobbing now. "I didn't tell her anything. I just listened to her and heard all about it and I didn't tell her anything. She doesn't know. I was so nice about it, and now she feels all relieved and righteous and happy. She's happy! She thinks George is coming back to *her,* and everything is going to be wonderful! Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it *wonderful?*"

Her head had fallen back like a doll's, and she was going limp. I took her over to the sofa and gave her what was left of her drink.

She was all right in a minute, staring soberly through her tears. I said, "Listen to me, will you? It doesn't matter how much you're suffering—you can't do this to a person. It won't help you. It will hurt you even more. You can't do it. Where is she? Where's she staying? She's got to know about it."

Cynthia shook her head. "I don't know where she is—and why can't I do it? You say it won't help, but it does. She loves him and she thinks he's alive. She knows he's alive, so he is, in a way. That makes him alive for me, too. When she came in and started talking about him, he seemed to be alive. I want it that way. If he were alive now, he'd come to me. You don't understand."

I thought maybe I did understand. If her revenge had seemed monstrous, it now seemed human, at worst. I was glad when she began crying softly. I put her to bed and gave her a sleeping tablet and fixed up her sofa for myself. If I were to find Elsa Chapin, it would have to be tomorrow.

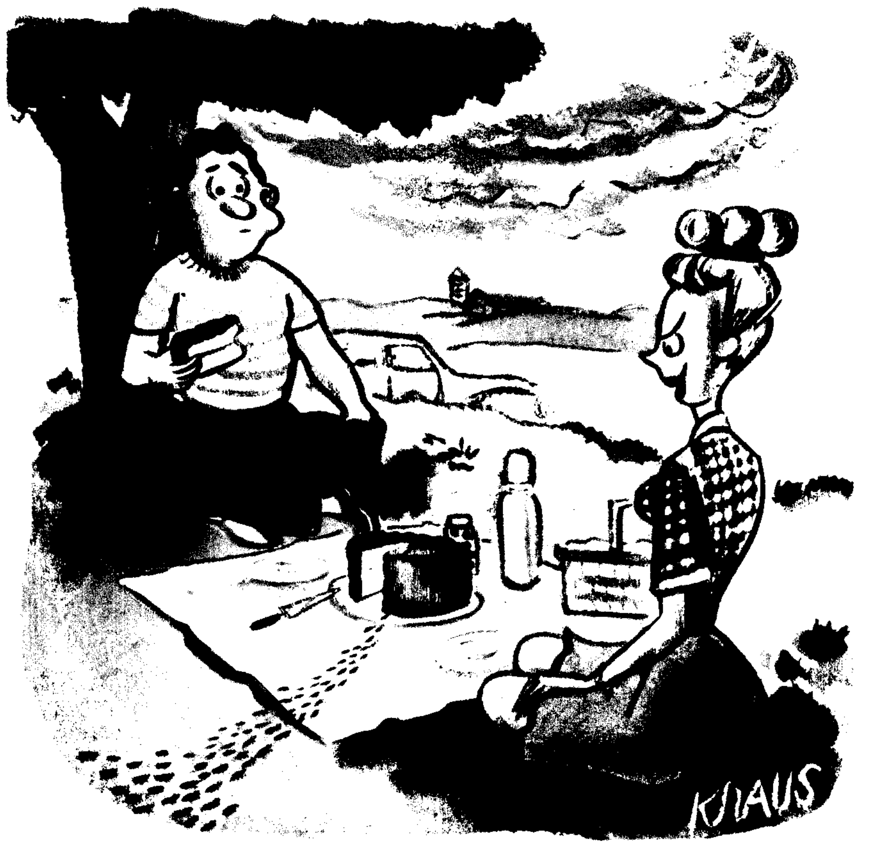
I NEVER had to find her. She sent Cynthia a note the next morning: "I am not sure enough of myself to claim the husband of a woman like you. The way you received me yesterday was something I could never have done in your place, and I find now that I am simply unable to go through with this thing. I know George loved you. I think your love for him must be stronger than mine. I will not see him again. I have no feeling of being noble about this—only the feeling of having been defeated. —E. C."

Cynthia's collapse was total. She did not speak for days, and her recovery will take a long time. I can only believe that she saw in that letter an even greater defeat for herself. Taken at face value (and Elsa Chapin had shown she could be generous despite her advantage), it meant that without knowing it she was returning to Cynthia a husband who was dead. That was bitter enough.

But there was another possibility. Elsa Chapin might have learned of Spence's death. Someone could have told her; she could have guessed it from Cynthia's behavior—a slip during their conversation, or Cynthia's failure to fight; she could have wondered about my sudden appearance, and my silence. I read her letter again and again. Surely, much of what she said was ambiguous. If she did know, the letter was retaliation of the subtlest and most devastating kind.

I don't know. I have thought a lot about those two women. Maybe Cynthia half believed she was keeping Spence alive. Maybe Elsa Chapin was a gallant person. I am inclined to think they both knew what they were doing, and, if it were up to me, I would be inclined to forgive them.

THE END



COLLIER'S "They'll be sorry! I put DDT in the frosting" R. KRAUS

Sovereign Crest patterns for your favorite knight

on Father's Day—June 19th

Here's the perfect gift for that peer among men—Sir Dad! Van Heusen puts handsome heraldic designs into modern settings, comes forth with the bold, masculine ties that *all men* want today. Tailored for lasting good looks with the same skill Dad likes in Van Heusen shirts. Smart contrasting knot. $2.00. Other Van Heusen ties $1 to $2.50.

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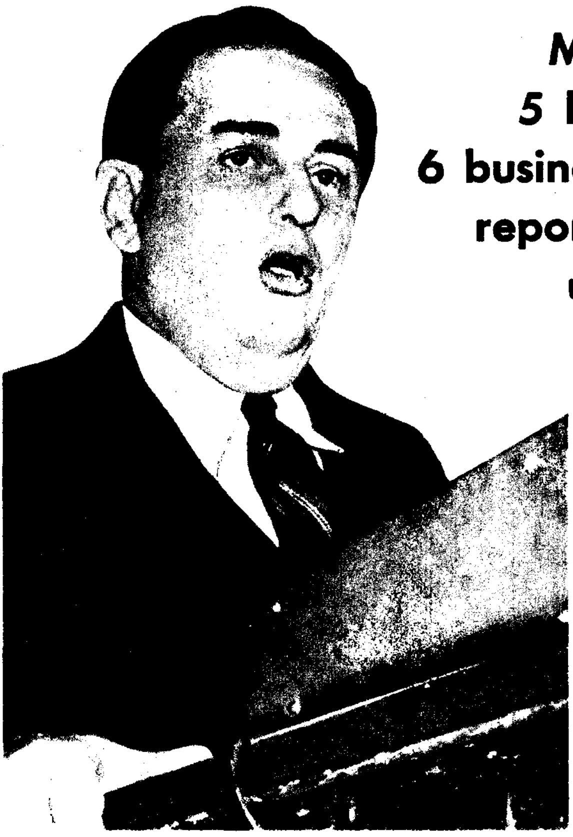


Made of new DURIDIUM metal . . . a wartime discovery! 5 lawyers, 2 doctors, 4 news commentators, 11 accountants, 6 business executives, 15 engineers and 341 other noted American report that new SILVER STAR DURIDIUM blades take off whiskers utterly without any feeling of the blade's edge, without any cutting sensation whatsoever!

"Couldn't feel a thing!"

"I've always been a tough man to shave! Imagine my surprise, then, first time I used the Silver Star, to find my usually difficult beard coming off without a struggle. In fact, I couldn't feel a thing—not even a suspicion of the clean-cutting Silver Star edge. I, for one, am glad they discovered DURIDIUM!"

LEON HENDERSON,
World-famous economist and foreign trade consultant

"Was not aware there was a blade in the razor!"

"I've been trying for years to cope with my tough whiskers, so you can understand my astonishment when I tried the wonderful Silver Star. I was not in the least aware that there was a blade in the razor, yet the shave I got was a masterpiece!"

MUSGRAVE HYDE,
Noted architect

Men from all over the nation report that no type of regular steel blade, blue or plain steel, gives the same wonderful shave you get with the SILVER STAR, the new DURIDIUM blade!

HERE'S the best shaving news since man first started removing his whiskers! It's about the new Silver Star double edge blade, made of DURIDIUM . . . the razor blade your face can't feel! Takes off your whiskers cleanly and completely! Without annoyance of any kind! It's an utterly new shaving experience.

The new Silver Star DURIDIUM blade costs no more than standard blue or plain steel blades . . . Yet if you can feel this duridium blade when you shave, we'll gladly refund your money. Get Silver Star DURIDIUM blades today . . . five for 25c . . . and enjoy something brand new in shaving!

"Got the best shave I ever had in my life!"

"As 'Jungle Jim' I often have to let my beard grow, but when I shaved with Silver Star my beard was as gentle as a lamb! I didn't feel a thing—and I got the best shave I ever had in my life. DURIDIUM certainly is a great invention."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, *Famous swimming champion*

"SAVE AT LEAST 70 STROKES...!"

"If there were a par for razor blade performance I'm sure Silver Star would crack it every time! I got no feeling at all of the blade's edge when I shaved with Silver Star. It passed through my wiry whiskers so easily that I must have saved at least 70 shaving strokes. DURIDIUM is a sure winner!"

GENE SARAZEN, *famous golf champion*

"Never dreamed I'd find such a blade!"

"Keeping clean-shaven was a nuisance until I tried the wonderful Silver Star. DURIDIUM sure is a great improvement over plain or blue steel."

DR. FRANCIS L. GOLDEN,
Author of "For Doctors Only"

"Had to rub my fingers against the grain!"

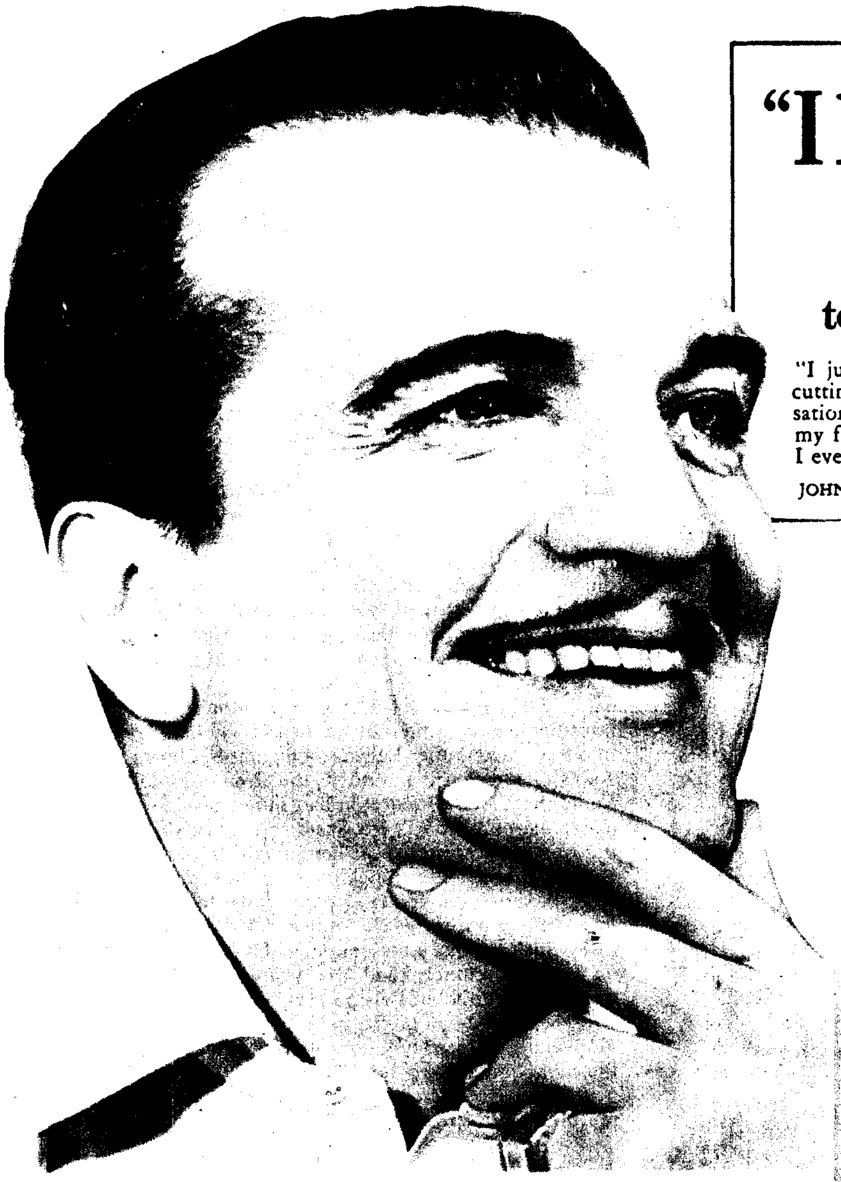
"When I first shaved with the Silver Star blade I had to rub my fingers against the grain to see if it was really taking off my tough old beard! There was absolutely no feeling of the blade's edge! My hat's off to DURIDIUM."

DANTON WALKER,
Famous newspaper columnist. Star of his own television show.

"As if there were no blad
in the razor!" "The Silver Star DURIDIUM blade is a beaut any way you look at it! It takes my obstinat whiskers off without the slightest cutting sensation—as if there were no blade in the razor DURIDIUM is wonderful!"

H. WALTER GILLIS,
Eminent educator, President School of Optic
Wartime Chairman, Greater N. Y. Fund

IN HISTORY....
YOUR FACE CAN'T FEEL



"I had to feel my face to know I shaved!"

"I just couldn't believe the blade was cutting my whiskers—there was no sensation of the blade's edge! I had to feel my face to know I shaved. Finest shave I ever had! I'm grateful for DURIDIUM!"

JOHN LODER, *Famous screen and stage star*

"Didn't know the whiskers were off!"

"My first Silver Star shave was music to me! Couldn't feel the blade at all—didn't know the whiskers were off until I felt my chin!"

GUY LOMBARDO, *America's top orchestra leader and speed boat champion*

"Just like wiping the whiskers off!"

"It's a brand new kind of shave! With the DURIDIUM Silver Star I can't feel the blade at all! It's just like wiping the whiskers off!"

ROBERT H. COBB, *Vice-President, Hollywood Stars, baseball team*

"A New Shaving Experience!"

"It was a revelation to see how the DURIDIUM Silver Star took my whiskers off without any cutting sensation and without annoyance of any kind. DURIDIUM does make a tremendous difference! It was an entirely new shaving experience for me!"

ED FITZGERALD, *popular radio star of "Breakfast with the Fitzgeralds"*

DISCOVERY OF THE SURGICAL INSTRUMENT DIVISION

DURIDIUM is an entirely new form of razor blade metal, manufactured by a process discovered during the war and now the exclusive property of the American Safety Razor Corporation. DURIDIUM is used only in Silver Star, and its scientifically-developed properties make possible a blade that cannot be manufactured with any other metal. Only the DURIDIUM Silver Star gives you an "out-of-this-world" shave your face can't feel!

"Once over and my face felt like a baby's!"

"With the new DURIDIUM Silver Star, every shaving stroke was smooth and easy as a skilled artist's brush. Never felt the blade at all! Just once over and my face felt like a baby's!"

RUSSELL PATTERSON, *Well-known artist and illustrator*

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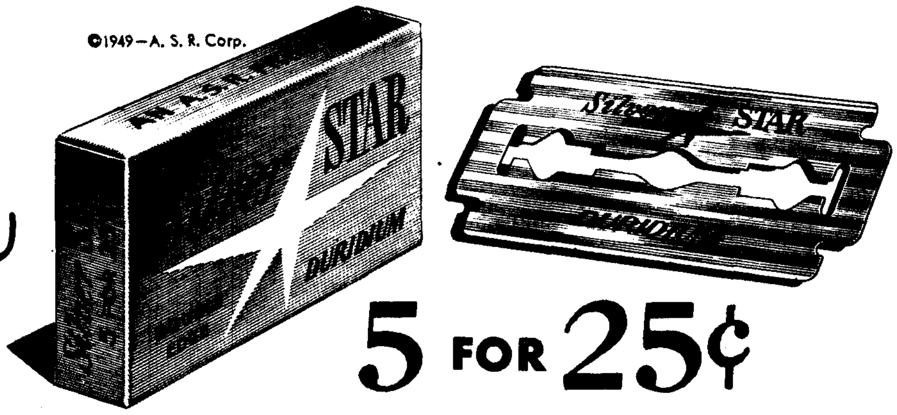

Silver STAR

MADE OF DURIDIUM

The Razor Blade your face can't feel

5 FOR 25¢

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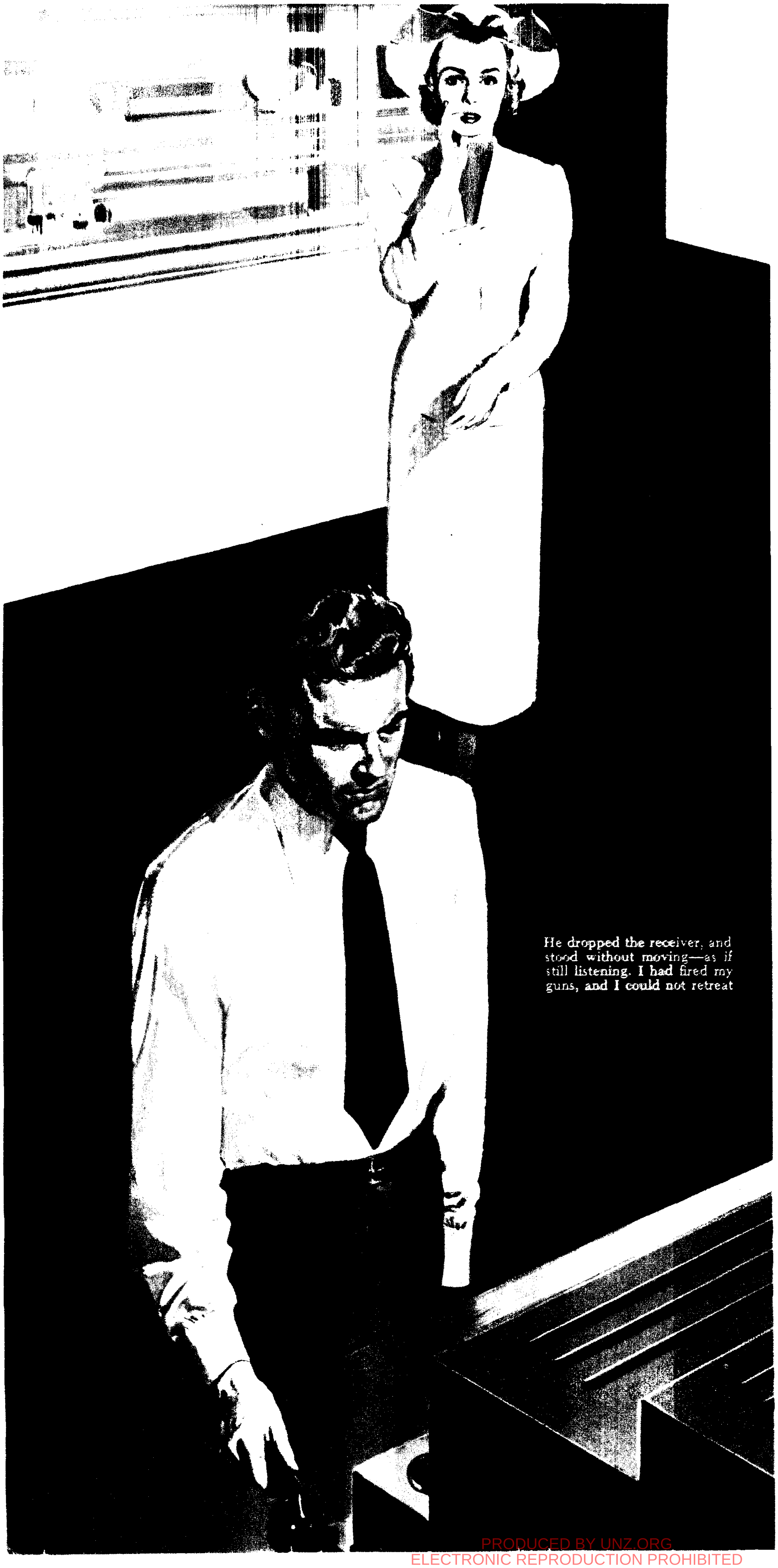


He dropped the receiver, and stood without moving—as if still listening. I had fired my guns, and I could not retreat

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: The morning the Boy and I discovered LOUISE FREMPTON had committed suicide off our private beach, SOPHIE, the COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK, telephoned me. "EVE GILL," she said, "you must come to dinner and meet JAMES BELSIN." I did not know who James Belsin was then, but that night I discovered that he was a handsome and wealthy young manufacturer of electronics equipment. And from his own lips I learned that he loved me and wanted to marry me. Unfortunately I discovered that Louise Frempton's suicide was not suicide at all, and that her dead body had been put into the sea by James Belsin's bodyguards, HOOKER and JONES. Later when I went to the Frempton cottage I found that Louise Frempton had James Belsin's private telephone number. There was also a Mayfair number that looked suspicious, on her private list in London. I told none of these things to the police, nor to JONATHAN PENROSE the young city dweller who was staying in a cottage on our place and insisting that he was in love with me, too. Late one night Hooker stopped me on a dark and lonely road. He meant to kill me, for he was on the run from Belsin's men—they wanted to get him because he had talked too much. I managed to get Hooker's gun from him and I put him in the barn for the night thinking to turn him over to the police the next day. He was a valuable witness. But the next morning when I went to the barn Hooker was gone.

PART FIVE OF EIGHT PARTS

THE Boy's report of the night before gave me plenty of scope. I routed him out of bed. First of all there was Mrs. Garseed. "Didn't she explain why she waited all this time before suggesting she should look after Diana?" I asked.

He launched into an exact "she-said-and-I-said" account of his talk with Mrs. Garseed. Reduced to its bones, she had been away since Tuesday and had come back the moment she read in the Norwich Gazette what had happened.

"But," said the Boy, "Mrs. Garseed is quite certain it was suicide. I didn't dare ask her if she'd thought it might be the other thing."

I told the Boy about the call to Jimmy Belsin and how the telephone numbers were the same. When I let him in on the Hooker adventure he was very disappointed to have missed the excitement.

"But we can find him again! *I'll* find him!"

He ran to my sitting-room window and searched the misty marshland with anxious determined eyes.

"It wouldn't be any good even if you did. I would have to start all over again. He wouldn't even begin

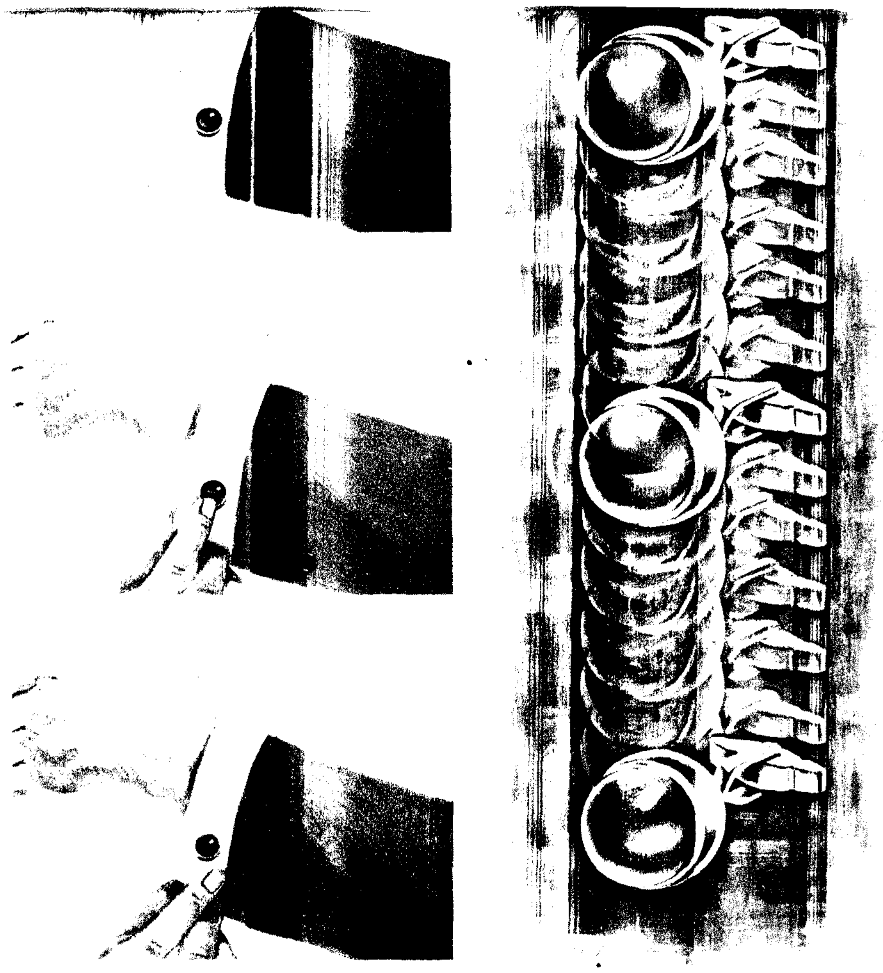
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

with a flick of the finger

you change its color

to match your suit

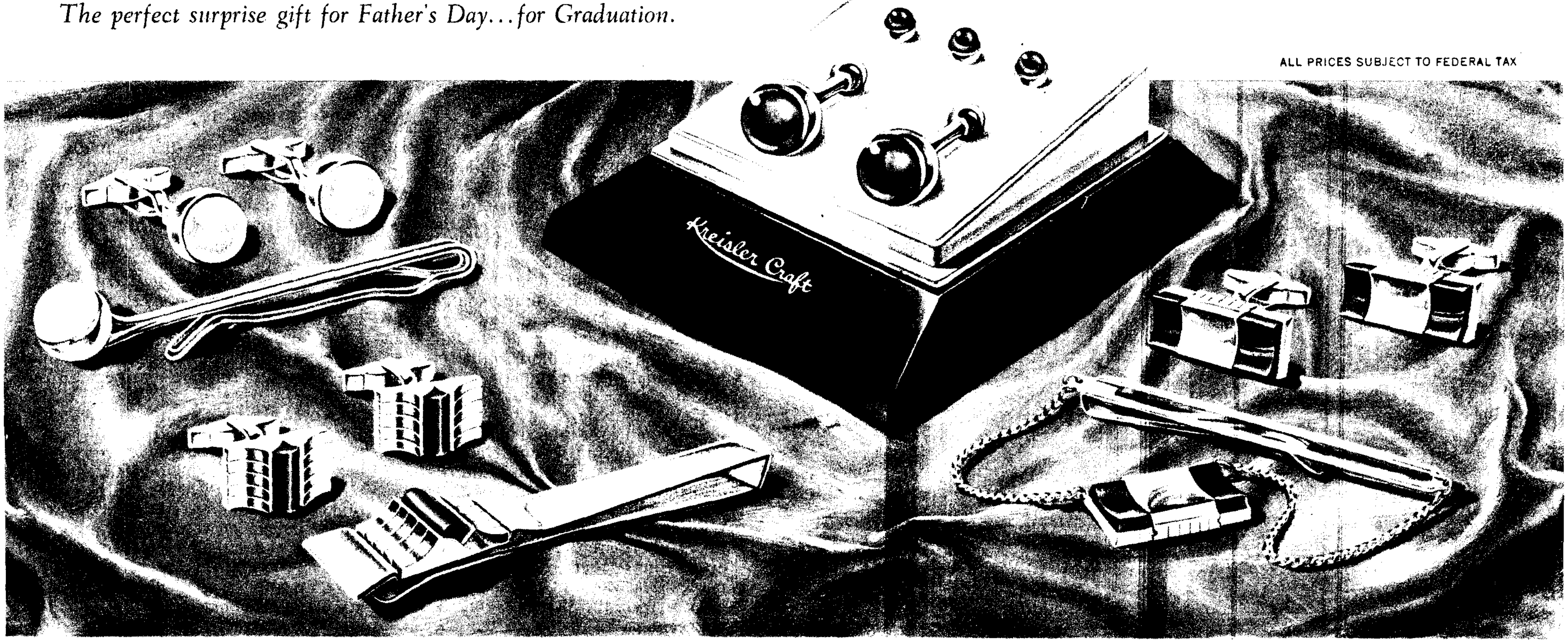


change-o-color

It works like magic!
Look!...it's a red stone...*Presto!* a blue stone...*Change-o!*...red and blue together. Each tie clip and cuff link set is actually 3 sets in 1—and for the price of 1. In 3 styles...6 color combinations...dress sets come in pearl gray and white or maroon and midnight blue. See this sensational Kreisler Craft Change-o-Color* jewelry for men today...at better jewelry, men's wear and department stores. *The perfect surprise gift for Father's Day...for Graduation.*

tie holders	$^{\$}2^{50}$
cuff links	$^{\$}3^{50}$
dress sets	$^{\$}5^{00}$

ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO FEDERAL TAX



The ROLLISPHERE* **The ROLLITUBE*** **The SLIDE-IT***

Kreisler Craft

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Three Ways

Keeps your motor cleaner . . . smoother-running

Protects against bearing corrosion

Gives your motor the famed "Film of Protection"

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

THE HERB HUNTERS

Continued from page 30

roots are sold to the Chinese, who regard the plant with superstitious reverence.

The name "ginseng" is derived from a Chinese word meaning "manlike," and the twisted roots do occasionally look like a miniature human being. Because of this resemblance, Orientals believe that ginseng is a panacea for all human ills. The Chinese make the ordinary roots into an aromatic tea and carry the rarer, humanlike specimens around their necks as talismans.

A ginseng root that really resembles a tiny man is said to be worth $50 and up, but the lucky wildcrafter who found such a freak would probably have to sell it directly to some wealthy and superstitious Chinaman in New York or San Francisco, as the big wholesale herb companies handle ginseng by the pound and they do not make any allowances for individual specimens.

Instinct Better Than Rules

Men have devoted their lives to studying the growing habits of this weird plant, but real 'seng diggers, like Bill Nelson, seem to work more by instinct than by any rules. Ginseng grows about a foot high and somewhat resembles the common May apple, but it has a distinctive arrangement of leaves—three large "fingered" leaves and two small, all growing on the same stem. It does not stand out among the other forest plants, and learning to identify it at a distance requires years of experience. It may occur anywhere.

Generally, however, it grows under deep shade in the depths of forests. Ginseng diggers usually start out looking on well-drained land under stands of maples, beeches or butternuts. But like gold, ginseng is where you find it and some of the biggest strikes have been made in areas passed over by the old-time 'seng diggers as worthless.

Many people have tried to raise ginseng commercially. Theoretically, an acre of it should bring in $30,000, but the wild plants do not take kindly to cultivation. Because ginseng likes deep shade, the beds must be enclosed in a kind of giant crate made of laths set about an inch apart to allow for free circulation of air. It takes at least five years for the roots to develop to a salable size and even then the cultivated plants never bring as much as wild ginseng. The wild roots are often over 75 years old.

Next to ginseng, goldenseal is the most valuable of the wild herbs. John Kelly, a wildcrafter who lives near Looneyville, West Virginia, thinks that most leaf peddlers put too much emphasis on ginseng. "Goldenseal often brings $8 a pound," he argues. "'Seal is easier to find than ginseng and has a more stable market. You'll make more money in the long run digging 'seal than looking for 'seng."

Unlike ginseng, goldenseal has a real medical value. It is used in salves to promote healing and was in great demand during the war. Not only the root but also the leaves are salable.

Although 'seng and 'seal are generally regarded as the principal "money" plants, there are over 300 different varieties of herbs that are commercially valuable. The value of crude herbs varies greatly with the demand, and a wildcrafter must know the current prices.

He may be after ginseng, but he won't miss the chance to gather mullein flowers, selling last winter at $1.25 a pound (used in the treatment of catarrh), or monkshood, usually quoted at $1.35 (produces aconite), or wild-cherry bark —used for flavoring—at 25 cents a pound.

He may find wahoo bark (generally worth $2 a pound and used as a cathartic) or senega snakeroot (a valuable expectorant). If everything else fails, he may be reduced to digging dandelion roots for 15 cents a pound.

Many country people count on gathering herbs as a regular source of income. Especially in the South, nearly every mountain cabin has a string of "yarbs" hanging near the stove. After the herbs are dried, the strings are exchanged at the local store for flour, bacon and snuff. This type of collecting is done mainly by "uncles" and "grannies" —old men and women who have learned the art of the herbist from their fathers and grandfathers before them. Occasionally some of these old-timers achieve such a reputation that they can start a small company selling herb teas, lotions and simple medicines.

Some of their remedies really work. Butternut bark and May-apple root act as very efficient laxatives. Euca mint makes a serviceable plaster, and yerba santa probably helps to build up a resistance to influenza. Cinnamon bark is useful in cases of children's colic and ephedra tea relaxes the nerves. The "grannies" used to put hyssop leaves on fresh wounds. Doctors thought this was sheer superstition until they discovered that the mold *Penicillium notatum* that produces penicillin grows on hyssop leaves.

Professional wildcrafters sell their herbs directly to the big wholesale drug companies rather than try to peddle them in crude form. George Bryant, a wildcrafter living near Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, believes that a "leaf peddler" can average about $100 a week from spring until fall by dealing directly with the wholesale houses. This doesn't include the unforeseen big "strikes" that every collector dreams about.

George told me, "I was working a certain portion of Anderson County, Kentucky, and although I'd been in the field since early morning I'd only dug a few 25-cent roots. Then, deep in a thicket, I found a big, overlooked patch of granddaddy 'seng plants. I made $132.60 from that patch alone. Not bad for about three hours' work."

Loafing May Be Profitable

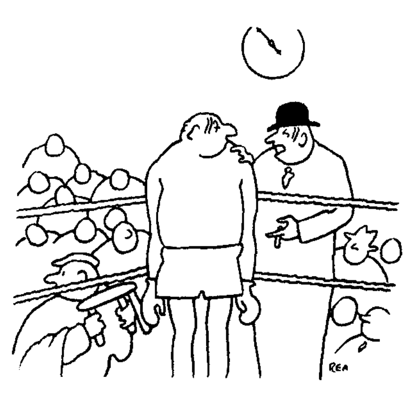
Wildcrafters have the reputation of being easygoing, lazy folk who use "leaf peddling" as an excuse to wander through the woods, listening to the bird songs and watching the home lives of the wild animals. Actually, even a 'crafter would have trouble saying when he's working and when he's loafing. Every unexplored valley, every deep patch of woods holds some secret that may give him nothing but pleasant memories or may pay off in hard cash. But sometimes 'crafters run into unexpected trouble.

George Bryant told me, "Once, while I was digging out a big patch of 'seal, I heard the thud of a rapidly approaching beast. Glancing up, I noticed a mountainous Jersey bull headed in my direction and not fooling. I skinned up a tree while the big beast trampled my roots to pieces. I could have shot him with my .22 belt gun, but this 'crafter doesn't believe in going around destroying farmers' cattle when he can avoid it. The bull kept me up there an hour or so until the members of his harem started drifting away. Then he followed them."

Collecting the herbs is an exacting science. With some plants, only the bark is valuable, but usually it must be "rossed" (the coarse, outer bark removed). With other herbs, the leaves are the important part but they must be collected at a certain time, generally during the flowering period. Usually leaves cannot be gathered after a heavy dew or rain. Moisture makes them mildew. Some herbs should be gathered only during a cloudy day, or better yet at night when they will not wither.

The wholesale drug houses can tell at a glance whether the plant has been picked and dried under suitable conditions. Plants that have received especially good care usually bring premiums. The Sioux Indians have a secret method of drying ginseng that increases the value of the roots several dollars a pound.

Although wildcrafters have an enormous amount of nature lore, very few of them have tried to put "leaf peddling" on a scientific basis. Calven J. Wilds of Los Angeles, California, is one of the rare exceptions. "Jimmy" Wilds, a graduate biochemist of the University of South Carolina, is a regular subscriber to the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, a bulky publication that is to the herbist what the Wall Street Journal is to a stock broker. The Reporter lists the current prices for herbs and offers suggestions as to possible market trends.



"And if he tries out his hypnotic stare on you, just shut your eyes. You do better that way, anyhow"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

In his extensive wanderings, Jimmy always takes along a light field kit. This kit contains a miniature distilling outfit, a spectroscope and a small microscope. Whenever Jimmy finds a new herb, he analyzes it. Possibly years later he may read in The Reporter that there is a demand for some drug or oil that cannot be supplied in sufficient quantity from the known herbs. And thumbing through his notes he may find that he knows of a plant containing the needed ingredient. He once made $3,200 in three weeks by following this system. A West Coast manufacturer of cigarettes for asthma sufferers needed additional quantities of jimson weed, which is used in his cigarettes because of its soothing effect on the involuntary chest muscles. He wrote Hathaway Products, one of the best-known West Coast dealers in crude drugs, for several bales of jimson leaves. Hathaway called Jimmy. Jimmy slung a sack over his shoulder, loaded up his car with food and blankets and headed out into the mountains. He averaged better than $1,000 a week for nearly a month.

Jimmy is away so much that he's a tough man to locate, but I finally managed to pin him down in a bar where he was relaxing after a long wildcrafting trip into the desert. With him was a slender, pleasant-faced woman named Virginia Nightingale, who is also a wildcrafter. They were mildly disturbed to hear that I was doing an article on "leaf peddling."

"If everyone starts collecting, the price of herbs will drop," protested Jimmy. "Right now, it's hard for us to meet the foreign competition. During the war, when saffron 'flowerlets'—that's the petals—were selling for $45 a pound, I ran into one of the biggest beds of saffron I've ever seen. But before I could get the petals to a dealer, the market was flooded with Spanish saffron and I got only about a third of what I expected."

"Wildcrafting is a very uncertain business," Miss Nightingale agreed sadly. "Once I was up in Washington State collecting squaw lettuce, a plant that has sleep-inducing qualities. I picked a bushel basket full and left it in the field while I started on another patch. Suddenly I heard a hiccup. There was a cow eating the last of my squaw lettuce. I tried to chase her away but she just staggered around in circles. She'd destroyed about $50 worth of herbs."

Valuable Oil Is Distilled

Later that evening we paid a visit to Jimmy's apartment. He had rigged up a small still, made out of an old oil drum and a length of zigzag metal tubing. The drum was packed full of a dull-colored, ordinary-looking weed, but Jimmy explained that by passing steam through the stems he could distill off the oil. This oil is called "erigeron" and brings about $5 a pound.

I suggested that the apparatus would be handy for distilling corn squeezings. Both Jimmy and Virginia Nightingale assured me that if a 'crafter wanted to make money illegally he wouldn't bother with bootlegging. He'd start peddling dope. Every 'crafter on the West Coast knows where there is more money in marijuana.

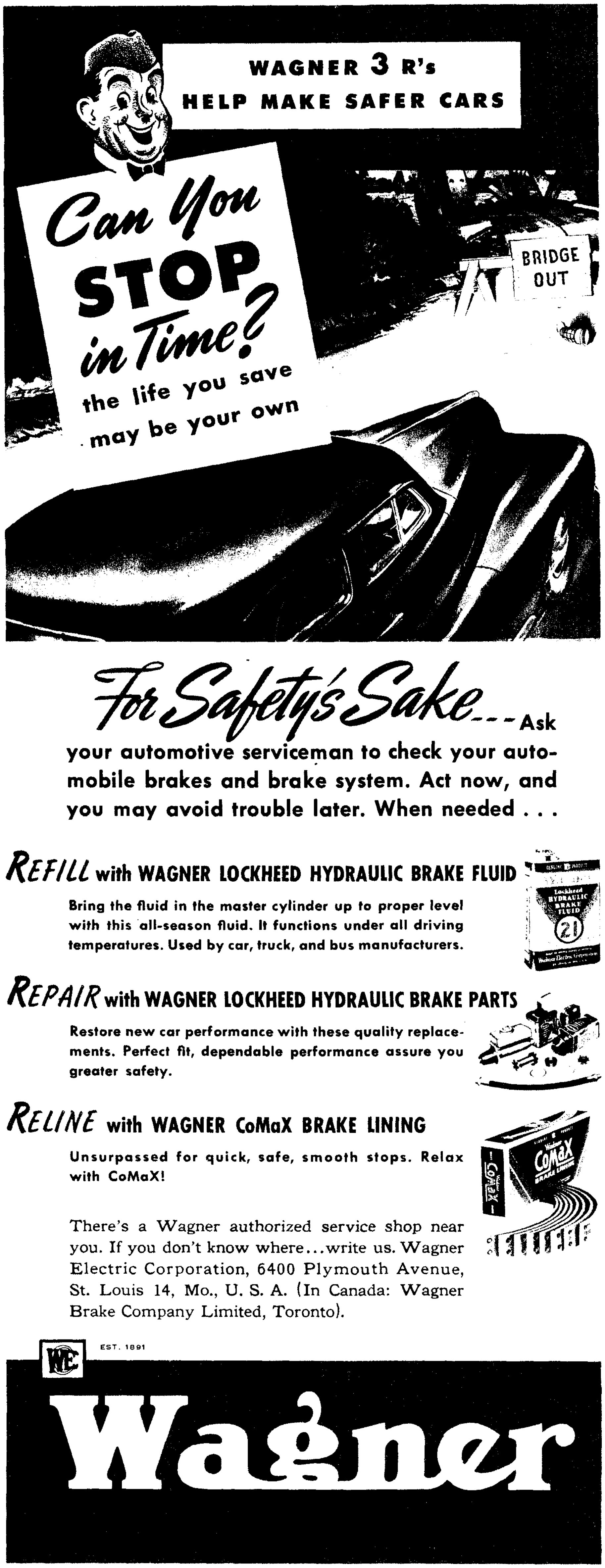
"But I've never heard of a wildcrafter who was willing to 'front' for a dope peddler," Jimmy claimed. "There's something about the temperament of 'crafters that makes it impossible. The kind of a man who'd help peddle dope to high-school kids doesn't become a 'crafter."

Neither ginseng nor goldenseal grows in southern California, so I asked Jimmy and Virginia what they considered to be the most valuable Western herb. Yerba santa (used in bronchial irritations and as a tonic), grindelia (to counteract spasms such as occur in whooping cough), and cascara are the principal Western medical herbs. But probably the most valuable is a certain kind of mountain sage used in perfumes. The tiny leaves of this sage are worth $30 a pound if picked when they are less than a quarter of an inch across.

Because of new scientific discoveries, a formerly worthless weed may suddenly become very valuable. During the war, the Navy found that radar equipment quickly became mildewed in the tropics. Chemists discovered that by coating the gear with thymol, an oil obtained from the thyme plant, mildewing could be largely prevented. Thyme is a European plant, found principally in Spain. When our government began to import tons of thymol oil, the Axis powers put pressure on Franco and had the shipments stopped.

It was a critical situation. The Navy appealed to Monroe C. Kidder, president of the California Drug and Oil Plant Development Company. By intensive research, Mr. Kidder found that thymol could be produced from the California bay tree—formerly considered a worthless shrub. Wildcrafters scoured the hills to find bay trees, factories were hastily constructed to distill the oil, and in a few months we were independent of imported thymol.

Like most people who work close to nature, wildcrafters usually feel a deeply personal relationship to God. I once asked an old "uncle" why he used a crude "digger" made from an old buggy spring instead of a more practical store-bought hoe. The old man said, "Young feller, those roots were put there by the Lord. When you're using a hoe, you're standing up, but when you're using a 'digger' you're on your knees, giving thanks to God for His bounty." THE END



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Look for the TOASTMASTER *name on your toaster... others will!*

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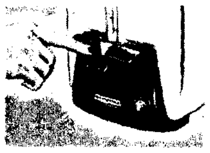

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Touch the button and the crumb tray opens instantly for quick, easy cleaning.

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Lift the toaster easily and safely by the large, cool, finger-fitting handles.

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MEMORY TEST

Continued from page 21

We went up to see Mrs. Herbert Mills de Grandcourt and found her in bed suffering from shock and sock. She was about seventy and homely as a chimpanzee, and the thought of the old bag decking herself out in a fortune in jewels induced some saddening thoughts on human vanity. Later Tim confided he had had a similar thought and didn't much care whether we got her stuff back or not. Our sole concern, really, was in making good with Moroney.

It developed the old lady had gotten her jewels out of her safe-deposit box to wear to a party she was giving to friends the opening night of the opera. After the opera she had taken her guests to a fashionable night club, returning to the St. Dunstan at one ten. Just as she was inserting the key in the lock of her drawing room door somebody socked her from behind and when she came to, she was on her bed, and it was nine o'clock. From the knockout she'd just drifted off to sleep. She telephoned the management, which telephoned the police, and here we were on the job at ten o'clock. We got a meticulous description of the loot and discovered all of it had once belonged to her grandmother.

ON OUR way downstairs to question the help, Tim said, "That crook was an amateur. This job wasn't premeditated."

"The jewels are antiques," I reminded him. "The early afternoon editions must be on the streets now with their description and no pawnbroker will take a chance on stuff so hot it's readily recognizable. If, as you think, this fellow is an amateur, the possession of those jewels will be nothing but a source of worry to him until he can find a fence sufficiently well financed to take the stuff off his hands—and that's going to take some time."

"We'll find him," said Tim confidently, "then tail him to the fence and acquire great merit with Moroney."

First we asked the house engineer if anybody in his department had been working late on the sixth floor, for we were pretty certain an employee had done the job. He said an outside plumber had. A bride had dropped her engagement ring down the drain of the washbasin in 605. Since the bridal couple were leaving on their honeymoon early the next morning, and as the house plumber was home sick, the engineer had telephoned a master plumber to send one of his men down. So the master plumber had roused one out and the man had reported at twelve; the house engineer had taken him to the room and indicated the job and left him there with the occupants.

When asked to describe the plumber the engineer said he had not asked the man's name but that he was a tall, hulking fellow about forty-five with a nose that seemed to be oversize anyway, and was bulbous and red, as if he had a disease in it.

We'd had all we wanted out of the engineer so we went to the telephone pay station in the lobby and called up Moroney. Tim, still playing the braggart to irritate Moroney, said, "Mannix speaking, sir. Goldie and I know the lad that took the crown jewels, and we're an hour and a quarter under your deadline."

"M'm. Who is he?"

"Big Nose Lafferty, sir."

"I doubt it. Big Nose is a reformed drugstore bandit, and the last thing he'd do would be to prowl a hotel."

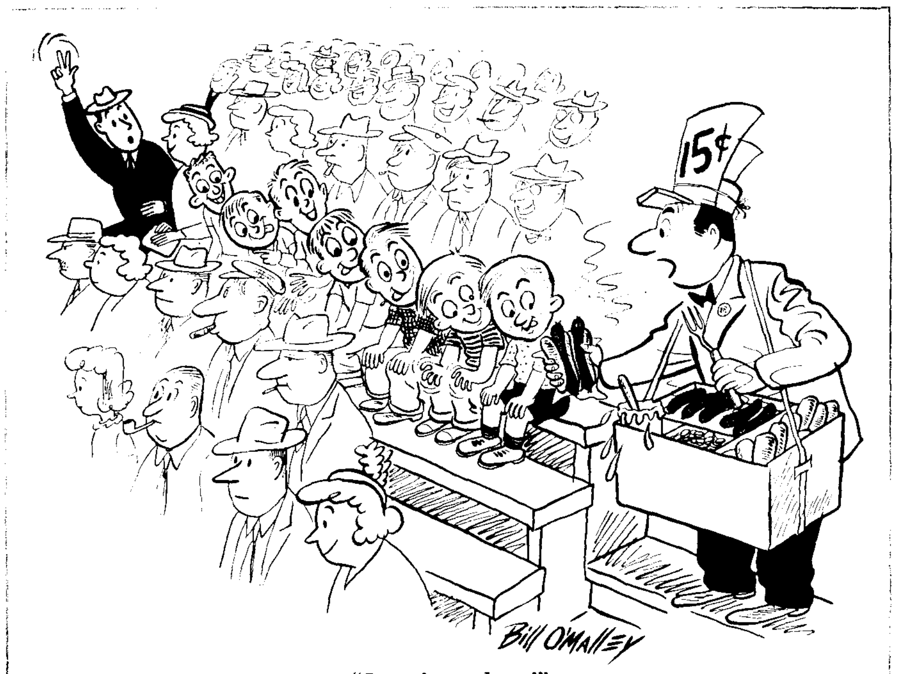
"Him and his schnozzle came up in Professor Gillogley's memory test. I admit that five years ago his specialty was sticking up drugstores. While he was serving his second term, acne developed in his beezer and when he realized his radiant bulbous snoot made a marked man of him, he decided to be a plumber." Tim then explained the connection between plumbing and the crown jewels.

"And what do you do next?" Moroney demanded.

"We've decided there's no hurry about picking Big Nose up. In a moment of weakness he robbed the old lady and now the loot's an embarrassment to him until he can find a fence strong enough to buy it from him. We'll tail him until he contacts the fence, then bring them both in."

"Take the day off," said Moroney. "And I wouldn't be surprised if you two developed into the common or garden variety of dick, provided you do not die of the swelled head in the interim."

Big Nose was fifteen days lining up an Honest John rich enough to do business with. An Honest John is, in underworld slang, a fence or receiver of stolen goods. By day Lafferty'd work at his trade but when he came home to his room and washed up, Tim or myself followed him to dinner and then through a section of the city where he'd be likely to find somebody to help him in his quest. On a Saturday morning he took a taxi to 60 Market Street and there a very well-dressed, handsome man about fifty years old came out and got into the cab with him. I got out and Tim followed the taxi in his own old jalopy.



"Pass 'em along!"

He returned in about half an hour. "That highly respectable man is the fence," he announced, "and is he the fox, making his deal in a taxi? I'm sure Big Nose didn't have the stuff with him, but I'm satisfied the trade will be closed today. Such deals are for cash and the fence went down into the safe-deposit vault of the Central Bank and came up with a paper-bound parcel. He's on his way back now."

WHILE Tim was looking for a parking spot I watched the entrance to 60 Market Street and presently the fence walked into the lobby, paused at the cigar stand there to buy a package of cigarettes and entered the elevator. I said to the cigar clerk, "Who is that handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman that just bought the cigarettes?"

"That," said the clerk, "is Mr. Gerald C. Conklin—one of the smartest men in the real-estate business in this city."

"How come?"

"He's a specialist. Trades only in foreclosed properties. If it's a house and lot he paints the house and puts it in nice condition and sells it. I bought a very nice little home from him quite cheap."

His office was posted on the directory 342-344, but just to be sure, I cased it, then returned to the building lobby. When Tim joined me we hung around the entrance an hour before Big Nose arrived, on foot, in his working clothes and carrying a leather bag full of tools. We went up with him, he turned right, we turned left into the right-hand corridor; in a minute we came back and waited at the elevator bank half an hour; when Big Nose came out and punched the bell I put my gun in his ribs and his big hands went up automatically.

A stairway ran from the top floor to the lobby, following the elevator well, so we took him down to the second landing where we could give him a private frisk. He wasn't armed and he didn't have the money on his person, so we looked in his tool bag and there it was.

We decided Conklin would be much too smart to keep that hot stuff in his office; in all probability he would take it somewhere else immediately. So I stayed on guard while Tim cuffed Big Nose Lafferty, took him down to the jalopy and up to Central Station, where he booked him on suspicion of robbery, then beat it over to the city hall and talked a search warrant out of the D.A.

He rejoined me in the lobby. Conklin was still up in his office, so we went up to find the jewels and make the pinch. We turned in at the general office and found Conklin there talking pleasantly with a young man and a girl. His stenographer sat at her desk in a corner. Conklin came to the counter and politely inquired our business and, not wanting to embarrass him by stating our business and doing our job in the presence of his visitors, Tim said we were just a pair of homeless guys looking for a bargain in homes. The cigar clerk downstairs had referred us to him.

"Please come in," said Conklin, and led us into his private office. "Be seated, gentlemen. I'll be engaged in the other office for about five minutes, but make yourselves comfortable."

He went out, closing the door behind him—and in less than a minute we had the De Grandcourt jewels and were gazing out the window when Conklin rejoined us.

"At the moment, gentlemen," he announced, "I haven't a thing. I had a sweet little house this morning but have just given it to my daughter and her fiancé for a wedding present. You saw them in the outer office as you entered."

"And a very handsome couple I thought," said Tim, always ready with a bit of blarney at the right moment. He stepped over to Conklin's desk, on which were rather large portraits, in silver frames, of two women—one a handsome, stately lady in the middle forties and the other obviously, the girl we had seen as we came in. He turned to Conklin. "I hope you're furnishing the house for her, too."

"I am. Now, I expect to have two houses for sale in about sixty days and if you will leave me your names and addresses and telephone numbers I'll be glad to get in touch with you so you can take a look at them."

WE GAVE him the desired information and he wrote it down and we left. Fifteen minutes later we walked into Moroney's office and Tim tossed the package of money on the chief's desk. "We haven't opened it, sir, but we think it's money," he announced. "We remembered you verified our report cards when Gillogley graduated us, so we thought best to have you open that package and count the jack."

"The Irish," Moroney snarled, as if speaking of an alien race, "can forgive but it would kill them to forget."

He counted twenty thousand dollars in century notes, done up in thousand-dollar packets. "Ten per cent of the insured value," he murmured. "Big Nose did rather well for a three-minute job. Where is he?"

"In the poky upstairs, booked on suspicion of robbery."

"Why suspicion? He's guilty and you can prove it, can't you?"

"It's only a temporary booking," I defended. "We thought Big Nose might want to make a deal with the D.A. and if we booked him on suspicion it would be easier to turn him loose after he'd served his purpose. We feel a little sorry for Big Nose, because for the past five years he's run straight and the De Grandcourt job wasn't premeditated. He happened to finish his plumbing job and emerge into the hotel corridor in time to see the old lady pass him. There were no witnesses and he was tempted beyond his strength. We thought you might consider giving the big boob a break. We think he's more than a little simple."

"I think the same of you and Mannix." He pointed to his motto. "Read it again."

"We read that brutal creed once," Mannix replied. "That's enough." He laid the De Grandcourt jewels on the desk. The chief glanced at them casually and asked, "Who's the Honest John?"

"We've forgotten his name and address."

"So you would compound a felony, eh?" Moroney hinted.

I thought it was my turn to tackle him. "At least we don't hide our softness behind a ferocious front. Since the old lady is going to get her jewels back and we think we've frightened Big Nose and the Honest John into permanent reform, why can't you be charitable, spring Big Nose and forget the Honest John? Isn't that better than bringing shame and heartbreak to four decent people?"

"I know exactly how you feel, Goldberg." Moroney's patience was amazing. "When I was a detective sergeant I never put the cuffs on a man in high place without I felt like throwing up. 'Twas like dynamiting the statue of a hero. How did this John act when you caught him with the goods?"

"He doesn't know we've found them."

"I was never a man that fancied cross-

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I told him the story up to the moment we had found ourselves alone in the fence's office—and why. Then Tim took over. "Of course, Chief, we take a quick gander around the office and on a window sill we see a row of potted plants. Goldie is fond of flowers so he steps over for a closer look. Then he says, 'Tim, what do you make of this?' and pointed to a pot. It was a green-painted tin pot like the others, but in the loam around the plant little green shoots showed, proving grass seed had been mixed with the loam and had sprouted recently—say four days ago. No similar sprouts showed in the other pots nor did the loam in them indicate that it had been disturbed.

"The pot had a bead around the rim," Tim continued, "and I picked it up and examined it and may I never see the back of my head if Goldie doesn't spot it for a phony! There are two pots—the outside pot doing duty as an envelope for the inside pot, and it has no bead on the rim so the rim can fit up snug under the bead of the inner pot. Between the bottoms of both pots there's a space and there we found the crown jewels."

Moroney was generous. "Brilliant work," he said. He reached for the telephone directory, thumbed through it and called a number. When the call was answered it's a wonder our hair didn't stand straight up like a dog's when he scents danger. "Mr. Conklin, please," said Moroney smoothly. Then Conklin came on the wire. "Listen, Conklin," Moroney said. "We have a corpse in the morgue. We can't identify the man but he had one of your business cards in his pocket, so will you hop a taxi and come up immediately. Maybe you can identify him . . . thanks."

MORONEY hung up. "There was only one amateurish touch in your operation. You didn't clear through me when you, Mannix, asked the district attorney for the search warrant. That's customary because the D.A. has to be very careful about issuing search warrants, particularly at the request of a dick he has never seen before. He has to be convinced there's sufficient reason to warrant it—and, unfortunately for you two, he knows Conklin. They belong to the same club and often play bridge together. So he telephoned me to confirm it and I did."

Moroney picked up the telephone again and we heard him say, "Spring Big Nose Lafferty. That suspicion of robbery charge won't stick. But send him down to my office—and give him a guide to make certain he gets here."

He had his secretary bring in two more chairs and when Big Nose reported merely pointed to one. There we sat in the most dreadful silence until Gerald C. Conklin came breezing in. "Hello, Mike," he said—and then his glance rested on the De Grandcourt jewels on Moroney's desk and he turned green and almost fell into the vacant chair.

Moroney ignored him. He pointed to the bundle of greenbacks and said, "Count that, Lafferty." Lafferty counted. "Twenty grand, Chief," he said.

"Give it back to Conklin."

BIG NOSE obeyed and Moroney said, "Lafferty, aren't you ashamed of yourself for socking an old lady?"

Big Nose started to sniffle. "I sure am," he confessed. "I might have killed the old frail."

"A word of advice to you, Lafferty. Save your plumbing money while the black-market scale is on and after you're sixty-five you'll be able to live on your nest egg, plus your Social Security. I realize the De Grandcourt job wasn't premeditated. Fate just handed you an easy one—and you forgot how easy it would be to pin the job on you. So be on your way but keep your nose clean and your mouth shut, or I'll frame you. Don't forget you're a two-time loser and the third time at bat means a home run for you."

"Now I've seen everything," Big Nose blubbered. "Honest cops with golden hearts." He gave Moroney a dirty paw and Moroney shook it cordially and Big Nose went back to his job. As the door closed behind him Moroney walked over to Conklin and gave him a vicious backhand slap across the mouth that lifted him out of his chair, and as he lay groveling on the floor Moroney kicked him half a dozen times in the seat of the pants. Then he opened the door, took the Honest John by the collar and threw him out into the corridor.

He returned to his desk. "How did you discover my son is engaged to marry that swine's adorable daughter?" he asked. "There has been no announcement."

Tim explained and I added, "After seeing the photograph we recognized the original. We have the memories of elephants, not gophers."

"But why? You don't like me—"

"Oh, yes, we like you," said Tim. "'Twas just that we found fun needling a man hiding his softness behind a defense mechanism and thinking he could fool us. So we played the smart aleck."

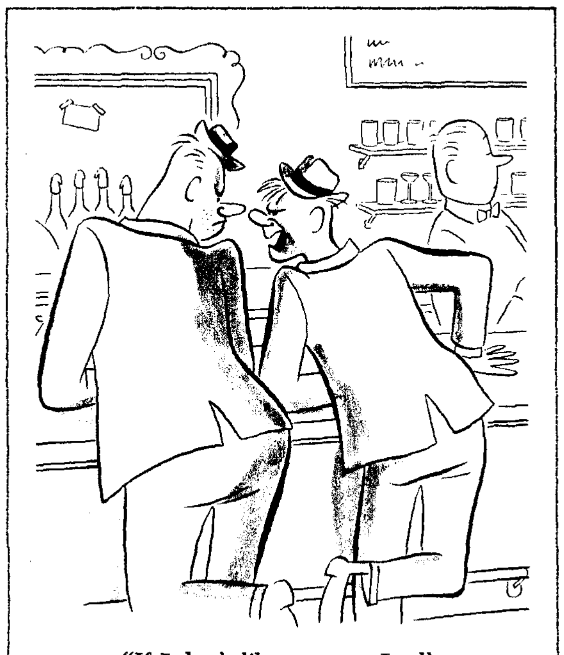
"You conspired to commit a felony."

"Oh, the hell with that," said Tim airily. "The sin is in being caught. In a way we were loyal to the job but why not be loyal to the chief, too? Besides, sir, we decided we owed your son something. We couldn't have lived with ourselves if we'd given the lice of the world the opportunity to say: 'See that young man? His father is our local chief of detectives, but his father-in-law is a convict.'"

Moroney looked up at Johnny's photograph; then he got up and tore the framed motto down, broke it across his knee and tossed the pieces into his wastebasket. So we knew he'd turned felon to keep the world from hurting the son he loved.

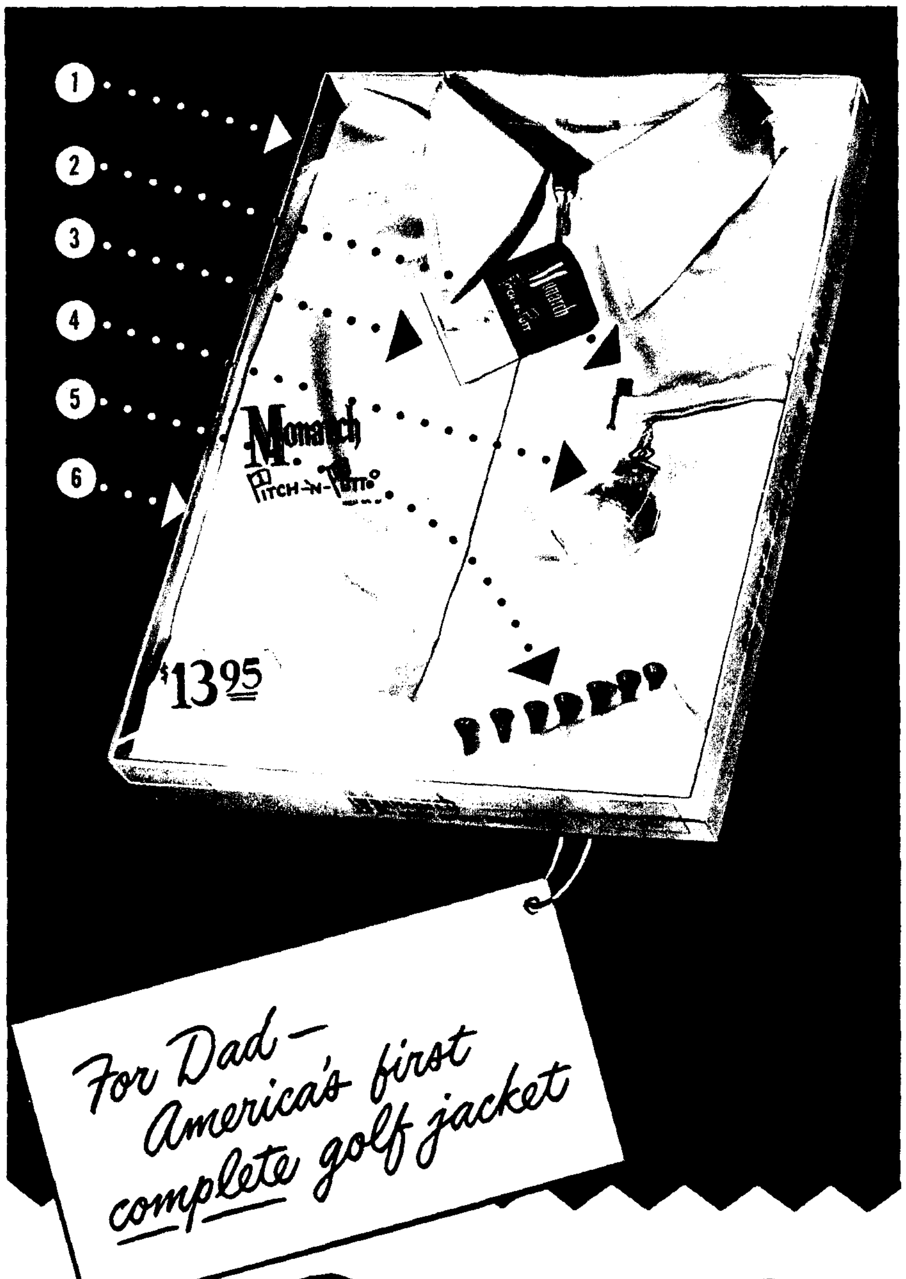
Tim and I could understand that, for we have sons, too. As Moroney put his arms down on his desk and laid his head on them and we saw his shoulders heave, we tiptoed out, for when a man like Moroney weeps for his lost honor he prefers to weep alone.

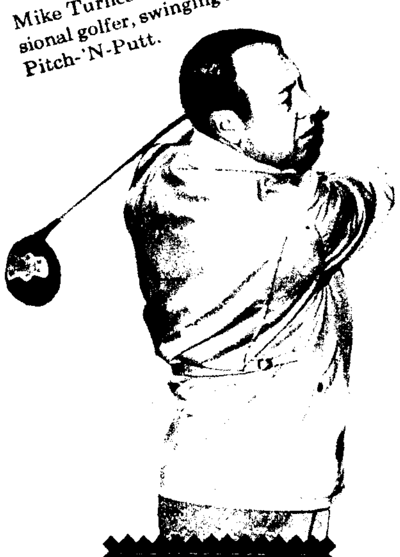
THE END



"If I don't like anyone, I tell him to his face. I like you"

COLLIER'S MORT WALKER





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WHAT GOOD IS THE ATOM?

Continued from page 19

as more atoms split, releasing more neutrons and setting up the familiar chain reaction.

This process of nucleus splitting sustains itself. Once started it keeps on going as more neutrons split more unsplit atoms. In a bomb this expands very rapidly. In considerably less than a millionth of a second, the heat and pressure are comparable to that inside the sun.

But when it is carried on under control—and it can be kept in slow motion by one man at a simple control board—we have an atomic furnace. Someday we will turn that energy into useful heat and electricity.

But what *good* is all this? Who is going to get any benefit out of it? Well, Willie Ferguson—for one. Willie is a sixteen-year-old boy. He has cancer of his thyroid. I visited him a few days ago at a cancer research hospital the Atomic Energy Commission sponsors and supports. The doctors are giving Willie iodine that has been subjected to that bombardment at Oak Ridge. Iodine has such an affinity for the thyroid gland that when very tiny traces of radioactive iodine are fed to Willie they make their way at once to his thyroid. The radiations go right to work on the multiplying cells of the cancerous tissue. Willie may not make the grade—the doctors are not able to tell yet—but quite a few cancers like his have been stopped by this treatment.

All over the nation there are millions of men, women and children whose prospects for health and relief from suffering are improved because we now live in the age of radiation.

Every human being in the U.S. may become a beneficiary of radiation. For radioactive materials, in the hands of competent and imaginative medical men and researchers, are almost daily finding new uses for this great new weapon in the war on disease. They are almost daily throwing light on some of the least understood ways of the human body. They are being sent out on pioneering expeditions into unexplored regions of the anatomy for knowledge that may yield relief from or cure for some of mankind's most terrible maladies.

Millions for War on Cancer

The Atomic Energy Commission is spending several million dollars each year, in its laboratories and in universities and hospitals, for research bearing directly on cancer. More millions are being spent in other research institutions, private clinics and foundations. Atomic products are providing great ammunition in the war on this dread disease.

Considerably oversimplified, what happens is this: Medical men take a substance that will *cause* cancer—there are a number that are well known as contributors to cancer in laboratory animals—and combine it with a bit of radioactive carbon. As this substance circulates in the body of laboratory mice, the radioactive tracer built right into that material will trace with great precision the exact pathway of that substance as it creates a cancer, and as the cancer is nourished. This appears to be very important and has never been possible before. What heartening things it may lead to, in understanding the development of cancers and therefore their causes and possibly their control, no one is wise enough yet to predict.

To be able to *detect* the presence of cancer in the human body is something of great importance, both for early treatment and for the peace of mind of millions of people. These radioactive materials have been used to do this very thing in certain cases of thyroid cancer, a step which has given medical men not a little hope that it may be followed by comparable successes in other kinds of cancer.

The locating of a brain tumor is a most difficult thing. Like all other tumors it is characterized by a growth of cells that is faster than normal. These fast-growing cells of the brain tumor take up several substances, like phosphorus, very rapidly; and some medical men have been injecting tracer amounts of radioactive phosphorus into the body of a patient suspected of having a brain tumor. Then, by using a Geiger counter they can compare the intensities of radiation in various parts of the brain. The area of greatest intensity is likely to indicate the location of a tumor. In this way, physicians are now able in many cases to localize the tumor much more precisely and so be in a position to help the patient that much more.

An Unknown X of the Heart

Heart disease, including the so-called hardening of the arteries, claims more victims than any other ailment. Medical men say that they could fight it more effectively if they *knew more* about the circulation of the blood as it goes through the heart. And they are learning more. Some physicians on the West Coast recently fed a heart patient an infinitesimal bit of radioactive sodium. With a Geiger counter and a recording machine they followed the sodium with great precision as it was carried by the blood stream across the chest and through the heart. These explorers hope soon to put some firm lines on a part of the medical map that has been marked "unknown."

Digitalis has long been used in heart treatments, but not enough has been known about what digitalis does to the heart. By use of the radioactive tracer atom we may find out. Foxglove, the source of digitalis, is being grown in an atmosphere of radioactive carbon dioxide, in airtight jars. Only small quantities of radioactive digitalis have thus far been produced, but enough to carry on studies on animals in Atomic Energy Commission laboratories. The end results are not yet in sight.

How much do the mineral and other contents of the food we eat contribute to some of our most common and baffling diseases, and to the degeneration that goes on in all of us, that we call "age"? There is some relation, but just what it is is still shrouded in fog. The radioactive atom is bound to cut through this murkiness, perhaps in remarkable ways.

The most conservative experts are all keyed up these days with plans and optimism. Enlarged thyroid, or goiter, for example, is a rather common ailment. It is usually attributed to a deficiency of iodine in the food and water in certain geographical areas. We are all familiar with table salt to which iodine has been added on the supposition that it will correct this deficiency. A physician recently won an award for work reported to the American College of Physicians indicating that the real trouble may be not merely the *lack* of iodine, but the *presence* of certain things in food grown in various kinds of soils.

His being able to get hold of what seems to me to be a striking bit of new knowledge he attributed to the radioactive materials he used in his investigations. This could lead to striking discoveries about what we take into our bodies when we eat. The knowledge of yesterday stressed food deficiencies, no doubt often correctly. But what a great

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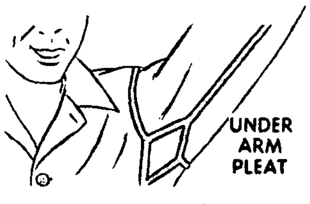

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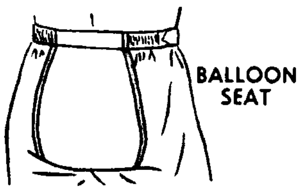

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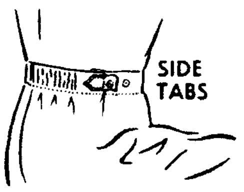

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1 teaspoonful sugar
1½ oz. golden
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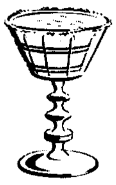
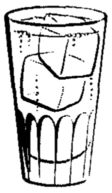
Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into glass. Add soda and stir. Now try it...smart, satisfying...it's the *smoothest* Collins of them all!



DAIQUIRI COCKTAIL

Juice ½ fresh lime (or ¼ lemon)
1½ oz. (White)
Puerto Rican Rum
1 teaspoonful sugar

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass. It's not just a Daiquiri, it's *the light, dry, smooth* Daiquiri—as distinctive as Puerto Rican Rum!



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Dash of Grenadine

Add ice, shake well and strain into glass with a twist of orange peel. Leave out Grenadine, and you've got a grand, dry Manhattan!

Next time, try America's Favorite Rum . . .

Puerto Rican Rum

not sweet and heavy but...Dry *and* Light

THE PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

new field will be opened if we learn that food not only can be lacking in what we need, but that certain foods grown or processed under certain conditions contain ingredients harmful to us.

It is possible now to put tiny traces of radioactive materials into the soil. Carrots or cabbages or other plants will pick up these tracer atoms in their roots and leaves. When these are eaten the radioactive material can be followed with a Geiger counter through the stomach and organs, with infinite precision and timing, and, in the hands of qualified men, with no harm or discomfort to the person being examined. So, if you are eating something that is hurting you, the medical scientist may soon be able to learn what it is and where it comes from.

This not only will mean a new day—a giant stride forward in the understanding of how you and I function—but a great advance in reshaping the most fundamental occupation of man from the beginning of time: the raising of food.

Ears of Corn Tell a Story

I once visited an agricultural experiment station, supported chiefly by the Rockefeller Foundation, in a Latin-American country. I saw the gnarled and pathetically small native ears of corn growing beside the long, full, modern American variety. It occurred to me that the difference between the two was symbolic. One ear represented educational and economic opportunity, the other poverty, illness, unrest and ignorance.

Radiation, as it opens before us, is a tool with which to pry out more and more knowledge about the world. I believe it will change many of our ideas about the human body, and many of our ideas and our practices in the raising and using of food, not only as to the quantities but the qualities too.

Can we use radiation on plants and seeds so that future generations of crops will be quite different from those we now have? And on animals? Can we use the fantastically intense high-level radiation—such as that which goes on within the atomic furnace—to develop kinds of corn or peanuts or potatoes that will be made to resist disease and at the same time yield more per acre? Can we, by low-level radiation, change the inherited qualities of farm animals and produce breeds of cattle that are still more useful to us? These things are being worked on. It is an interesting story. It could prove more important than all the other early results of the radiation age put together.

Already radiation has brought about some improvements in machinery and in manufacturing processes. In time it will bring about many more. Through its use, measurements now can be accurate to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch. Imagine an extremely thin film of some substance that should be uniform in thickness. Heretofore it would have been measured by a mechanical gauge, which required that the processing be stopped or that the film be cut. Today a radiating atom may be placed below the moving film, and a Geiger counter above. By registering the intensity of the radiation coming through the film, the counter will give the precise thickness at every point without stopping the machinery.

Friction is a fundamental problem in machine operations. Why do ball bearings wear out? What combination of metals will give the longest and best service in such bearings? At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, experimenters are trying to learn the exact amount of metal transferred from the balls to the race. Employing radiation, they can record a weight of one millionth of an ounce.

The California Research Corporation sends piston rings to Oak Ridge to have them made radioactive. They are then used in testing lubricants, in an effort to learn what kind most effectively reduces loss from friction and transfer of metal between piston and cylinder wall.

Sulphur is used in the making of rayon, but all of it must be removed before the product is finished. By radiation it is now possible to tell precisely when all of the sulphur is out. In the field of metallurgy, alloys can be followed as they mix with other metals, and so we can learn how they distribute themselves to impart new properties to the basic metal. We will learn more and more about scores of processes of industry.

Finding oil, water and gas, and investigating underground and underwater phenomena—these will all be made far simpler by radiation.

We hear much talk of "atomic energy," and what in time it will do for the world. Certainly, it opens a vast field for speculation—what it is, its death-dealing power, and how it may be controlled and harnessed for the betterment of mankind. It is, as we all know, a potent producer of energy.

Where there is radiation there is energy. And where there is such intense radiation as we find within an atomic bomb or an atomic furnace, the energy is so great that it is hard for any human mind to grasp its power. Suppose you hold two pounds of coal in your hand. If that coal is burned in a furnace, a negligible amount of energy, in the form of heat, will be produced—not enough to do much work for you.

Suppose instead of coal you hold four pounds of uranium (I have some here on my desk as I write). You'll recall that within our atomic furnaces the atoms in uranium, instead of being burned, are split. Pound for pound, the heat (and therefore the energy) we get from the splitting of the atoms of your four pounds of uranium is *millions of times* as great as that produced by burning the coal. If all of the atoms of this piece of uranium can be made to give the energy packed into their nuclei, the four pounds used is the equivalent in energy of 10,500,000 pounds of coal—enough for all the electricity requirements of the city of Indianapolis for three or four days.

Some of the leading scientists, engineers and industrial men in this country have designed and this fall will begin building the first prototypes of power plants which will make use of that energy. The Atomic Energy Commission and its staff are giving a large share of time and effort toward this.

Obstacles Can Be Overcome

As everyone knows, the technical difficulties are numerous, but they are difficulties that this country can and will lick. It will take a lot of money and effort. If we go at it hard, in five years we will have a fairly good experimental power plant. Like first models of anything it will produce at a relatively high cost. But in time the refinements and cost-saving improvements will come, the costs will go down, the efficiency will improve and dangerous phenomena will be put under control.

If the country means business, if the country thinks we should avail ourselves of a new source of energy as soon as possible, it won't take long, as these things go. Within 20 years—if the country wills it—we should be quite used to the idea of obtaining power and heat from within the atom.

In all this discussion of atomic energy I have hardly mentioned the atomic bomb—or, as those who are bewitched by it call it, The Bomb. And nothing I've talked about is even remotely a *Secret.*

Does this mean that I want you to think it's not much of a weapon, after all? Hardly. No one who lives with atomic weapons day and night as I do is likely to deprecate them, either those the world has been told about, or those we are now hard at work developing.

Atomic weapons have, in fact, already wrought a revolution in military thinking and in international affairs. There is nothing with which they can be compared in the multiplication of man's power to destroy. If a short time after the Wright brothers' feeble flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903 (only a few hundred feet at less than 30 miles an hour), they had flown several times around the world nonstop at supersonic speeds, they still wouldn't have advanced over that first flight as far as the first atomic explosion outdistanced the most effective explosive previously developed.

No, it wasn't because I think the atomic bomb is "just another weapon" that I've given it so little space in this article about atomic energy. The chief reason is that I think we have become so fascinated and preoccupied by atomic weapons that we are in considerable danger of failing to understand what the atom is and what it can mean in our daily lives in peacetime pursuits. So I have tried to provide a somewhat better perspective for that understanding. But it will be apparent that if we comprehend the fundamental and peaceable significance of radioactivity and the energy in the atom, we will also better understand what a fantastic weapon the atom is.

One Problem Still Unsolved

I'm not suggesting that the peacetime uses of the atom, however heart-warming they may be, will in themselves solve the thorny problem of eliminating the atom in war—which means getting rid of war itself. I *do* know, though, that if we think *only* of the dark and somber side, and thereby miss the true picture as a whole (which is bright and creative and humane) we shall *unfit ourselves* to think clearly or keep our nerves steady. Such preoccupation with destruction may well cause us to lose out on one of mankind's golden opportunities.

We need a balanced viewpoint. We need to see the bright side as well as the terrifying. Illness and disease and death are facts, and they are about us all the time. Atomic weapons, like illness, are facts. In the language of a Congressional committee, they are "our first line of defense." But they are not the whole of atomic energy—the ultimate product. Not by a long way.

What *is* of chief importance is that we are entering a whole new world of knowledge. We live in one of those rare and lucky periods when some strategic bit of new knowledge unlocks more knowledge and enables us to go on rapidly to still other new knowledge.

But if this is to be the golden age that I believe it can be, knowledge is not enough.

We must have faith.

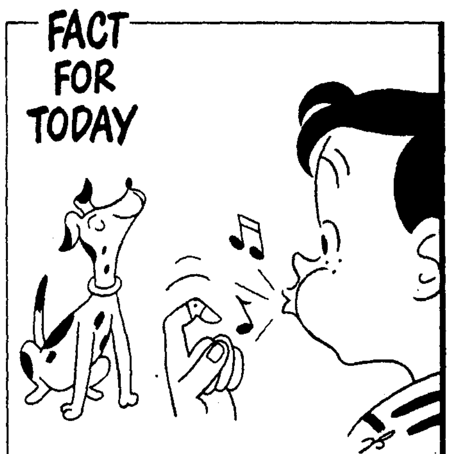
We must have faith in the power of knowledge, faith in man's ability to choose deliberately to use knowledge for good and humane purposes.

We must have faith in the individual, and his capacity to develop according to his talents and willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of a freeman.

We must have faith in God, faith that He did not make man in His image, and endow him with the ability to unlock the secrets of the universe that lie within the atom, in order that that knowledge should be used to destroy this beautiful earth and the people who inhabit it.

With faith in knowledge, with faith in the potentialities of the individual, with faith in the Creator of the atom and of all things, I deeply believe we can make these new discoveries serve the betterment of humankind and the glory of God.

". . . I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." THE END



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MY CHILD IS A DIABETIC

Continued from page 23

morning? Nobody else does. I don't see why I have to be different from the other girls."

That was it! She had to do something different and it embarrassed her.

"Mommie, why couldn't I take cookies instead of fruit? Dr. Curt said I could have two thin cookies *or* a piece of fruit for between meals. The whole class goes to the lavatory at ten o'clock and when it's my turn I could close the door and gobble down my cookies."

"That's a good idea, Cathy. We'll try it." The cookies instead of the fruit solved *that* problem.

Then one day an invitation to a birthday party came and Cathy, who previously responded to parties like an old fire horse responding to the clanging of bells, said she didn't want to go.

"Why?" I asked.

"Parties aren't fun any more. You tell the mothers that I can't have this and I can't have that, and when everybody else is having ice cream I have to drink some goo out of a vacuum bottle."

I was irritated and hurt. "Cathy! That goo is the chocolate milk that you like so well."

"I don't like it at par-r-r-ties!"

In desperation I telephoned our doctor and told him my story about Cathy.

The Doctor Advises Lenience

"The whole trouble," he replied, "is that you're being overconscientious. True, you've got Cathy in fine shape, but you've got to loosen up now. Cathy's got a long way to go with diabetes. Every once in a while you're going to have to sacrifice a bit of perfection when it interferes with normal living. Stop sending chocolate milk to parties and stop telling her hostess what to give her. Let Cathy make the decisions. She's going to have to do it sooner or later and as long as she's willing to take the bit in her mouth, let her have it. Let's make an adjustment in her diet and give her ice cream occasionally. A scoop of ice cream once a week won't hurt her. Put her on her honor. You'll be surprised how trustworthy diabetic children can be—all they want is your confidence in them. Try Cathy out."

I did. Cathy went to the birthday party and she ate ice cream and I didn't disrupt her diet. With the doctor's help, I revised it, and raised her midafternoon feeding to include such treats as ice cream. We worked it out that this feeding should contain the following values: Protein 6, fat 10, carbohydrate 16.

Since one heaping tablespoon of ice cream (the highest grade) figured approximately protein 2, fat 6, carbohydrate 10, this amount safely could be included in her diet. This quantity left plenty of allowance for variation in the ice cream.

Some ice creams are made with a lot of egg white, thus the protein content is greater, the fat content less and the carbohydrate content a tossup.

I had hardly any trouble steering Cathy from highly concentrated sweets, but I came in contact with mothers of diabetic children, to whom this problem was more than distracting. I learned that once the young patient understood the havoc that was created by his overindulgence in sweets, the problem had been overcome. But I discovered that it could not be handled adamantly. The child had to be approached with patience, diligence and understanding.

Cathy understood the reason for the restriction of concentrated sweets after I had made the following demonstration. First, I explained that it was the accumulation of sugar in the blood that caused diabetes to become dangerous and that *everything* she ate was converted into sugar in her body. I told her the diabetic requires a certain amount of sugar to produce physical energy, but the sugar must go into the body slowly and with great caution. I went to the water faucet and turned on the spigot so that the water rushed out with force.

"This is what happens," I explained, "when you eat candy, soda pop, iced cake or too much ice cream. It is dangerous because the sugar races into the blood. The sugar piles up and it can make you very ill. Even the insulin cannot help you handle a large amount of it when it pours so quickly into your body. Whatever sugar you take must be taken in small amounts so that it goes slowly into your body, so that the insulin plus your own body can use it and distribute it."

I turned on the faucet again, this time letting the water drip slowly. "When sugar goes into the body in drops the diabetic can handle it properly. This is what happens when we eat fresh fruits or foods that contain natural sugar, it goes into the blood slow and is less likely to cause aggravation."

Diabetes mellitus is a disease which prevents the body from using food in the proper manner; sugar accumulates in the blood and is passed through the kidneys. We know very little more than this simple fact. The severity of the disease varies greatly from the very mild case which needs no insulin to the severe one requiring insulin. The basis of all treatment is proper dietary control, and successful treatment of the diabetic patient is impossible without intelligent co-operation by the patient or some member of his family who is willing to wade into the problems of food. But no diet is a proper one unless it permits the patient to live a useful, active life. The author has accepted this concept as fundamental.

SOLOMON STROUSE, M.D.
Clinical Professor of Medicine,
University of Southern California,
Consultant (Diabetes)
Cedars of Lebanon Hospital

I also pointed out that there were some things made with manufactured sugar that she could eat if she would be very careful about the amount. Some of these foods are cookies without icing, chewing gum, ginger ale, Coke, ice cream and ice-cream cones. None of these foods should be included in the diet regularly. They should be taken only on occasion, and it is wise to teach the child how much of these concentrated sweets to take at one time.

During the first few years of Cathy's illness I believed she was singularly endowed with courage. I was to find out later, in my contact with other children faced with Cathy's same problems, that this element is basic in *every* diabetic child. Given a chance, they will make a valiant war against affliction. They will endure their chastisement cheerfully; every hour they will practice self-denial. They will progress, grow bigger, deeper, more self-reliant as they push forward through the strife of daily living. Diabetic children can be great little men and women if given a chance.

The attitude of the child toward his illness depends solely upon the understanding and the training given him by his parents. Unless he is taught from the beginning that he need not be "different" and that he still "belongs," no amount of care or planning will give him the normal, balanced outlook.

Don't make him believe that his problems are the most important in the family; don't dote upon him, or take the full responsibility of his care. This is fatal to him as a diabetic and also as a human being.

Just as the adult diabetic must learn for himself the importance of daily routine in his personal care, so must the child be *taught* to give himself this same daily care. Cleanliness and honesty should be two basic characteristics. Cleanliness of his body will prevent many unnecessary illnesses. Honesty in his eating habits will safeguard his life.

Lessons in Personal Hygiene

Even the child of five or six can be taught a daily routine. With Cathy, we began by emphasizing the importance of her brushing her teeth morning and evening, of her taking a daily bath and wearing clean underwear and socks. She also learned to care for her fingernails and toenails with an orangewood stick dipped in peroxide. We taught her never to cut her toenails but to keep them smooth with an emery board.

As she could count, I taught her to make her own tests for sugar. It would go like this: "Five drops of urine, ten drops of water. Now drop one Clinitest tablet into the test tube. Now watch the bubbles in the test tube! Put down in your notebook the color you see. For blue put down a zero; for green mark down TR which means trace; for orange put down two per cent. But we don't like to put down two per cent, for that means something is wrong."

If a child complains of constant hunger, though his diabetes is under control and he is getting the prescribed amount of food, this indicates (a) that there is not enough bulk in his diet. (b) Unusual growth or even average growth is the cause of his sudden, insatiable hunger. Therefore, before making any changes in a child's diet, consult your physician. In addition to extra bulk the child may need increase of protein, fat and carbohydrate. *Never change the diet prescription except upon advice of your physician.*

Every child should have a monthly checkup by his physician and even though he appears to be under perfect control, certainly not more than three months should pass without consultation as to whether there should be diet changes to allow for growth and development.

Vitamins are never more important than during the development period of a child. But if it did nothing more than help decrease the desire for sweets, its inclusion would be invaluable. The physician should prescribe the amount of vitamin-B complex to be used.

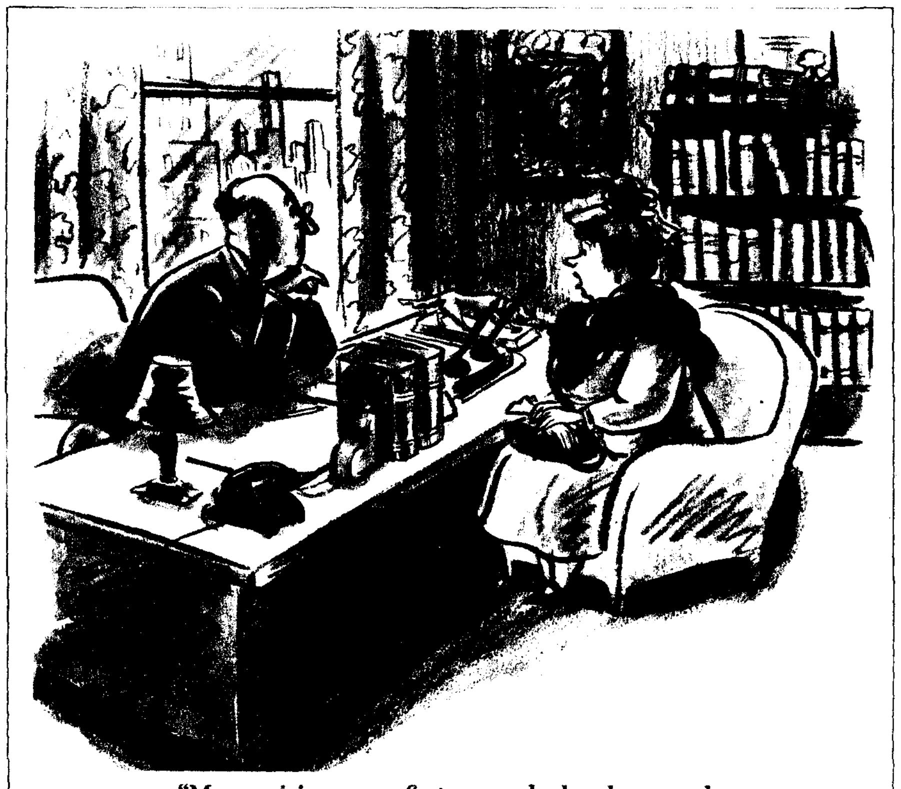
Vitamins A and C are in my opinion equally as essential as vitamin-B complex. The growing child—particularly the diabetic child—should take an ample amount daily, but like vitamin B, they should be given in amounts prescribed by your physician.

If his diabetes is under good control you need never limit the amount of exercise he takes, provided extra carbohydrate is taken to compensate for extra activity. A normal amount of exercise is taken into consideration when the child's diet is prescribed, and since the diet for most children includes midmorning and midafternoon feedings, carbohydrate is taken every two to three hours and extra carbohydrate is not required unless an unusual amount of exercise is taken. The child who visits his physician monthly has the advantage of having his condition, plus the demands of normal growth, constantly watched. Under the competent guide of his doctor, he can lead a normal, active life.

An interesting thing about diabetic children is that almost without exception they are leaders in their work and play. Their marks are high and they excel in one or several subjects. In games they outplay their competitors. In Cathy's case, she was captain of her volleyball team for two successive years and this past year she was chosen captain of athletics. She can outdistance most children her age in the swimming pool. She dives from the high board with the greatest of ease, and not long ago I watched her practice the double jackknife!

Yes, these diabetic children have a way of forging ahead in the face of all odds. Every day they meet the challenge to survive. The fighting spirit is second nature. They learn early to use the best tools life has to offer—honesty, patience, self-denial, courage! THE END

This article is a part of the forthcoming book Eating Together, to be released by Farrar and Straus in September.



COLLIER'S "My suspicions were first aroused when he named the yacht Loretta and called the rowboat after me" MARY GIBSON

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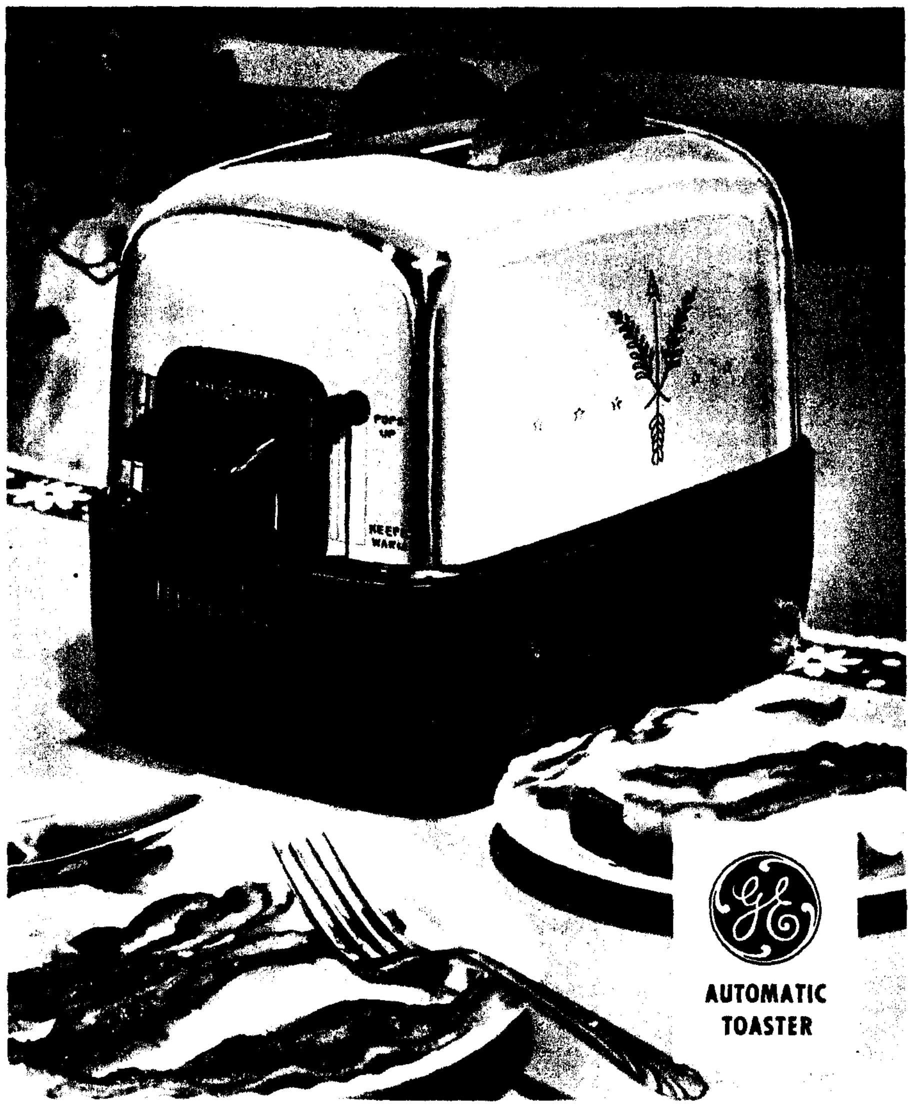

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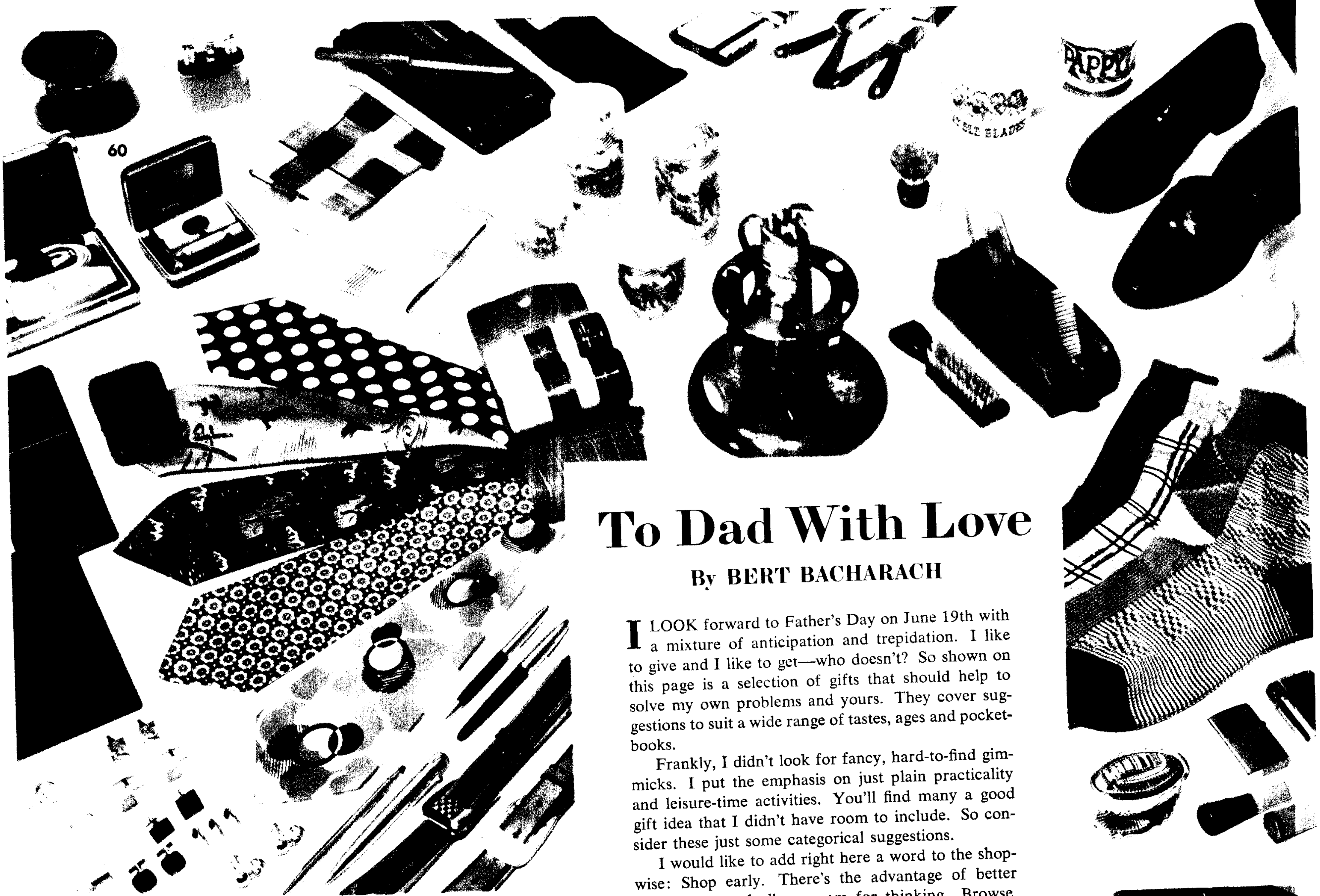


To Dad With Love

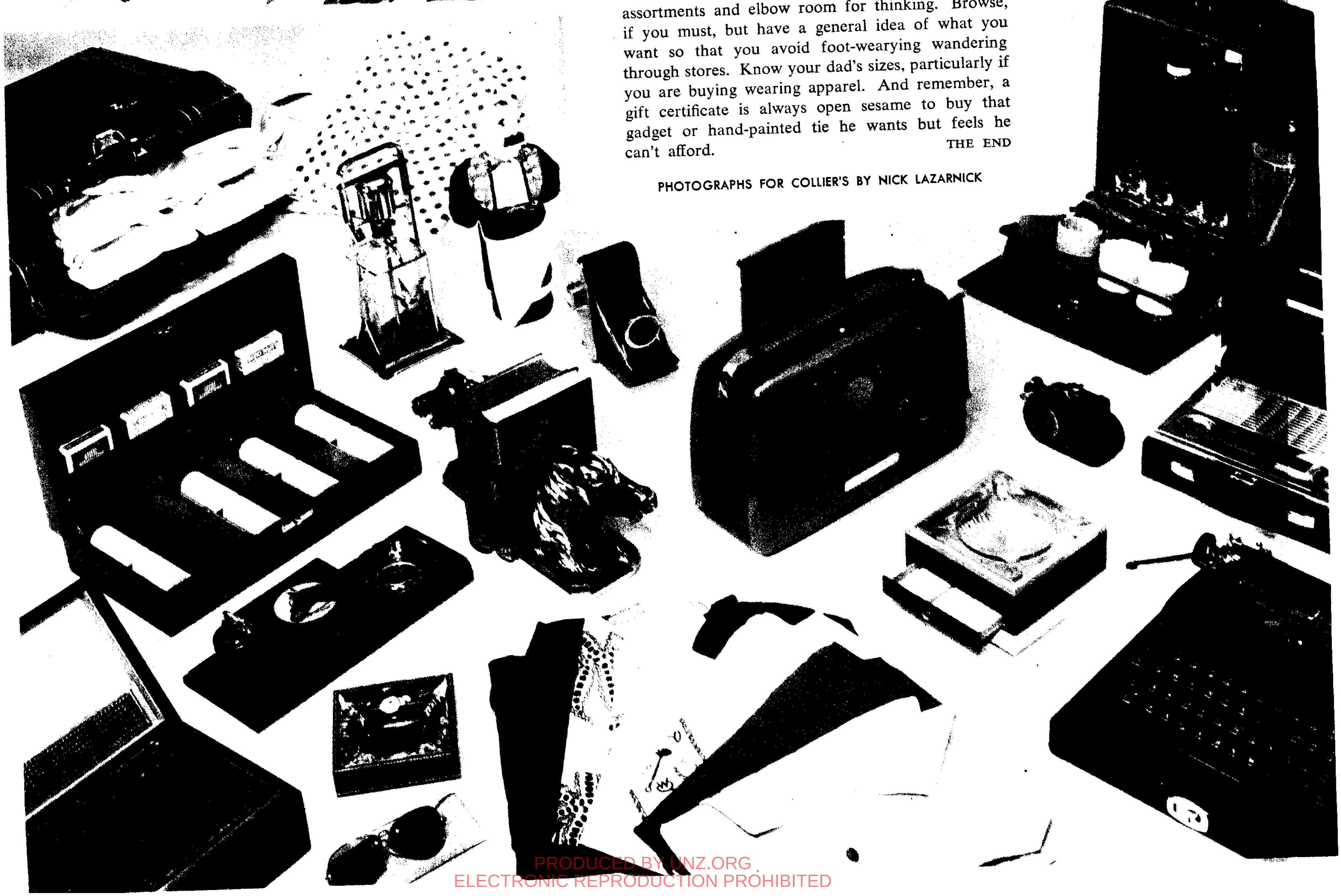
By BERT BACHARACH

I LOOK forward to Father's Day on June 19th with a mixture of anticipation and trepidation. I like to give and I like to get—who doesn't? So shown on this page is a selection of gifts that should help to solve my own problems and yours. They cover suggestions to suit a wide range of tastes, ages and pocketbooks.

Frankly, I didn't look for fancy, hard-to-find gimmicks. I put the emphasis on just plain practicality and leisure-time activities. You'll find many a good gift idea that I didn't have room to include. So consider these just some categorical suggestions.

I would like to add right here a word to the shopwise: Shop early. There's the advantage of better assortments and elbow room for thinking. Browse, if you must, but have a general idea of what you want so that you avoid foot-wearying wandering through stores. Know your dad's sizes, particularly if you are buying wearing apparel. And remember, a gift certificate is always open sesame to buy that gadget or hand-painted tie he wants but feels he can't afford. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NICK LAZARNICK



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You spot them in the mountains and you see them along the shore.

You find them floating easily over bumpy back roads, drinking in the loveliness of quiet, tucked-away country – and quite plainly they are having the time of their motoring lives.

They're the lucky folks who got in on Dynaflow† early – and you should really hear them bubble about this wholly new wonder-drive.

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They find that stoplights are no longer a nerve-wearing struggle to see who can get away first and shift fastest – just touch your toe to Dynaflow, and away you go in one silken build-up of power.

They swear the miles are shorter when oil does what gears used to do. A "comfortable" day's driving is miles longer than before – and you reach those faraway places more rested, more relaxed, more ready for fun.

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Who knows – maybe it's the kind of drive you've been wishing for, too!

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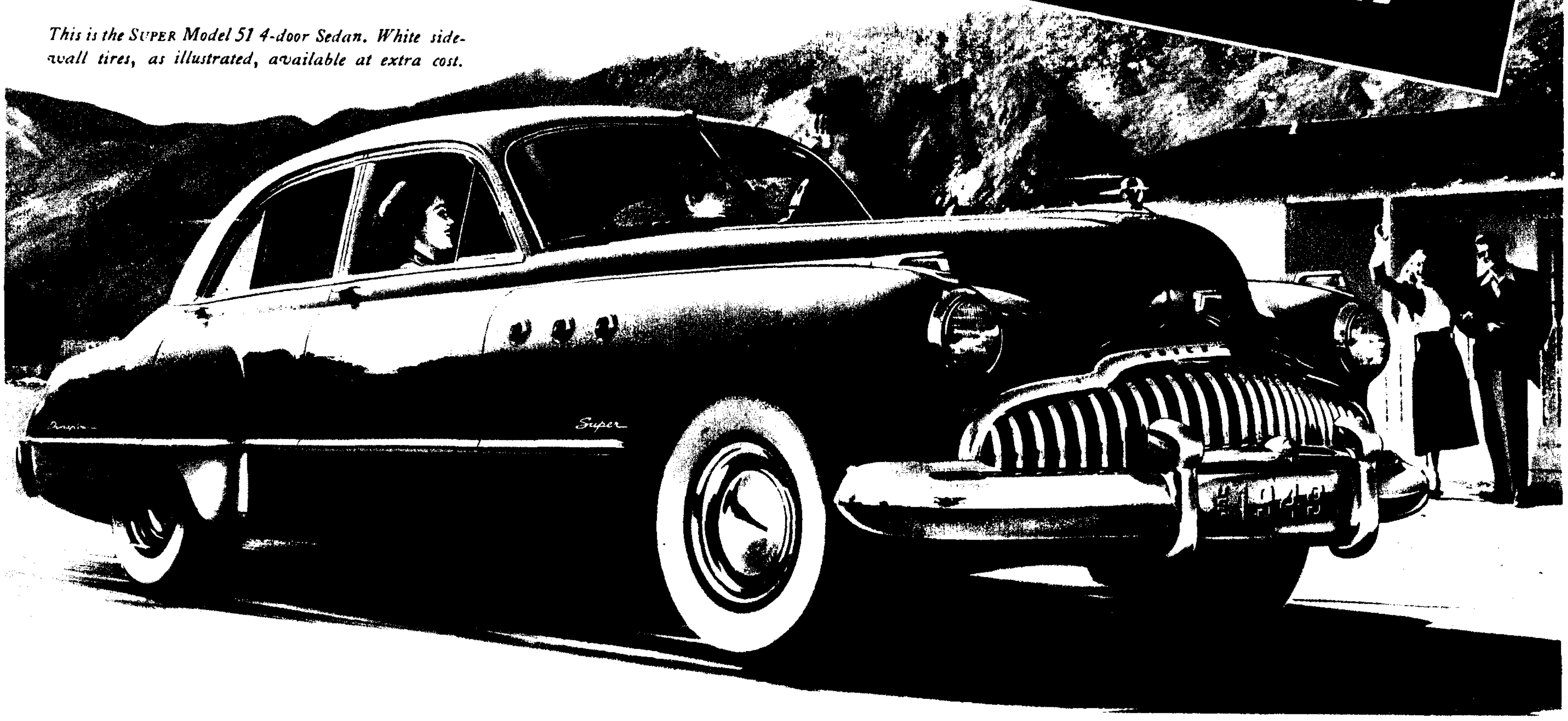

This is the SUPER *Model 51 4-door Sedan. White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.*

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I WAS KING OF THE SAFECRACKERS

Continued from page 25

so we kept spraying the vault with water, trying to cool it off. The summer night was hot outside, and it wasn't long until the basement was like a Turkish bath. My welding mask kept getting fogged, and pretty soon Joe Bertsch was as restless as a big cat. We had buzzer lines laid out all over the place—one man inside on the main floor and two shifting around outside.

About midnight we got a three-buzz signal and I jumped like a guy with a hot-foot. I waited. One minute . . . two minutes. Sometimes you die with every tick of your watch and you swear you'll take up something quiet and refined, like writing bum checks. Then suddenly it's clear, and you go on.

Stolen Oxygen Peters Out

About three in the morning we had only a couple of inches to go. I switched to the reserve tanks and started the cutter. But the flame looked funny.

Then I realized that I wasn't getting any oxygen and I told Big Harry to turn the cock.

"I did," he said.

"Turn it some more."

He fooled with the tank a moment but nothing happened. My nerves were crawling around like maggots. I tore off my mask and tested the hose and the burner. I banged the oxygen tank and got the gas flowing all right. But there was something wrong with it. It was as dead as a guy in the hot seat. So was I. Big Harry was standing there and suddenly I belted him with the hose.

"Where'd you get this tank?"

"Stole it from the city street department, like you said."

"You big dumb ox," I said.

"Yeah," Bertsch chimed in. "I oughta let him have it."

Big Harry backed away and slumped into a chair. The rest of us sat there like characters in a wax museum. Nobody said a word. We were all sick. But we knew it wasn't Big Harry's fault. We should have tested the stuff. Maybe we should have stolen it from some other place. Even now I get mad when I think that maybe some grafting contractor was chiseling the city with a lot of dead oxygen. I don't really know. I only know that we missed the greatest haul in history by an inch or two. The loot was there all right. Fourteen million in cash and bonds. The Maccabees admitted it to the press the next day, and Markey said we could have negotiated a big chunk of the bonds. We'd have been rich for life.

It was almost daylight when we recovered from the shock and tried desperately to drill or peel the ruined door. We even gave it a dose of soup, hoping to smash that last thin plate. But it was useless. Just to be ornery, we went upstairs and blew the little office safe. We got $433.06 in cash and postage stamps, and Bertsch was so sore he told me to give it to the policemen's benefit fund.

We never felt the same about Detroit after the Maccabees fiasco. Sometimes I think it changed my luck. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on. Nothing was different. We went right on working.

We even signed up a bunch of new men like Cheeny Grenager, a grease art-

EATING—*with Charlotte Adams*

TONY VENTI

Gumbo from the Gumbo Shop, New Orleans, La.

THE Gumbo Shop occupies the ground floor at 621 St. Peter Street in the French Quarter of New Orleans. It's just exactly what its name implies—a place to eat gumbo and a place to buy gumbo to take home.

Here's a recipe that Maud, the restaurant's noble cook, gave me. You may use crab meat if hard-shell crabs are not available, although they give the dish a flavorsome touch. Specialty food shops sell filé powder, or you can send to the Gumbo Shop for it.

GUMBO

½ Tbsp. shortening
1 Tbsp. flour
¼ cup diced celery
1 small onion, minced
1 clove garlic, mashed
½ lb. shrimp, shelled and cleaned
3 hard-shell crabs (scald, clean and crack in half)
⅛ lb. ham, diced
1 green pepper, chopped
¼ can tomato paste
½ pint water
1 qt. chicken or turkey broth
1 small bay leaf
Pinch of thyme
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. black pepper
Cayenne to taste
1 sprig parsley, minced
¼ tsp. filé powder

Make a *roux* by browning the flour in the melted shortening. Add celery, onion and garlic and cook over a slow flame until clear. Then add shrimp and crab and cook for five minutes. To this add the ham, green pepper, tomato paste and all ingredients except the filé and parsley. Simmer one hour. Just before serving stir in filé and parsley. Makes a meal for 4 with boiled rice.

ist who specialized on cannon-ball safes and other tough keisters; Colonel Hugh Cosgrove, a college graduate and organizational genius; George Garibaldi, a giant San Quentin graduate who could bend iron rods; and George Bisset, a peteman of the old school. They were tops in their business and with their help we blew one crib after another in the East and Middle West. For instance, we had the cops cutting paper dolls in Cincinnati, where we clipped the Southern Railway offices, the Duttenhofer Building and a big downtown theater.

I still get dizzy even talking about the Southern Railway job because we got into the place by using a collapsible bridge and crawling high above the street from one building to another. We milked a bank in Alexandria, Kentucky, and took a fortune out of a big store safe in the same state. As I said, nothing was changed. But after that, things began going wrong. They weren't really serious. Nobody got shot. Nobody was grabbed by the cops.

But I began to feel shaky after the Sinclair Oil job. The only reason we had gone back to Detroit for that one after a long layoff was because my brother Lou had cased the plant himself and claimed he had personally seen petroleum being refined into dollar bills. Everything was running smoothly that night and I was just about to touch off the shot on the safe when one of the two night watchmen we had tied up got an arm loose. He picked up a book from a table and heaved it at the telephone. The instrument hit the floor, the operator started calling, "Hello—hello—" and the guard yelled for the police.

"I'm sorry, sir! And you're the gentleman who didn't want gravy, too!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

A Narrow Escape from Murder

Joe Bertsch, our hot-tempered, old-style safeblower, would have killed him. But Joe was off that night, and Cox was content to sock the guy. I blew the safe immediately and the door swung free. We scrambled for the cash and got out the rear gate just as the cops showed up.

Another dumb guard almost finished us in Pittsburgh. I say "dumb" because an experienced watchman knows that safeblowers caught with the goods are through for keeps and will murder the watchman first and worry about the penalty afterward. We were working on the office safe at the National Biscuit Company's big bakery in East Liberty, just outside Pittsburgh, and we had put the chill on three guards. The safe was an unfamiliar foreign make and took four separate shots. While I was cussing it, one of the guards broke out of a wood crate we had wrapped around him. I don't know where he went, but a few minutes later I got that terrible three-buzz signal. Cox jumped toward the window and peeked through the shade.

"Herb!" he cried. "The street's lousy with bulls. We're sunk."

I scooped up the currency and we stuffed it into flour sacks. We tucked those into our belts and hightailed down the hall to a large janitor's-supply room. We had stowed some white work clothes there earlier—the kind worn by the bakers—and we nervously slipped them on.

After that, it was every man for himself. I ran into one of the big shops, grabbed a hand truck and pushed it toward a couple of hundred men making bread. "Hey!" I yelled. "I hear there's a gang of crooks trapped in the building. Let's beat it before the shooting starts." That did it. They fell over one another getting to the exits—and all of my guys were pushed out with them.

By the time we piled into our getaway cars, the cops had floodlighted the office and thrown a cordon around the plant. It took me two hours to get over the shakes, but now, looking back, it seems only one tense scene in a long and exciting play. Every major crime, I feel, is nothing but a series of dramatic incidents based on the eternal conflict between the villains and the law. We loved playing these dangerous roles, but we could never predict the last act. I've seen some actors blow their lines under stress and freeze, while others ad-libbed their way out.

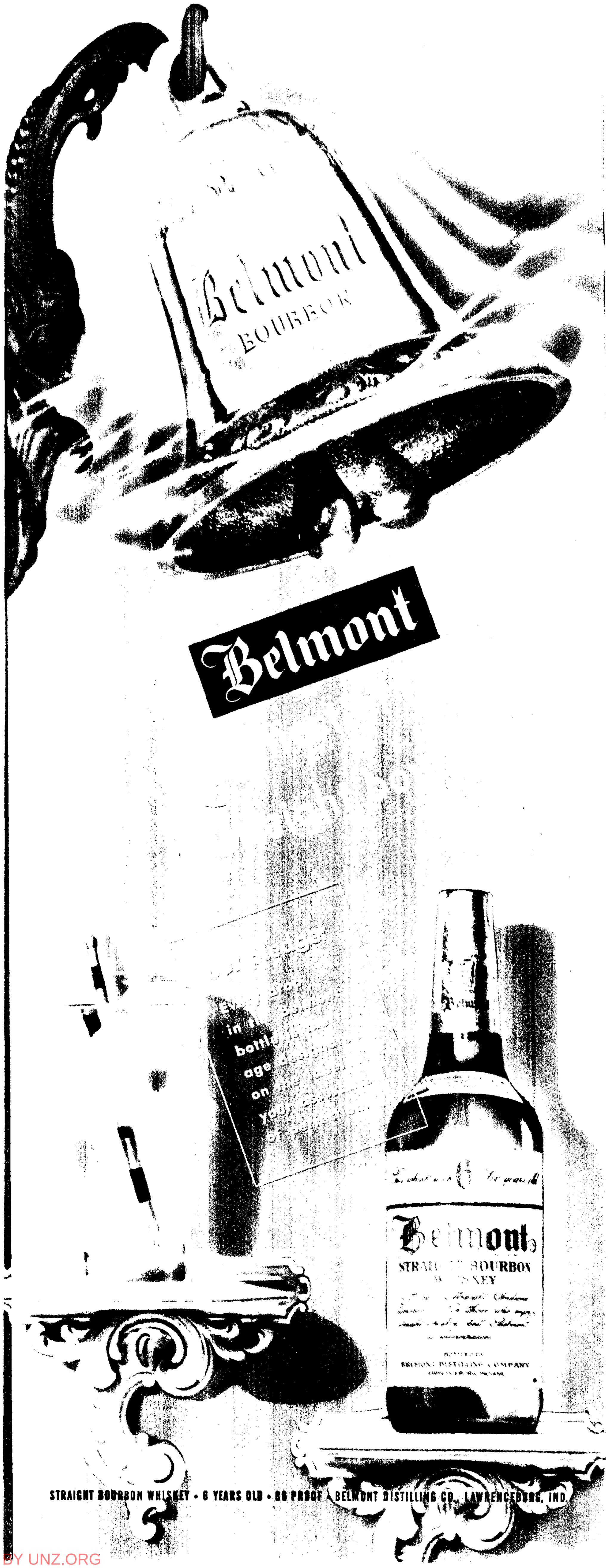
Burglars are much the same. An amateur would have muffed the Pittsburgh crisis and ended up in jail or in an icebox down at the morgue. But we rehearsed our productions as carefully as the players in a Broadway show—with one eye on the box office and the other on our lives—and when things went haywire we took them in stride.

Incidentally, I insisted on disguises for every man on a job and we had costumes for almost any kind of situation. We never wore masks, because they had a tendency to make people panicky. Instead, we used false mustaches, beards or sideburns and, with a little make-up, that was enough.

Bertsch never tackled a mark without his Charlie Chaplin mustache—it made his flat face look like a plate with a fly on it. Jack Peer, the Toledo mobster, liked droopy Cossack mustaches, and Cox wore long sideburns. We never worried about eyewitnesses because, as any psychologist will tell you, few people can remember accurately what they see under emotional pressure. We proved that in our raid on the brownstone castle of Mrs. Charlotte King Palmer at 59 East Ninetieth Street in New York.

Mrs. Palmer was a wealthy actress who owned a fabulous string of pearls and a lot of other expensive rocks; our casing reports indicated she was very careless. Joe Bertsch, Doc Redding, our casing expert, and a roughneck named Charley Stahl—you'll hear more of him—broke into the lady's mansion one November night equipped with nothing more than phony whiskers. The boys were there almost twelve hours, working right in front of Mrs. Palmer and two servants much of the time, but the descriptions she gave the police were way off.

"I guess I was a fool to put so much money in jewels," she said, "but I loved them. Now I'm ruined." She wasn't far wrong. It was one of the largest single hauls we ever made, and after all these years that necklace still makes me poetic. It had 210 matched pearls—exquisite things—and cost Mrs. Palmer $300,000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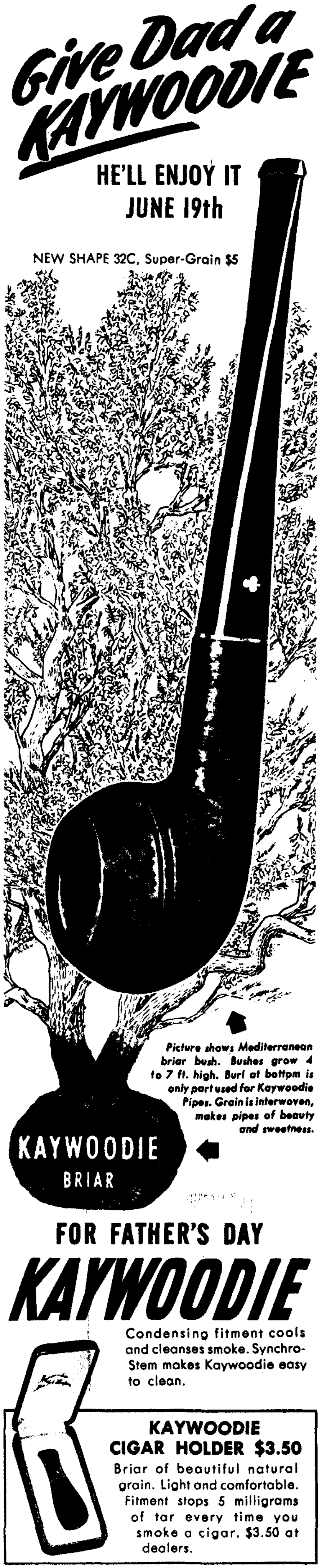
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when she bought it from Leo Sachs in Paris. I hated to break up that necklace but we couldn't fence it any other way; we eventually sold it in three strands. I really wanted to give it to Helen, but masterpieces like that are no fun for a girl if she can't wear them for other women to envy.

The rest of Mrs. Palmer's sparklers were worth another $400,000, including diamond-studded hairpins the boys had to lift from her coiffure. There were 40 detectives working on our little mystery, but what flattered me most was Detective Tom Corrigan's remark. "This was the work of a master thief," he said, "stage-managed with infinite detail."

With the Palmer job out of the way, we voted to resume operations in California. We were not exactly strangers there, because most of the gang had invested money in West Coast property and spent their vacations in southern California beach houses. Several owned homes in respectable neighborhoods, and their friends didn't dream that they were safeblowers.

In my own case I had bought a home at 1508 West Santa Barbara Avenue in Los Angeles—the first of half a dozen houses, apartments and hotels I acquired with my profits from crime. I shared an office on Hill Street with two attorneys, a court reporter and an ex-judge. They knew me as a real-estate operator and elected me to their lodge. They must have got quite a jolt when their dignified pal was exposed as a master crook.

It was also in Los Angeles that I had met Helen.

She was then a law student at the University of Southern California, and I gave her a job in my office so she could earn enough to finish school.

It was months before I confessed the real nature of my business, but by that time it didn't seem to matter to her. She wanted to live in a hurry and maybe she wanted to die the same way. I don't know. But there were never any false motivations involved. We knew what we were doing. We planned the jobs together and we shared the thrills and the risks. Helen's uncanny clairvoyance was respected by the whole mob and if she nixed a mark, we dropped it cold. *And when the showdown came, as I knew it would, Helen was the only one who didn't run. I think she must have known, in her strange and silent way, that our secret world was going to smash.*

Honor Among Safeblowers

While the guys in the mob were taking it easy on the beaches, Cox and I lined up a string of marks from San Diego to Portland. We were in virgin territory without any rivals around and wanted to make the most of it. The underworld usually knows where the top safeblowers are working, and it was an unwritten law that no peteman would case a job already under surveillance by another mob.

The Fifth Street Store in downtown Los Angeles, as it was then called, was our first choice. I was sitting in a dentist's office across the street one afternoon and just happened to look across the street. I saw two men and a woman beside a huge safe in the store counting stacks of folding money. I forgot all about my aching molar and went right over to investigate. At the cashier's cage, I asked for a non-existent employee and hung around just long enough to appraise the six-foot crib. It was so old it must have been brought there by the first settler. I figured a rag-shot over the dial would do it. We laid the groundwork in our customary thorough manner and muscled our way into the joint one warm night in March.

I was uneasy that night—I don't know why. Call it a hunch, or a premonition, or anything you like. Just before we started into the store, I dipped a toothpick into my bottle of nitroglycerin and ran it across my tongue. I had got into that habit because the stuff always gave me a quick lift. I needed it. I guess it was Walter Lacey who had me worried. Lacey was a new man brought out from Toledo, and I had promised to give him a tryout on the Fifth Street Store. He claimed he had a lot of experience, but he looked like a sponge to me.

I decided to start him off easy. I assigned him to watch the two night guards after we had handcuffed them, and I went upstairs to blow the box. I was just sticking a fulminating cap into the drilled cup when I got a three-buzz signal that jerked me up like a whipped dog. I was still holding my breath when I heard a gunshot down below. It sounded like a cannon; my mouth felt as though it were full of sand. I dropped everything and bounded over to the stair well. Cox was just coming up, two steps at a time, and I could hear him panting. "It was that damn' fool Lacey," he said. "He's all junked up. One of the watchmen got away and Lacey blasted him."

"Did he kill him?"

"No. The guy dived into an elevator. Look out! Here he comes now."

We ducked behind the cage and, sure enough, the elevator stopped and the door slid open. The white-faced guard started out and I told him to get his hands up. He slammed the door before we could move, and dropped to the next floor. We played tag with him for a couple of minutes, until he got smart and froze the cage between floors. I sent for Lacey. He came up rattling like a couple of dice, and I snatched the rod out of his hand. I accused him of hitting the needle and he admitted it.

"What do I do now?" he yapped.

"Nothing," I said. "You're through. Sit down and take a lesson in patience while I finish this job."

I blew the safe a few minutes later—expecting the cops to bust in any moment. The haul was so big we had to steal four suitcases from the luggage department to carry the swag.

Too Much Silver for Safety

Later that night, in Cox's cottage at Manhattan Beach, we found that in addition to the green stuff and the bonds, we had about $10,000 in silver. Ordinarily we left the hard stuff behind because it was awkward to carry and took forever to get into circulation. But I had a good use for this. I filled up a satchel with $5,000 in coins and shoved it at Lacey.

"There's your cut," I said. "Now beat it and don't come back."

Six years later, when I was temporarily in the Cincinnati jail as a government witness, I noticed a ragged old tramp shuffling down the hall with a cop. He turned his bleary eyes on me and said, "Hello, Herb." It was Walter Lacey, the once dapper peteman, now turned into a complete stumble-bum. I gave him ten bucks and never saw him again.

Needless to say, the mob was delighted with the dividends from the Los Angeles store job. So was I. To me there was always something enjoyable in the atmosphere of these big department-store burglaries, almost like working at home. I loved to wander around, when there was time, sniffing the pretty bottles on the perfume counter, trying on a new coat or testing the big chairs in the furniture department. Cox had a quirk, too. He always liked to snatch a bag of pennies, even though we left the other coins behind. He was daffy about pennies—don't ask me why—and on Sundays he would throw them around the street by the handful and watch the kids scramble for them.

After that we took a lot of other stores, including Hale Brothers in San Francisco and Whitthorne & Swan in Oakland. They paid off so well that we started casing Bullock's in Los Angeles, a job that should have coughed up about half a million. But we never got around to Bullock's—or any other store. Something happened that changed my mind. Something big. Something I should have left alone. It ruined me.

KATHERINE OSANN

Too Much World

I went to the Park with an elegant book
And picked out a bench in a leaf-awninged nook.
Well, while I was hoping the bushes would hide me,
A portable radio sat down beside me,
And, clearing its throat, it proceeded to blare
Commercials and jive on the resonant air.
The robins were silenced; the doves stopped their
  cooing
To see what this odious gimcrack was doing.
We left in a body but sad to relate
We ran into more at a furious rate.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

• The one thing that Herbert Wilson should have left alone was the United States mail. When he started robbing government postal trucks, the pace and treachery of his crimes increased until they were too great to be controlled. Read the concluding installment of this dramatic series

In COLLIER'S next week

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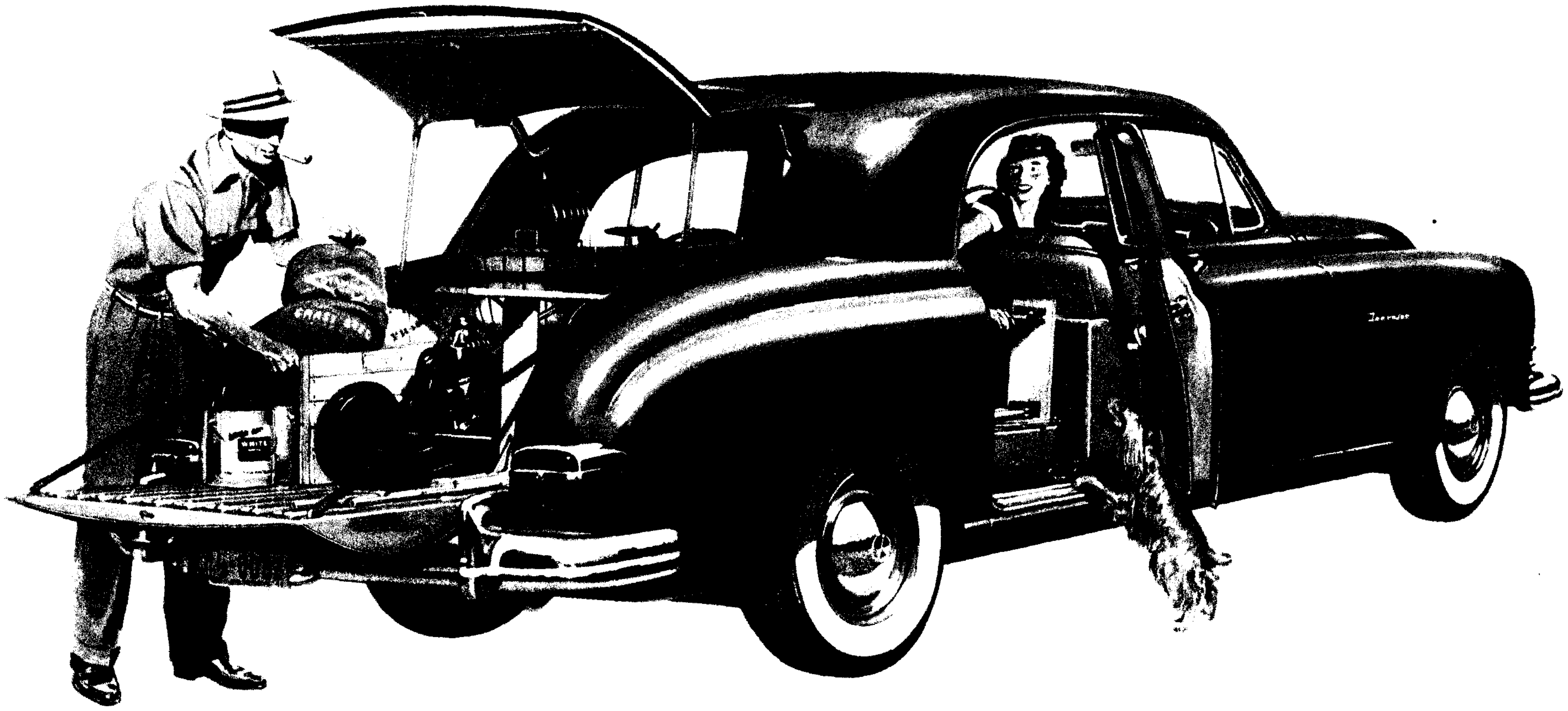

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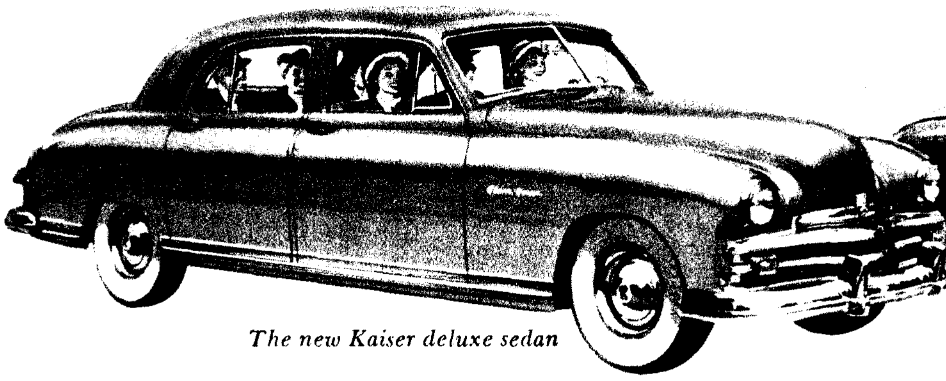

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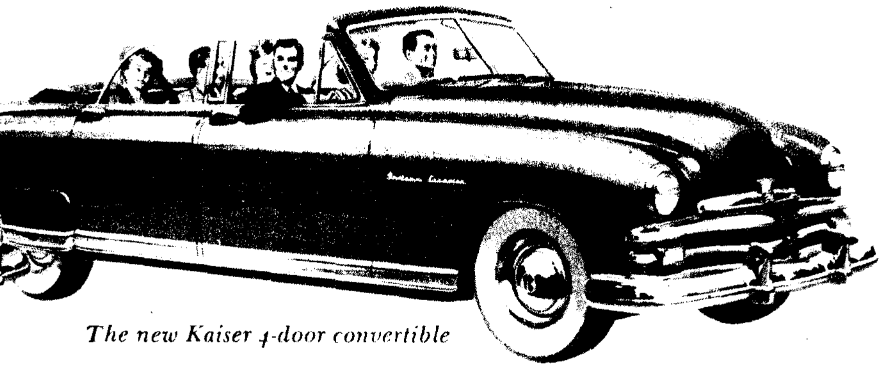

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THE UNEXPECTED NUDE

Continued from page 17

might become habit-forming. "No," he said. "The trouble is in my mind."

Paul had read Freud and knew all about the mind, as does every true modern with the exception of a few grubby scientists who keep muttering that it hasn't even been located, much less properly explored. But if you have the psychoanalytical viewpoint, as Paul had, you know you possess not only one mind but two, or possibly three, and of these the unconscious is most likely to give you the fantods, or galloping willies.

So Paul went to the window and looked out across the clam flats at the sand dunes that billowed against the sky. "It's that girl," he admitted. "I tried to suppress her—so now she's become a fixation. I've got her in my unconscious and I must get her out." He realized that he was talking a good deal to himself, but he supposed that was simply another psychological symptom. "The way to get rid of my frustration," he decided, "is to paint her just the way I saw her, even though it *is* calendar art."

He strode back to his easel and spent the rest of the afternoon painting a nude female figure asleep in the dunes. He worked very fast. It was a pure cleansing operation, and when he stood off to observe the result, it looked like it. The picture was utterly lifeless. It always would be lifeless, unless—

"Unless," he said grimly, as he started to clean his brushes in the gathering twilight, "I can get the girl herself to pose for me." It was a drastic and disturbing thought; but somehow that night he slept peacefully.

THE next morning he went early to the beach, put on his bathing trunks and planted himself on the sand in front of the bathhouse. After a while, a rather tall girl in a rust-colored bathing suit appeared from the women's pavilion. Her arms, her oval face, her long slender legs were all smoothly tanned and her hair was reddish gold in the sunlight.

Paul chose the direct approach. He got up, walked over to her and introduced himself. "I just want to say," he said, "that I'm sorry about yesterday morning." He knew that she had recognized him instantly, for even before he spoke a warm color had flooded her cheeks. It was a long time since he had seen a girl blush and, in view of what he wanted of her, it seemed an ill omen.

"Well," the girl said, "I guess it was my own fault for going to sleep. I didn't mean to. But you didn't have to just stand there."

"I didn't just stand there."

"It seemed as though you just stood there."

"No, no," he said. "That must have been an optical illusion, because I—"

"You acted sort of hypnotized."

"I wasn't hypnotized!"

"Then why did you stand there?"

"I tell you I didn't! I beat it as soon as I could."

"It seemed quite a long time."

"I give you my word it was a matter of seconds."

"Well," she said, "I don't mean to be silly about it. I'm really not embarrassed or anything, because it wasn't your fault and anyway it doesn't matter. The only thing I thought was that you didn't have to just stand there."

"Look," Paul said, "let's walk, shall we? I'd like to convince you that I didn't just stand there. Besides, I have something I want to talk over with you. I'm an artist—a painter—and I've got a serious problem."

"Everybody's got a serious problem," the girl said; and she sighed as no pretty young woman should sigh on such a lovely morning.

They walked up the beach together and by the time they reached the dunes they had achieved that informality which is the strictest convention of modern youth. The girl's name was Katherine Webb, but everyone, she said, called her Katy, so he might as well, too. She lived with her family in Bronxville, but she had come to Maine for a month's vacation because she was tired of her job in New York. She was absolutely fed up with working as a model for the George Weatherbee advertising agency, which had Park Avenue offices but no heart.

PAUL tried not to show his sudden acute interest. "You're a professional model?" he asked casually.

Katy nodded and said, "Legs."

"Just legs?"

"Well, that includes feet and ankles."

"Naturally," Paul said.

"Stockings, shoes, socks, ankle-jewelry—you know the kind of ad you see in the slick-paper magazines?"

"Yes."

"Well, the legs are usually mine. But I'm through with it. I'm absolutely through slaving for George Weatherbee."

Paul missed the personal note in her statement; he heard only its vehemence. "Maybe you'd like to try another kind of posing," he suggested warily.

"What kind?"

"Let's sit down and get some sun and I'll explain what I mean."

So they sat down on the sand facing the sea and Paul again tried the direct approach. He told her his problem—not all of it, but just that he was haunted by the vision, the mental image, of what he'd seen yesterday in the dunes. He wanted to paint that scene, he *had* to paint it because it was haunting him and he couldn't do it without her help. He'd tried to paint it from memory and it was just no good. It had no life, and never would have unless—and he was speaking simply as an artist—she'd consent to pose for him. "Just as you were yesterday," he said.

"Just as I was?"

"On a purely professional basis, of course."

She looked at him, and even in his anxiety he decided that her eyes were violet. "So that's why you stood there," Katy said. "You were thinking of me as a picture."

"Listen—I didn't—I wasn't—!"

"You're just like George Weatherbee. He thinks I'm an advertisement and you think I'm art."

"No, I don't. Or if I do, there's nothing personal about it."

"There isn't?"

"No," Paul said, "there's nothing personal about it at all."

The corners of her mouth, which was sweetly bowed, began to droop. "Well, that's the whole trouble with the world," Katy said; and she burst into tears.

Paul was dismayed. He leaned toward her, their shoulders touched and he was conscious of something like an electric shock in his arm. His voice jumped out at her. "What have I done? What did I say?"

"It's all right. It's not you. I was thinking of somebody else."

"George Weatherbee?"

She nodded and dried her eyes on her skirt. The fact that her bathing suit had a skirt struck Paul, all at once, as significant. That, plus her ability to blush, indicated an almost archaic modesty.

"I don't understand men," Katy said. "They're so impersonal."

"How's that?" Paul asked, startled. He had heard many accusations against his sex, but never that one. "You mean—impersonal toward women?"

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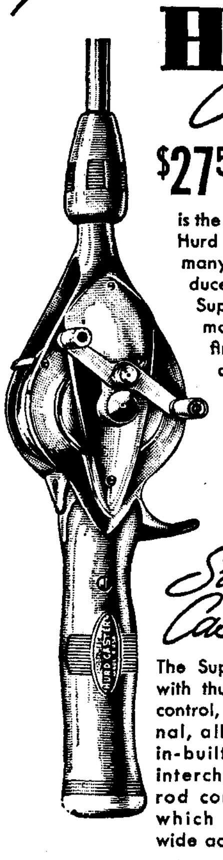

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"Yes," Katy said, "they really are. You take George, for instance."

"What about George?"

"He loves me. He wants me to marry him and I told him I would. We've been engaged for six months, but he won't set a date to get married till he finds another girl with legs. To replace mine, I mean. I'm just one of his assets that someday he intends to convert into a wife. So that's why I say he's impersonal."

"You mean selfish," Paul said, trying to reduce the issue to familiar terms.

"No. George is generous and really very sweet—when he isn't in one of his rages. It's just that he doesn't consider me as a *person*. So I came up here to let him think about that—and to get over feeling like I'm an asset." She leaned back on her elbows, and the violet eyes looked up broodingly at Paul. "Now I find that's how *you* think of me."

"Katy, I don't."

"You want to make a picture of me! And put me in a frame, and hang me in some gallery—"

"Oh, no!"

"—where a lot of utter strangers will come and stare at me, nude!"

"No!" Paul said; and he thought: That would ruin me. It would finish me with my friends and followers in New York.

HE STARED down at the soft ellipse of her face, at the subversive curves of her relaxed, reclining figure. Somehow it did not seem the time or place to explain that he wanted to paint those curves only to remove them, by a kind of psychological surgery, from his unconscious. Then he had a bright thought. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you the painting when I've finished it."

Katy half closed her eyes. She seemed to be studying him from an ambush of long golden lashes. "You're generous, too," she said. "Like George. He always wants to give me things."

Paul let that go. He bent down to peer into the ambush. "Katy," he said, "will you do it? Will you pose for me?"

"No," Katy said. Her tone was final.

"Well," he said dejectedly, "I suppose there are plenty of reasons why you won't. But will you tell me the big one?"

She smiled; and suddenly the curve of her lips was added to the other undulations in his unconscious. "George wouldn't like it," Katy said. "He'd be furious." Then her smile faded and a thoughtful expression came over her face. . . .

A week later Katy Webb and Paul were old friends. Every morning they walked and swam together, and if he hadn't been so upset about his work, so concerned with his career, their friendship—in spite of the shadow of George—might have turned into an orthodox summer flirtation. But Paul was worried and baffled. He *had* to produce to get ready for his one-man show, which was now definitely scheduled for November, and he couldn't produce. He couldn't do anything at all till he'd got that nude off his mind, and he couldn't paint the nude unless Katy would pose for him.

He understood, of course, what the trouble was. He had a complex. There was a certain morose satisfaction in this, for no genuine modern is complete without a touch of neurosis—and the nice thing about a complex is that while no one, not even a psychiatrist, has ever seen one, still everyone knows what it is just as everyone used to know what witchcraft was.

Paul would not have admitted that he was bewitched, but he was sure that he was complexed. He kept on trying to persuade Katy to pose, and she kept on saying no. He was getting desperate. Then one fair day, as they sat in the shelter of the dunes, he suddenly decided on the primitive approach.

"Katy," he said, "you're beautiful, you're wonderful!" And he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Well!" she said, when she could get her breath.

"Well, what?"

"Nothing," she said. She disengaged herself from his embrace, wrapped her arms around her knees and stared out to sea.

"Are you sore at me?"

"No."

"At least you can't say I'm impersonal. Not now!"

"Yes, I can," she said. "Because you are. You want something that seems important to you, and I don't understand it. But you've tried to argue me into it and that didn't work so you thought you'd make love to me."

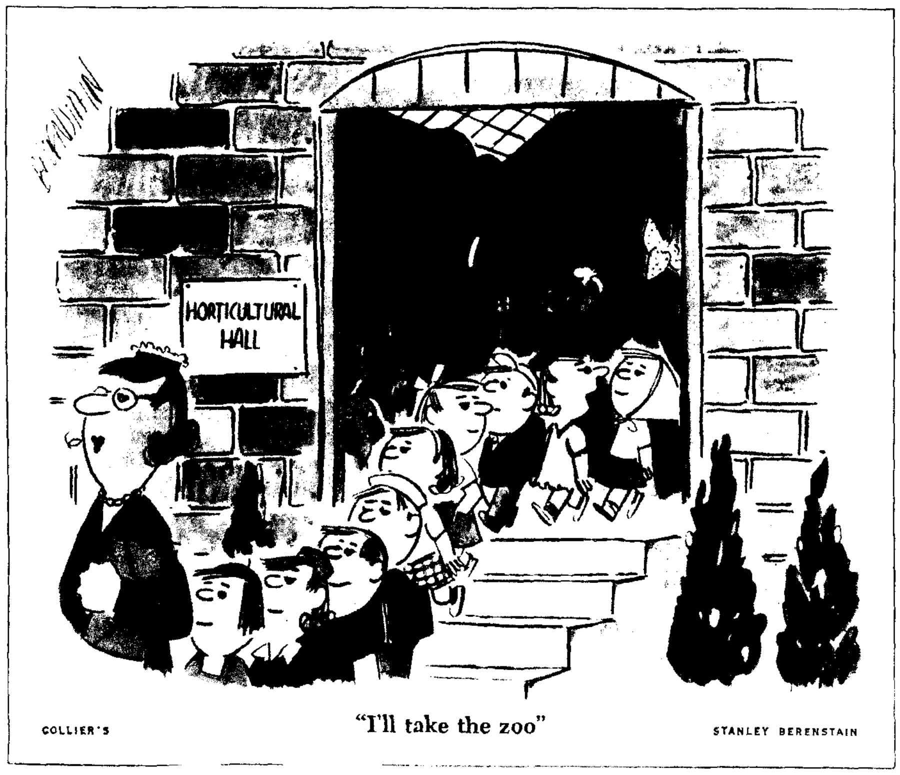
"Katy—!" he said, and put his arm around her shoulders, but she only shook her head.

"It wasn't convincing, Paul. Besides, I'm still engaged to George."

He withdrew his arm. "I'd forgotten George," he said glumly.

"I haven't. I had a wire from him this morning. He's flying up Saturday for a two-week vacation."

Paul's reaction was chiefly somatic. He remembered, from his boxing days, how it felt to be hit in the solar plexus. He said, "George is coming here?"



COLLIER'S "I'll take the zoo" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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"Yes. He asked me to reserve a suite for him at my hotel."

"Why a suite?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's because he's quite a big man, and needs plenty of room."

"Or maybe he's planning to take a wife. Is George the impulsive type?"

"Sometimes, very."

"Convincing, too, I'll bet," Paul said; and then he said, "This is Tuesday, isn't it?"

"Wednesday," she said.

"I've lost track of time." He was oddly confused, for all at once things seemed to be rushing toward a crisis. Only one fact was clear—that his last chance with Katy would vanish with George Weatherbee's arrival. Paul had till Saturday to win what had become, in essence, a subtle, psychological struggle between him and the girl.

"Listen," he said, "will you come to my studio this afternoon?"

"Why?"

"You said you didn't understand why I wanted to make a picture of you—or rather of that girl in the dunes."

"Well, I don't."

"Listen," he said, "I want you to come to my place and look at my work." In his earnestness he took her hand, but instantly dropped it. "You'll see that I do nothing but abstractions. I'm really not interested in painting nudes."

"Then why do you want to paint me?"

He made a vague but rather violent gesture. "Call it an obsession," he said, "or a temporary mental aberration. Call it anything you like, but please come."

"Just to look at your abstractions?"

"Yes."

"Well, why not?" Katy said. "I don't see how George could object to that."

"How will he know?" Paul asked.

"Oh, I always tell George everything. I wrote him about you and—" She paused, apparently for reflection. "I wonder if that could have had anything to do with his deciding to come to Maine?"

Paul had a curious feeling of excitement, almost of exhilaration, "What did you write him about me?" he asked.

"Oh, just that I'd met you and that you wanted me to pose for you."

"Hi-ho!" he said. "Did you go into details?"

"Well, I just said that you wanted to do a figure painting from life and that of course I'd never posed for the figure and—"

"Hi-ho the merry-o!" Paul said. "Well, anyway, I've got till Saturday."

Kathy looked at him. Her eyes were blue now with the refraction of light from the sea. "I do hope," she said, "that you and George will be friends."

That afternoon she went to Paul's studio and they made coffee in his small kitchen and then she looked at his pictures and didn't understand them. But she listened while he explained his straight-line theory of art.

"What I'm trying to do in my painting," he said, "is to express the modern scientific viewpoint." Her eyes were attentive and he noticed that they'd turned violet again as he told her about his viewpoint. Science, he said, was reaching out into space. It was the universe. "Already our world is obsolete, human nature as we know it is obsolete. So why go on painting the old patterns and the so-called natural forms?"

"Well," Katy said, "the natural forms may be obsolete, but they're still sort of nice."

"They're obstacles," Paul said, "that scientific man must overcome. Even the human body is an obstacle—" He stopped abruptly, stepped back and surveyed her with an air of discovery. She was wearing tan slacks and a blouse, the color of marigold, that matched her hair. Her tall, slim figure was outlined clearly and beautifully against the north window. "That's it!" he said. "That explains my obsession about you. You're an obstacle that I've got to overcome!"

She did not seem to mind being called an obstacle. "How are you going to do it?" she asked, smiling.

"By painting you," Paul said, "just as I saw you that first day in the dunes."

"Oh, that," she said; and she shrugged her pretty shoulders. "We're right back where we started, aren't we? Because—as I've told you and told you—I'm not going to pose for you, Paul. If you've got to paint a naked girl, why don't you just paint one?"

"Look," he said, "I'll show you—"

He turned and picked up a drawing board that was leaning against the wall. He placed it on his easel, so that she could see the unfinished color sketch on the sheet of heavy paper that was tacked to the board.

"Why," she said, "that's me."

"No, not really."

"Yes, it is. I recognize the sunburn."

"The flesh tones aren't bad," he admitted. "But the whole thing's a failure. I apologize for it."

"Oh, I don't mind—so long as I didn't pose for it."

"The whole thing is false."

"I think it's rather pretty—and quite a good likeness."

"Only on the surface," he said. "I tried to get that startled expression on your face when you looked up and saw me standing there, but I—"

"So now you admit that you stood there!"

"No, I don't—I didn't—! Look, let's not start that again." He moved toward her, stumbled over a leg of his easel and ended up by clutching her arms. "Katy!" he said.

"Yes, Paul?"

"Won't you help me? Can't you see how important it is to me?"

"What, Paul? What's so important to you?"

Her oval face was lifted to his and her lips were close. With a kind of dazed wonder he realized that he had got himself into the classic position of a man about to kiss a girl. But surely this wasn't the classic situation. This wasn't a matter of nature, but of art.

"My work," he said. "My career! If I could only think of some way to convince you, to persuade you—"

"Think hard, Paul," she said, and still, her lips were closer still; and that was when they heard the knock on the door.

It was repeated three times, in an impatient and even exasperated manner, as though the person outside were rather an impulsive type.

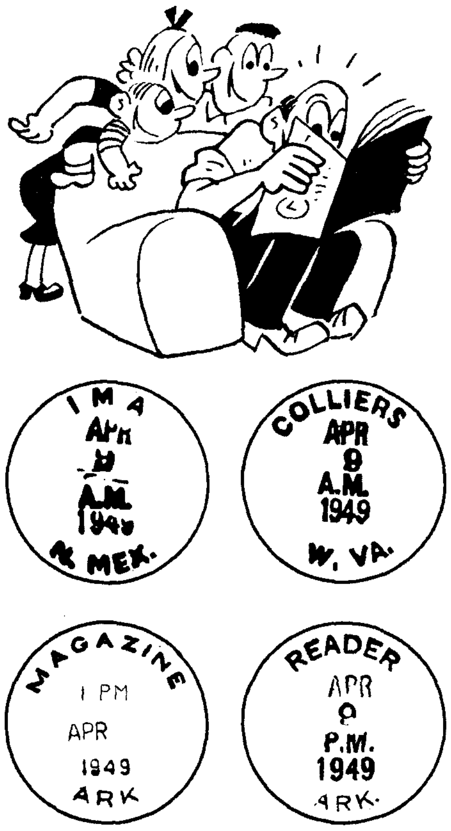
Paul let go of Katy's arms and started across the room, then remembered that the door was never locked. "Come in," he called.

A man came into the studio. He was big. He seemed to be bursting out of the freshly pressed seersucker suit he was wearing. His white shirt front bulged like a genoese jib. It was secured under his chin by a blue polka-dot tie, and above that, his round, florid face looked both boyish and menacing.

"George!" Katy said.

"I thought so," the big

Picture Postmarks



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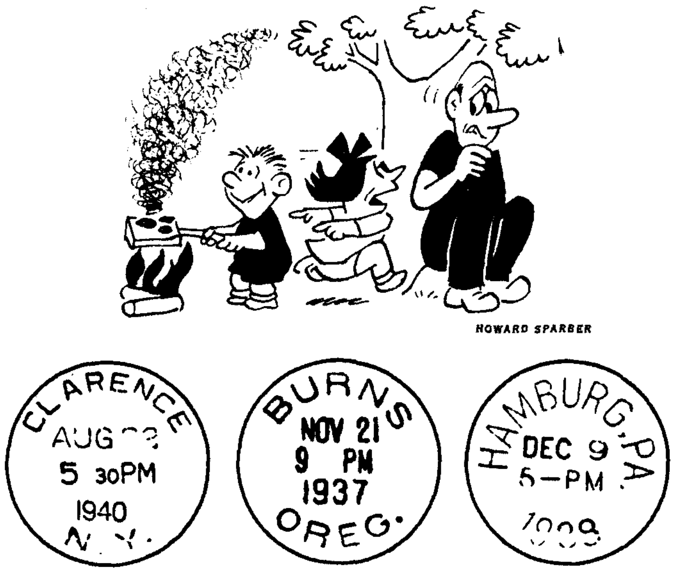

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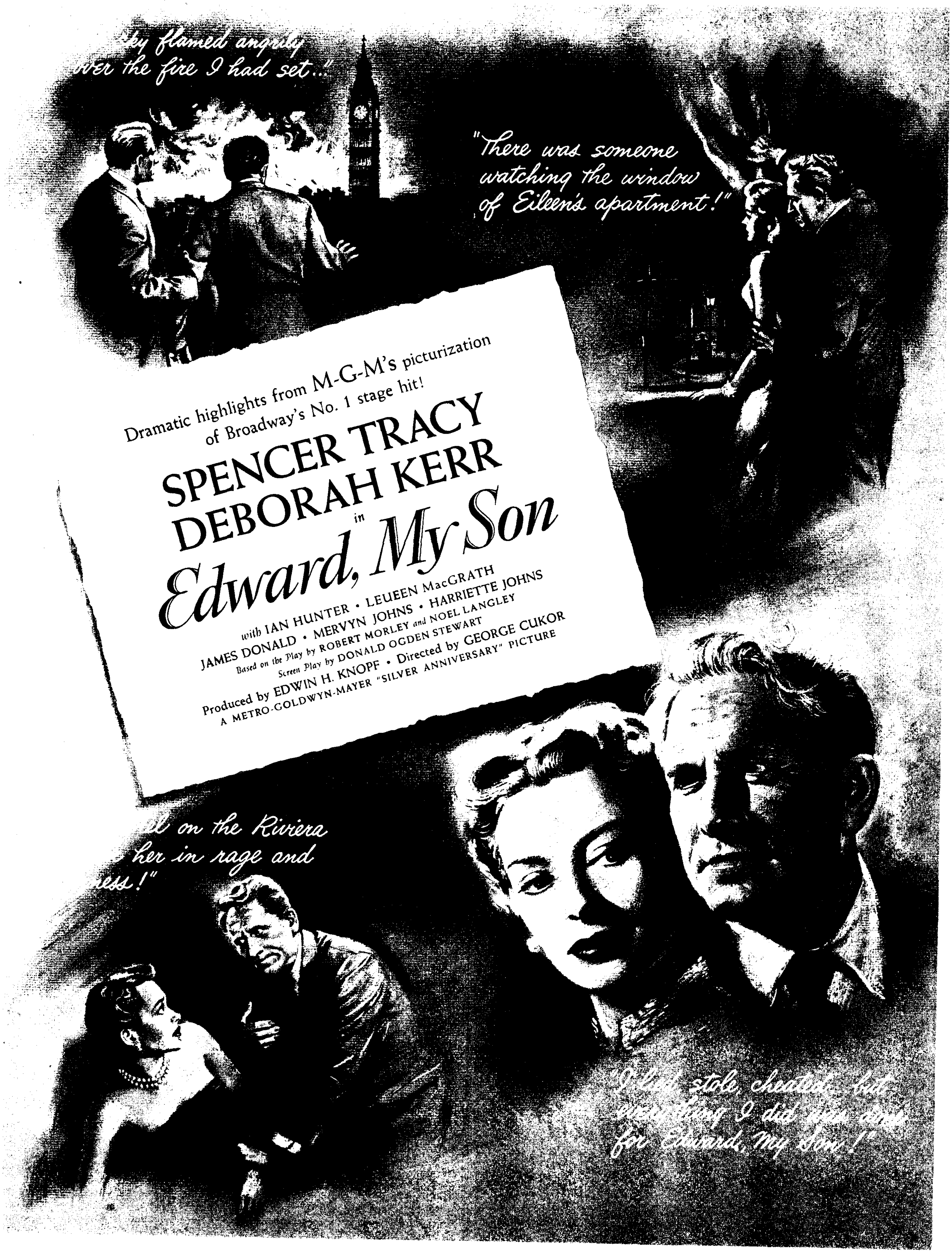
ky flamed angrily
ver the fire I had set...!"
"There was someone
watching the window
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her in rage and
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"I lied, stole, cheated... but
everything I did was done
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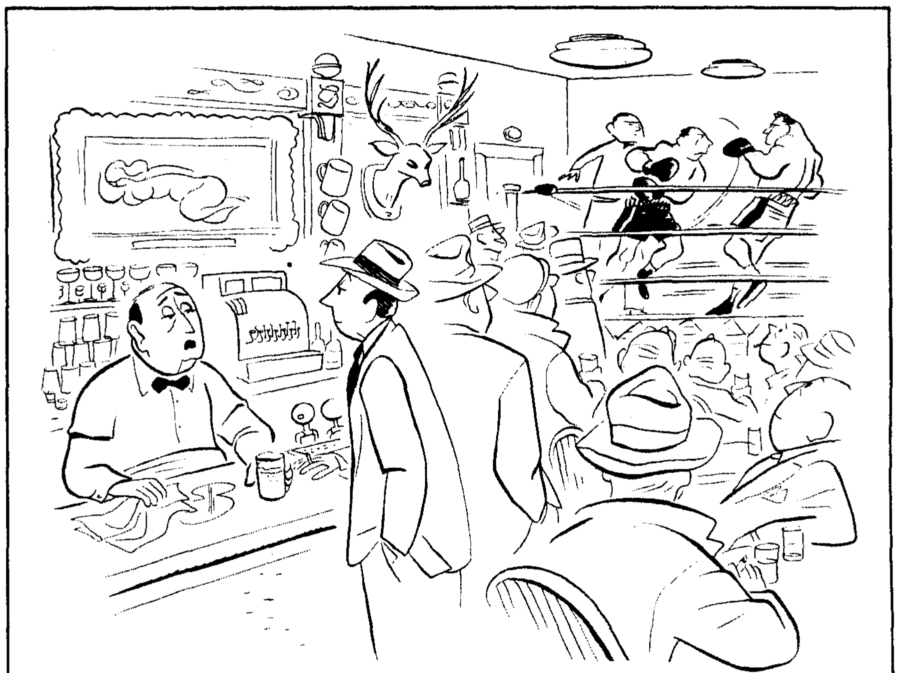


COLLIER'S "The television set's out for repairs" HANK KETCHAM

man said, coming steadily toward her.

"But this isn't Saturday," she said.

"I decided not to wait. I took the noon plane to Portland and a damned bus from there."

"George, this is Paul Stoner."

"I assume so," George said. "I asked at the hotel how to find him."

"This is Mr. Weatherbee, Paul."

"Hello, Mr. Weatherbee," Paul said, but he didn't offer to shake hands. "Welcome to Maine, Mr. Weatherbee."

"Just call me George," the other man said, "while I'm thinking up something appropriate to call you."

"Now, George," Katy said, "you can't come rushing in here unexpectedly like this and start thinking—"

"Why can't I?" he suddenly bellowed at her. "You're supposed to be engaged to me, aren't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"You wrote me a letter, didn't you? You told me that this Stoner character wanted you to pose for him nekked, and—"

"Don't say 'nekked,' George. It gives me goose flesh."

"I should think it would!"

"Besides, I refused. Didn't I, Paul?"

"Then how did she get goose flesh?" George demanded fiercely.

"I don't know," Paul said, "unless she was thinking of her future life with you."

GEORGE moved toward him. They were about the same height and age, but George was much the heavier. "You nudist!" he howled.

"Dear me," Paul said, and smiled at Katy.

"Don't grin at my girl! I ought to pop you on the nose for even suggesting such a thing to her."

"Take it easy, George," Paul said.

"I'll take it any way I—" The booming voice broke off abruptly. George was staring past Paul at the easel on which rested the color sketch, painted from memory, of Katy in the sand dunes *in puris naturalibus*.

"Ha!" roared George, and the studio echoed with his fury. "That does it, that proves it!" Then without the slightest warning he lunged forward and swung a terrific right to Paul's jaw. Paul went down, knocking over the easel.

Katy shrieked. But Paul was up again instantly. He stepped back as the other man, with his fists rotating ominously before him, advanced in an anthropoid crouch. The girl shrieked again.

"Stop it, George! Oh, your face is swelling, Paul!"

"Katy," Paul said, still backing away, "go get me some ice cubes and a clean dishrag."

"Don't order her around!" shouted George.

"In the kitchen, Katy."

"Ice cubes?" Katy asked distractedly. "For your poor face, Paul?"

"Never mind whose face," Paul said. "Just get them."

"Yes, Paul," she said; and ran across the studio to the door that led to the kitchen. Instinctively both men stopped and watched—as men always watch a girl running—till she had disappeared. Then they faced each other again.

"I hate artists!" George said. He threw a ferocious roundhouse right; it missed and he grunted, "Stand still! I have to deal with artists in my business, and they're all unreliable. Why don't you stand—"

"George," Paul said, removing his chin from the orbit of another wild swing, "that punch of yours is no good unless you sneak it. Now try it again and I'll show you what I mean."

"I'll show *you!*" George thundered.

He let go a real haymaker. Paul moved easily inside it, slipped his left hand around the back of George's neck and drew the big man's head sharply forward. At the same time Paul's right fist drove upward. It traveled only about ten inches, but it landed flush on the button.

When Katy came back, both men were on the floor. George Weatherbee was stretched out on his back—he looked appallingly peaceful—and Paul Stoner was kneeling beside him.

"Oh, my!" Katy gasped. "It's George lying there, isn't it?"

"Yes. Don't you recognize him?"

"Well, I've never seen him so quiet before. Is he—still breathing?"

"Sure. Have you got the ice?"

"Yes, here." She had a bowlful of cubes and a towel over her arm. "You wanted the ice for George all along?"

"I thought it might come in handy. Wrap some in the towel and I'll put it on his head."

"No, I'll do it. After all, he's still my fiancé." She knelt down opposite Paul, with George lying supine between them. Making a cold compress, she laid it gently on the sleeper's forehead.

"Katy," Paul said, "do you love him?"

"George is sweet," she said, "but a little impulsive at times—and always at the wrong times."

"Okay," Paul said, "that's all I wanted to know. Now listen, I've just thought of something—an idea—that I think will solve everything. It's pretty drastic, but I think it solves everything."

"Don't keep saying it solves everything! Just *tell* me!"

So he leaned toward her to tell her his idea and she leaned toward him in her bright-colored blouse and their faces were almost touching, when all at once George sat up, spilling ice cubes, and joined his face at a right angle to theirs.

"I thought so," he groaned. But they were so absorbed in themselves that they scarcely heard him; nor were they conscious of his face, as such.

All Paul realized was that someone or something was intruding, so he put one hand on George's chest and pushed him flat again.

"Where was I, Katy?"

"You were saying the sooner the better," she told him.

"Oh, yes," Paul said. "Well, what do you think of it? My idea, I mean."

"I think it's wonderful," Katy said. "I've thought so from the beginning."

FIVE months later, late one night in November, Paul sat alone by a dying wood fire in his Greenwich Village studio. He was reading a weekly magazine that contained a review of his recent work, currently on exhibition in a Fifty-seventh Street salon. The critic wrote:

"I attended the opening of the Paul Stoner show at the Outenbach Gallery. The first thing to be said about it is that this brilliant and virile young artist is no longer the leader of the so-called 'Straight Line' school of abstractionist painting. Since there is scarcely a straight line in the show, his followers have repudiated him. A group of them, swarming uptown in a body to see the exhibition, were heard actually to utter cries of outrage and pain. Indeed, one of the more sensitive disciples gave way to a psychic hysteria, which took the form of severe hiccups. He was restored only by an internal application of whisky, provided by the management.

"Seriously speaking, Mr. Stoner seems to have abandoned his ultramodernist technique for a striking and poetic naturalism. I liked particularly the totally unexpected nude, called 'Figure Asleep in the Dunes,' which dominates the show; for while the subject is conventional, the treatment endows it with all the freshness and exuberance of an original discovery. I understand that this picture has been bought by an anonymous Park Avenue millionaire, presumably one of the last of his species, for the sum of $2,500.

"The interesting question is whether Mr. Stoner's latest work represents a retrogression into outdated romanticism or whether it is in fact a new development of his well-known theory that today's art should express the spirit of Scientific Man. Possibly the artist has merely entered his curved period."

Paul threw down the magazine, jumped up and rushed into the bedroom. The sight of Katy sitting up in bed, in a frilly pink jacket, with her reddish-gold hair gleaming in the light of a reading lamp, momentarily halted him. Paul hadn't yet become accustomed to having a wife.

"I've been thinking," she said, "what we'd do with that twenty-five hundred dollars. We'll put half of it in the bank and—"

"Never mind the money," Paul said. "I'll make plenty more for you. The important thing is that I'm not retrogressing."

"You're not what?"

"Listen, it's very important," he said. "About my work, I mean." He advanced to the footboard—it was an old-fashioned double bed—and leaned earnestly across it. "I'm not interested in romanticism at all."

"You're not?" Katy said, looking slightly incredulous. Then she smiled. "Oh, you mean as a painter."

"Yes," he said. "I've been worrying about it, but the truth is"—here he paused to give emphasis to the announcement—" I haven't given up my scientific viewpoint. I've just entered my curved period, that's all."

Katy laughed softly. "Darling," she said, "so have I."

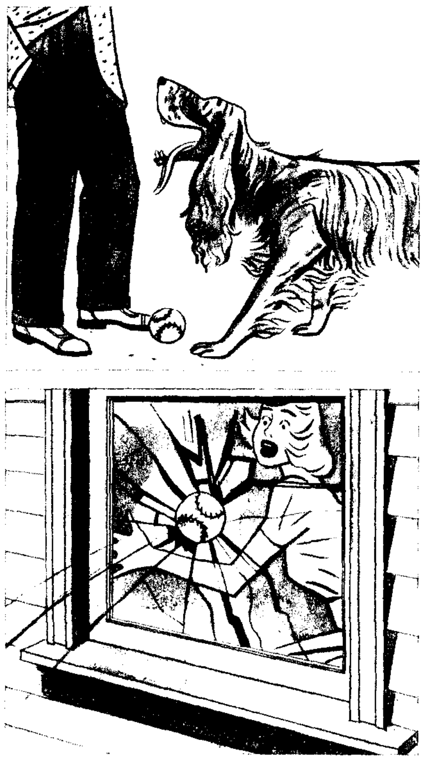
She was four months pregnant and as he gazed at her he thought how inexpressibly beautiful she was; but he was lost now in a world of his own. "Come to think of it," he said, "Einstein has proved that space is curved. Maybe everything is curved."

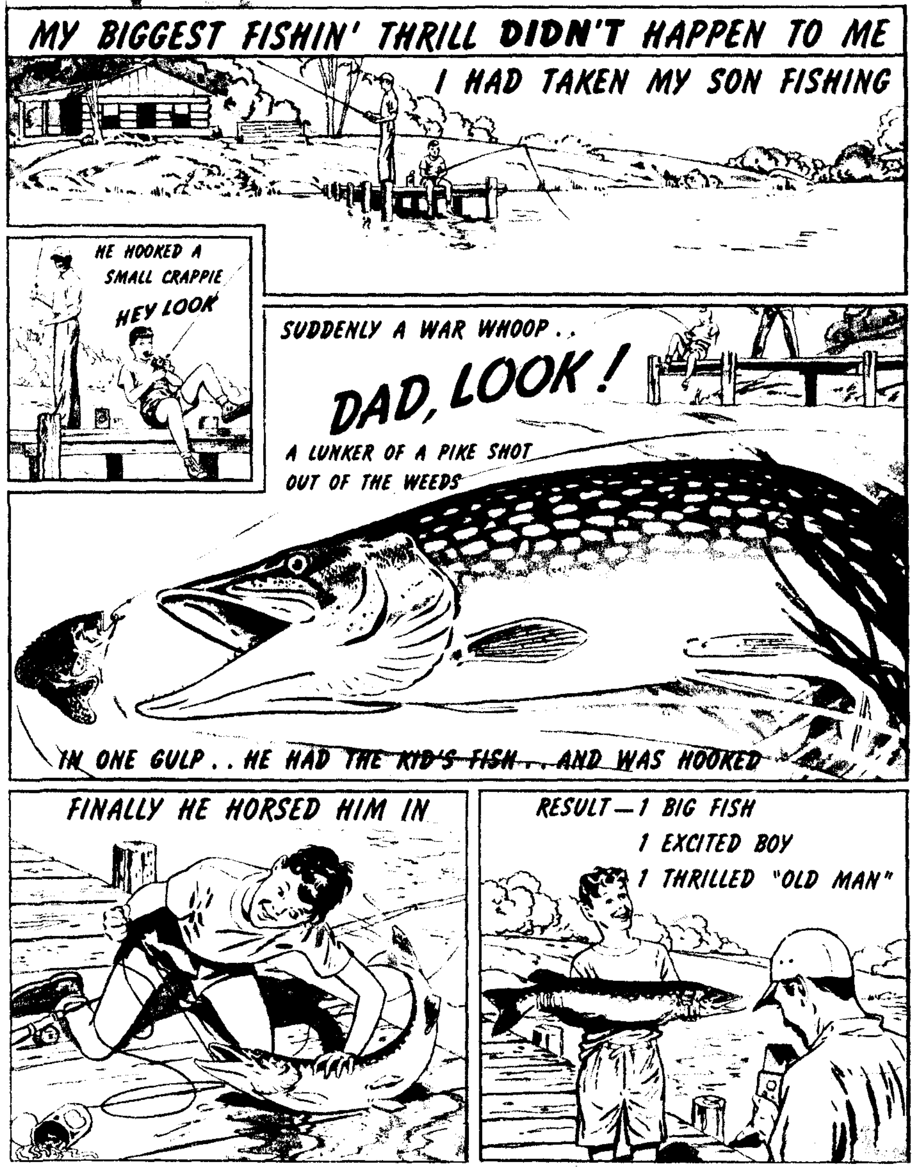
"It seems so to me," Katy said.

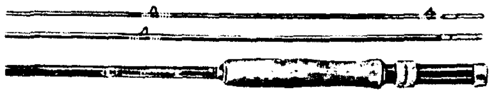
"Do you like it that way?" he asked, with sudden intensity.

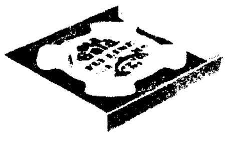
"Darling," she said, "I love it that way." The light touched the fresh bloom of her cheek, the wonderful new fullness and burgeoning of her figure. Paul looked at her sitting there in their bed and then nodded as though confirming some inner conclusion. Everything was curved, all right—and everything was all right, curved. THE END

Clancy




MY BIGGEST FISHIN' THRILL DIDN'T HAPPEN TO ME
I HAD TAKEN MY SON FISHING
HE HOOKED A SMALL CRAPPIE
HEY LOOK
SUDDENLY A WAR WHOOP..
DAD, LOOK!
A LUNKER OF A PIKE SHOT OUT OF THE WEEDS
IN ONE GULP.. HE HAD THE KID'S FISH.. AND WAS HOOKED
FINALLY HE HORSED HIM IN
RESULT—1 BIG FISH
1 EXCITED BOY
1 THRILLED "OLD MAN"





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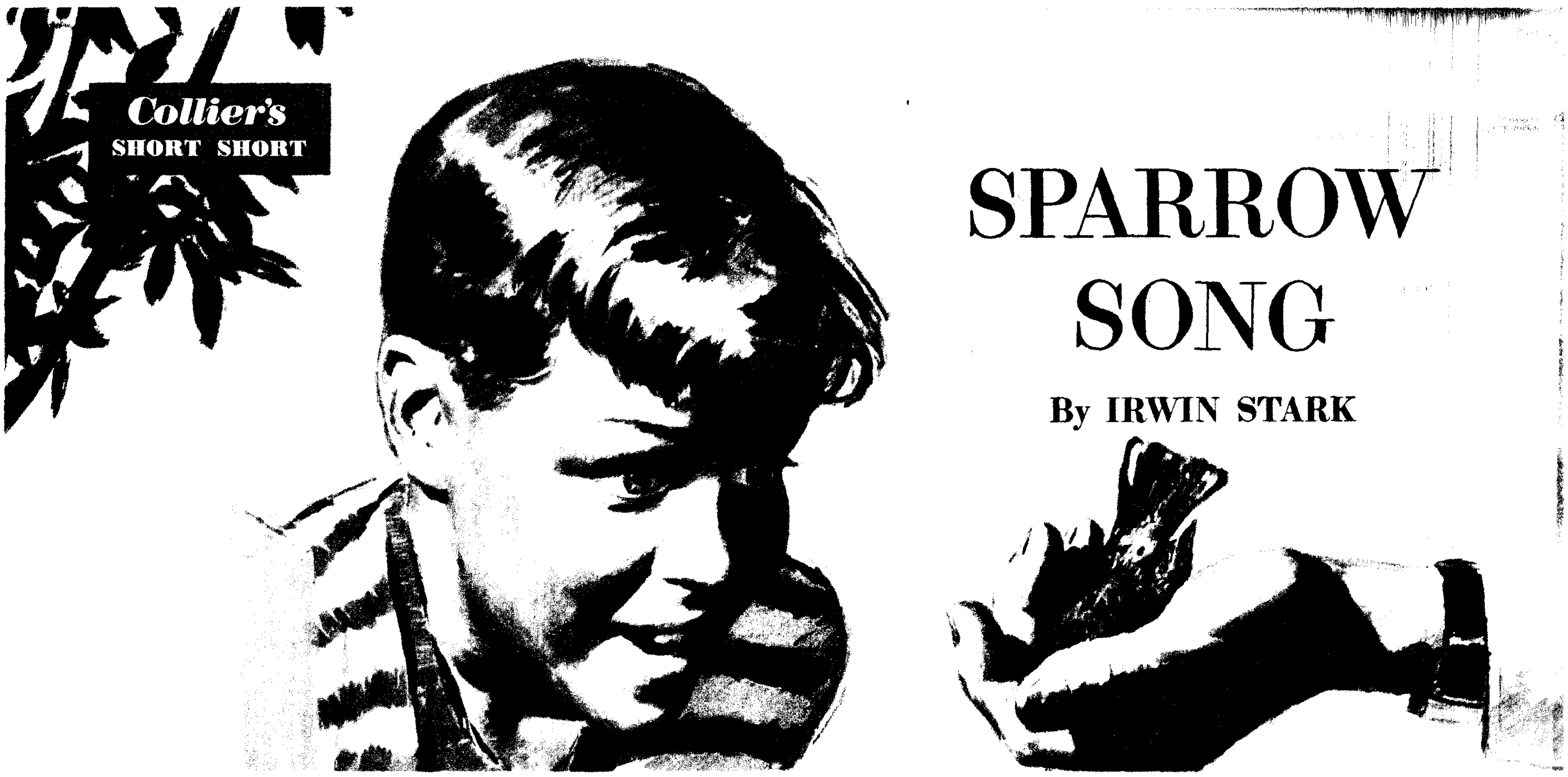
Collier's
SHORT SHORT

SPARROW SONG

By IRWIN STARK



Maitland had given the sparrow to his son. It's a beauty, the boy had said, it's one beaut of a bird

JOHNNY MAITLAND, his gray spring coat dangling from one arm, his suit wrinkled, his eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep, stood on the concrete step outside the revolving door and gazed numbly at the traffic in front of the hospital. The medicinal odors of the hospital room were still in his nostrils.

Maitland turned slowly down the path to the sidewalk. He did not look back at the towering red brick wall of the hospital where an hour ago Helen Maitland had died.

At the corner a car's brakes screeched at him and someone caught his arm. "Hey, watch it, fella, watch it," a man's voice said.

"Thanks," Maitland murmured. He crossed the street and continued along the next block. Walking slowly, he tried to find something to cling to. Alan, he thought, Alan; I've got to tell Alan; I've still got to tell Alan that his mother's dead.

But how could he possibly tell his son about her death? How could he put into words what he could not phrase for himself?

Once, one night before he'd shipped overseas with his outfit, he had tried to say it for Helen. Alan had been five then, a bright blond kid with Helen's brown eyes and quick, infectious laugh.

If I shouldn't come back, if somehow I don't make it, tell him I loved him, that I'll go on loving him, that I'll always be near the two of you. And Helen had said: But you're going to come back, Johnny. There's too much of our life to live out together. You've got to come back to us.

And he had come back. They'd been waiting for him in front of the cottage, just as he'd dreamed it a thousand different nights in Africa and Italy, Helen unaltered in her quiet clean loveliness, Alan immensely tall for his nine years, pretending to remember him. He'd come home and taken up where they'd left off, swimming with Alan, bicycling, teaching him how to field a ground ball and bait a hook. Helen had done a swell job, but there was enough left over for him.

Two years passed before they'd found out she was dying of cancer. It had come too suddenly, neither of them willing to believe it at first. Even when Dr. Putnam's X ray had removed the last doubt they had hoped it was not incurable.

Maitland stopped abruptly and looked around. How long had he been walking? He saw a drugstore on the corner and remembered Mrs. Blake, who had put Alan up for the night. He had promised to call her.

In the telephone booth he dialed her number and waited for her voice.

"It's Johnny Maitland," he told her. "I'm on my way home."

"And Mrs. Maitland—how is Mrs. Maitland?" she asked anxiously.

Johnny caught his breath. "Where's my boy?"

"Why, he's right here with Georgie," Mrs. Blake answered nervously. "They're working on Georgie's stamp album. Would you like to talk to him?"

"No," he said quickly. "I'm on my way home."

"And Mrs. Maitland—?"

Johnny said flatly into the mouthpiece, "My wife died an hour ago, Mrs. Blake."

He heard her gasp.

"Mrs. Blake!" he called, "Mrs. Blake!"

"Yes—yes, Mr. Maitland?"

"Please—I'll tell him myself, Mrs. Blake. I'll tell him when I get home."

He replaced the receiver, opened the door of the booth, and found his way to the street again and the bus. He took a rear seat and stared out the window. There were still fifteen minutes between Alan and himself.

If only Helen had told him how to say it, he thought, for somehow she had always known the right thing to say—not the empty platitudes, but words that could meet Alan's experience at least halfway. And staring through the dusty window of the bus, he sought an answer in the placid blue sky. The bus stopped and he watched two sparrows poised on a telephone wire outside. They were photographed meaninglessly on his retina for a moment but when the bus started again he felt an inner quickening, a half-formed excitement.

MAITLAND remembered how that day last March—when Helen had already known about the operation—they had found the dead sparrow in the back garden.

She had uttered a cry of hurt surprise, watching Maitland pick the bird up. He had intended to fling it over the fence before Alan saw it. A kid had no right to see dead things, he'd thought. But Helen had stopped him. Alan, she had called, look what we've found—a dead sparrow, a lovely dead sparrow. His son had approached, his eyes wide, his hands extended. Maitland had glanced at Helen and then given the sparrow to his son. It's a beauty, the boy had said, it's one beaut of a bird. They had dug a tiny grave for it in the garden, Alan's face serious but untroubled, meeting his first experience of death without fear, sharing the beauty and simplicity which Helen had given to the occasion. They had mounded the earth on top of the grave, and then Helen had planted a rootstock of lily of the valley. Yes, Maitland thought, Helen would have known how to tell him.

He got off the bus and walked past the row of cottages, each step bringing him closer to his son. He saw Georgie Blake whittling a model plane wing on the stoop of the Blake's cottage and he called out to him, "Where's Alan?"

Georgie shrugged. "I don't know. We were working on my stamp album and all of a sudden he ran out of the house and I don't know where he went to."

TURNING up the walk that led to his own cottage, Maitland opened the door and went in. There was a stale smell in the hall and the house was quiet. He called his son's name, but there was no answer. He walked through the empty parlor to the kitchen, and, glancing through the back window, he saw Alan sitting on the grass in the garden.

"Alan—" he called to him as he came down the back steps.

The boy turned and stared at him. "Hello, Johnny," he said quietly to his father. He was fighting to keep his voice from breaking.

Maitland walked through the short grass and put his hand on his son's shoulder. He knelt down beside him. "Alan—" he started to say.

"Do you see what's coming up?" the boy asked quickly. "It's those lilies of the valley. You remember when we buried that sparrow, Johnny?" His lips were trembling, pleading with Maitland to remember.

"Sure," Maitland said, his voice thick. "Sure, I remember."

Together they looked at the budded shoots, Maitland's hand resting on his son's shoulder. Then suddenly Maitland was aware that Alan was looking up at him. His eyes were rimmed with tears but above the tears they were unwavering and brown —Helen's eyes. And Maitland knew that he would not have to tell him now, that somehow Helen had foreseen this moment and provided for it. He knew that in his own way his son had broken the news to him.

"It was sure a beaut," Alan said. "That sparrow, I mean." His voice faltered at last and his cheeks were wet with tears.

"It was, wasn't it?" Maitland said.—THE END

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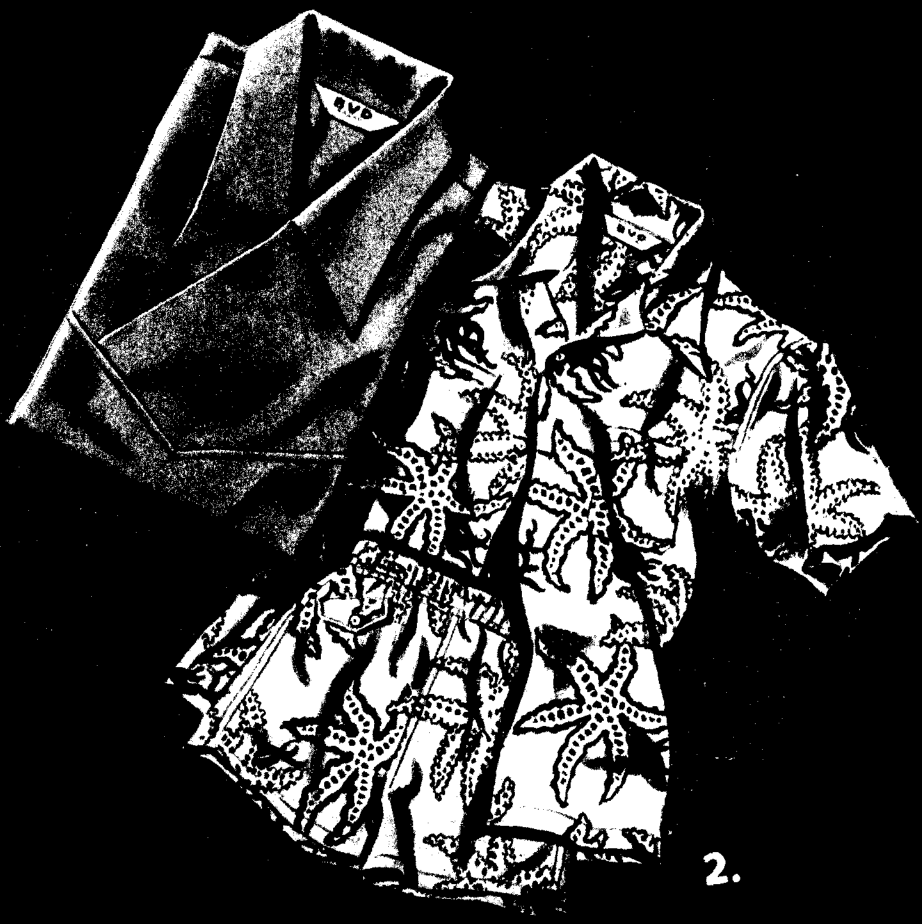

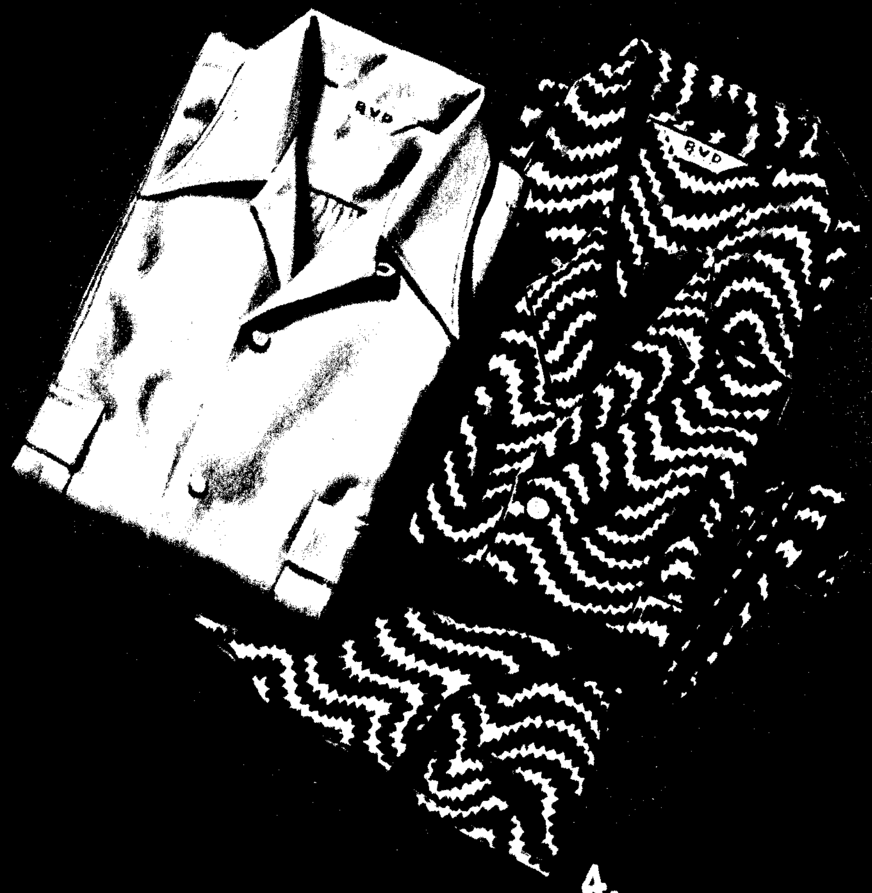

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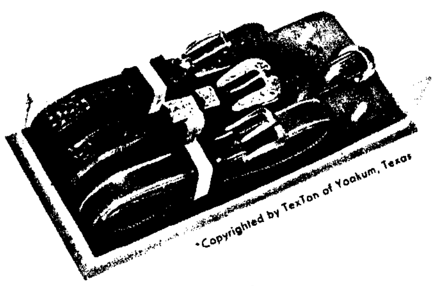
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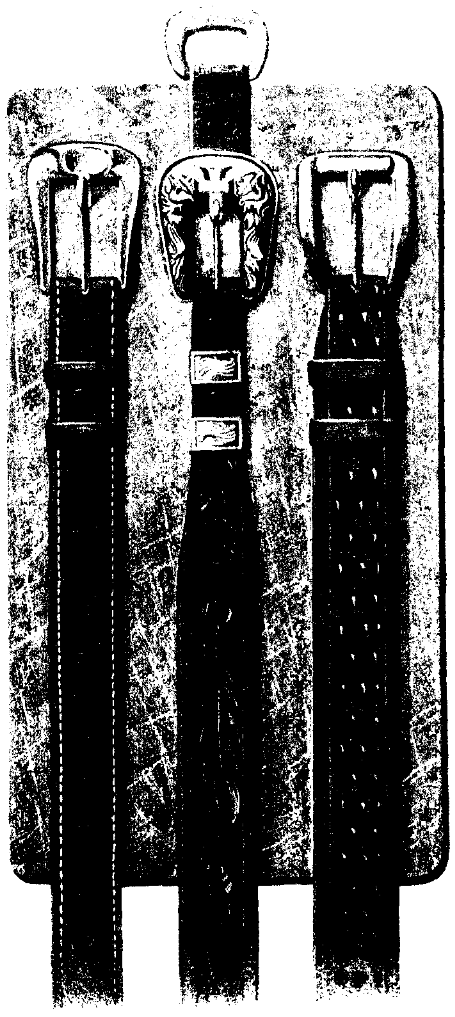

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THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 46

to talk a second time. No. I'm going to Leiston later this morning, and we'll start on another line."

"You'll see *him*, of course?"

"He asked me to see over his factory."

"Is he keen on you?" The directness of the very young can be terrible. When it reaches its target there is no hope at all of hiding the fact.

"Oh, gosh!" he muttered. "What a shemozzle!"

I realized that shemozzle was exactly the word for which I had been looking.

"You'd better take your gun all the same," he said.

It was a relief, even if it rudely disappointed him, firmly to refuse to do anything of the sort.

"But you *might* need it! Suppose he really is a *murderer*—" He clapped his hand to his mouth too late to stifle the word, then took it away to say, "No wonder Jonathan hates his guts."

"What a horrid expression!"

"Well, he does. It stuck out a mile. As *soon as the chap began telling the Com*modore how he'd met you and so on, Jonathan started frowning and waggling his head. I thought he was sick or something. And you could see he was jolly glad when he went, too."

"You're beginning to see how difficult it all is," I said. "And how careful you've got to be not to breathe a single word of all this to anyone."

He asked what I was proposing to do about his second clue, the Mayfair number Mrs. Garseed was to have used in emergency. "Mightn't someone there know a bit about her?"

"That's just what I'm hoping, and it won't have to be much to be a great deal more than anyone in this part of the world knows about her. I was waiting till half past eight before starting on it."

"It's twenty-five to nine," he said.

I looked up George Wick's number in my little book, where he had written it last night, and picked up the telephone again.

GEORGE'S voice sounded sleepy, but it cleared when he heard who was calling him. He said, "What a night! What a man! We went on for another three hours after you left. I hope you're not calling off this afternoon?"

"My father would never forgive me if it fell through. Are you strong enough to do a small job before you start?"

"Name it."

I told him I wanted to know to what address Mayfair 87E4 belonged, what kind of place it was, who lived there, and all possible information about them.

"Okay. Something to do with Gonzalez?"

"No, this is another business."

"Donald said you weren't a dull girl. Do you want me to ring you when I get the dope?"

"No. I shall be out. Bring it with you."

"I'll bring it with me. And Gonzalez—*and* Nerinda."

"The pretty one?"

"The pretty one. We can't travel without her, I'm afraid."

"Of course. Good-by for now."

"Good-by, darling employer." . . .

Mr. Jones was punctual, polite, and aware of the change in my appearance He took in the white silk suit, tan nylons, and my elegant hat, and for a moment I thought his eyes less black. After an argument he persuaded me to forsake the Austin and ride in his Bentley.

We started, and for a few minutes there was no conversation. Jones used the powerful car smoothly, although I noticed how heavy and insensitive were his hands. Looking at them, I remembered Hooker's words last night: "He lifted the whole caboosh himself—plop in the drink and no more trouble."

My thoughts reverting to Hooker, I wondered again how I was ever to find out the identity of the person from whom they had taken over the girl's body. Sitting as I was now within a few inches of the man Jones who could have told me, I was aware of his impregnability. I sat mute and cast about for alternatives. Suppose I could trace the car in which that awful sack had been brought to Tyman's Creek? It might have been this one—but how to check? It would have come at night—late *that* night. What a pity Mr. Sivad's all-seeing eye on the harbor did not reach beyond it into the back streets.

MR. SIVAD—his claret, his cooking, his books. Suddenly I remembered the parcel addressed to James Belsin whom I had been about to meet. The road in front of me danced in the shock of this memory for several seconds, and *I forgot Jones and everything else in the* effort to remember exactly what Mr. Sivad had said about that book. *Valturius* . . . he had not really wanted to sell it . . . James Belsin had talked him into it, overpersuaded him, and now it worried him to see it there, reminding him of its loss. . . . *He wished Belsin would collect it.*

My ears told me that Jones beside me was speaking and they heard what must have been the end of quite a lengthy sentence.

". . . privileged to be one of the first to meet you. I want you to know that I meant sincerely everything I said about how important it was we should be friends—for me, that is. I'll be quite honest about that. For me."

"You're very kind," I said.

All I wanted was to get to a telephone before I came face to face again with James Belsin.

I should have suspected the timeliness, the coincidence with which a public call box came in sight round the next bend. No doubt it served both road users and the scattered cottages lying off the road, but I felt that its rather lonely look no longer mattered; here was the call for which it had waited all its life with its shiny windows and gay red paint.

"Oh, dear!" I cried sharply. "That reminds me. I forgot to order the yeast! There'll be no bread tomorrow!"

Jones, startled, had put his foot on the brake.

"I *must* telephone," I explained. "It's nearly eleven. I'll miss the delivery!"

"That's all right," he said, and finished the braking movement. I opened my purse and made sure I had silver and pennies.

I shut myself in the box, picked up the receiver, and asked for my call. Through the window of the door I could see Mr. Jones lighting a cigarette. He was twenty-five feet away and the box was soundproof.

At last I was told to put the eightpence in the box, and the coin rang down and Mr. Sivad was there saying, "Hello?" and I could say, "This is Eve Gill—please, I want some help."

It took quite a while to learn that someone called for the Valturius the day I had been there. Mr. Sivad's description of the man who called for it was vague beyond the fact that he worked for Belsin.

"Anyway," I said, "you would know him again?"

"Of course," Mr. Sivad assured me, but I did not share his certainty. I knew he would not. I knew that I had made a mistake in ever hoping that he would.

And Jones was moving toward the telephone box—

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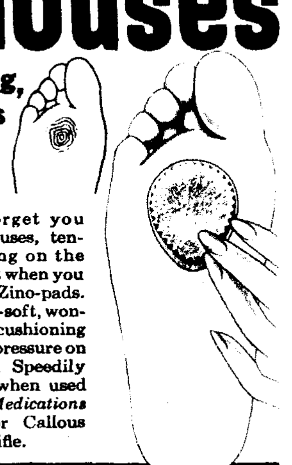

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"Please, Mr. Sivad, may I call you again later in the day about this? It is important. Will you try to remember what he looked like?"

There was no time to bring the conversation to a graceful end. I had to put up the receiver then and there, for Jones was at the door. I opened it and hoped I was concealing my flurry.

"I'm sorry to have been so long, but I've never had such a silly girl to deal with."

He nodded and saw me into the car. He glanced at his watch.

"I think I'll ring up the chief's office and let them know you're on your way."

He went into the box, shut himself in, lifted the receiver and swung the dial with his forefinger. I watched him without realizing that I was doing so. My head was full of what Mr. Sivad had said and not said, and the possibilities of it. If the man who picked up the book were neither Jones nor Hooker, could he have been the one from whom they took over the body during the previous night? Why not? Furthermore, if it were ever questioned what he was doing in Lowestoft that day, he had the answer that he was fetching the book, a book too valuable to be put in the post. Suppose, my eager thoughts suggested, that James Belsin had bought the Valturius simply to provide that answer? Nobody would ever think of that except someone like James Belsin.

Then it dawned on me, through the haze of my busy imagination, that there was something queer about Jones's telephoning.

He had spoken into the mouthpiece and listened and then spoken again, and there was nothing to remark about it except that *he had not put any coins in the box.*

And now that I thought about it, he had made but a single movement of the dial. These two things together could only mean that he had called the operator and her alone. Suppose—suppose he was checking up on my call, finding out somehow whether I had in fact been ordering yeast?

What on earth was Jones doing *now?* I stared, my heart in my mouth. Just as he had put back the receiver his normal stolidity had vanished in a galvanic violence of mental and physical activity. A desperate emotion contorted his features and he began bouncing up and down and stamping his feet so hard on the concrete floor that the whole booth seemed to be shuddering.

He began to shout and tug at the door handle in a fever to get out, forgetting in his panic that it had to be pressed downward to release the catch. After perhaps twenty seconds of this astonishing performance he managed to get the door open and he almost fell out into the road. He recovered his balance, slammed the door shut with all his might, and stood there swearing noisily. Then I heard other words amongst the blasphemies.

"*. . . damn' great bloody spider! Damn' great bloody spider!*"

He pulled out a large red-and-blue-patterned silk handkerchief to mop his face and around his neck, and with a shiver, as if cold water had been poured down his back, he came to his senses again and realized where he was. After a moment of horror at knowing I had seen it all, he laughed awkwardly, stuffed the handkerchief into his pocket, and climbed into the car. His hands were shaking, as if with ague.

"Phobia," he said. "Can't bear spiders—not usually as bad as that, but shut up in that damned box with one—it got me on edge. Only thing in the world which upsets me. A spider. Silly, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Lots of people can't bear them," I said.

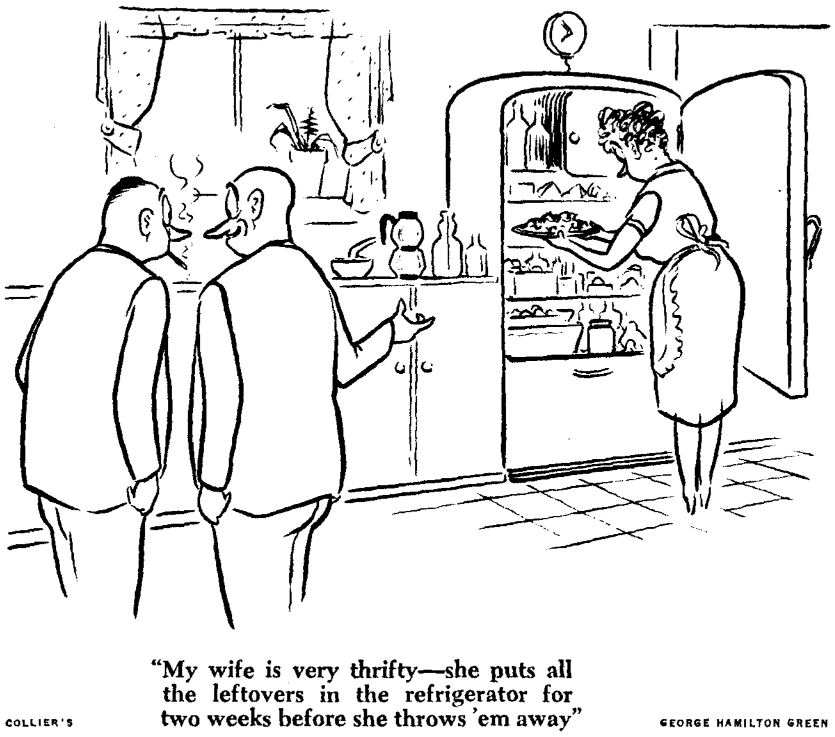
He laughed again, this time more easily. "Sometimes I think I'd better see a psychoanalyst about it."

"I dare say he would soon put it right," I agreed, but I wondered if he would be able to put right some of the other things he might stumble on.

OF ALL I saw, heard and felt that day at the Belsin plant, I remember most clearly a recurring impression that James, when younger, must have been a great movie-goer. It was an impression with advantages; it supported me by reducing the glittering intricacy to a reasonable proportion between reality and fantasy which made the place almost comprehensible. I did not, in fact, feel all the awe I might have felt.

The heart of the place was in the administrative building, which I suspected came from the same drawing board, if not as a carbon copy, of the hospital, except that from its center rose a squat two-story tower of which the top blinked and flashed as the sun's angle moved with the car, and I saw that three sides of the upper story of the tower were like a great shop window, with single sheets of plate glass.

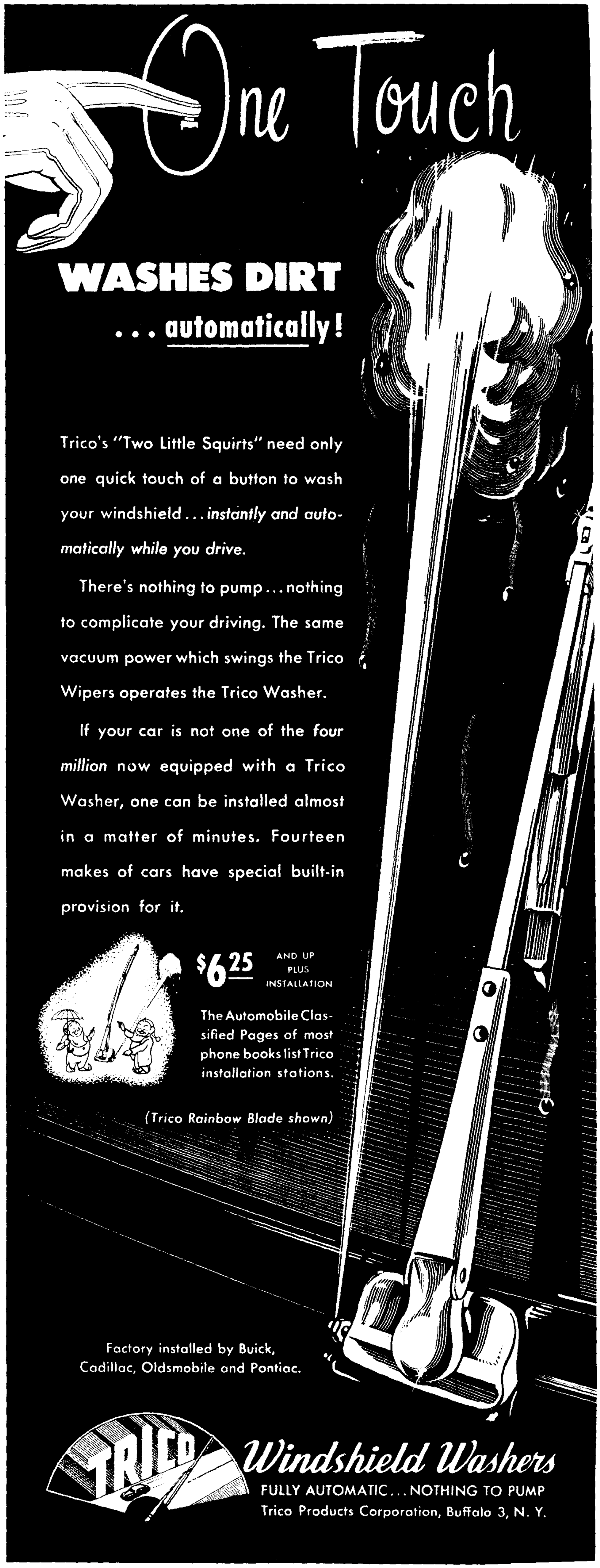
Jones led me up six wide, shallow steps under a colonnaded porch and into the building through glass doors which appeared to have no frames. The big hall was paneled in pale yellow wood; its



COLLIER'S

"My wife is very thrifty—she puts all the leftovers in the refrigerator for two weeks before she throws 'em away"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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floor was of shiny-smooth synthetic black marble. There was absolutely nothing in it except a girl in white, a very handsome girl. Jones handed me over to her.

"The chief is expecting Miss Gill," he said, and inclined his head toward me in introduction and farewell; I looked for but could not see any secret intention behind his ordinary face.

The girl in white saw that I was whisked upstairs in an elevator. As I stepped out of it I was greeted with a wide, white smile by a small, natty man of about forty-five.

"Good morning, Miss Gill," he said. "my name is Anderson."

"How do you do?" I said, remembering the precise voice which yesterday on the telephone had told me it was Mr. Belsin's confidential private secretary.

"The chief is in his room," he said with unction, leading me along the corridor. A short distance down it a door opened and displayed a really lovely blonde of about twenty-seven.

"Miss Gill, this is Miss Fume, Mr. Belsin's secretary."

"Good morning," said Miss Fume, and for a brief moment gazed at me with level eyes which told me that I was a usurping upstart of a nobody who would be thrown out as soon as the chief had got over his infatuation. And really it was unnecessary to have a moment's anxiety over me. I did not, however, wither away.

I returned her good morning, indicating with it as best I could that, having popped out to have a look at me, she could now pop back again. Mr. Anderson seemed to think so too, for he murmured distantly, "Thank you, Miss Fume," and bowed me on.

FINALLY I was in the sanctum sanctorum, a huge place of sunlight and glass, and I realized that a noise which seemed so sudden after the softness of the carpets and Mr. Anderson's subdued tones was caused by the choral climax of the Ninth Symphony.

And here was James Belsin in a cream silk shirt and gray worsted trousers, looking quite different from the man in the dinner jacket who had taken me into the Inderswick garden. He seemed younger. He was smiling. He faded out the Beethoven with a control at his desk. I noticed that Mr. Anderson had vanished, perhaps eliminated by the same switch.

Still smiling, he left the desk and came to meet me; although he made no move to kiss me, this did not rob the greeting of a perceptible physical impact for which the mere touch of his hand did not wholly account.

"It's good to see someone," he said, "who has filled one's every waking moment for two days."

"Oh, dear," I said. "You make me feel so responsible."

"That's better still. The more responsible the better. You know, when I saw the Bentley arrive just now, alone, I thought you had changed your mind about coming. My heart stopped beating for a moment."

"That was silly of it," I said. "I wanted to come, and nothing would have prevented me."

I turned away to look at the room and hide my worry at knowing for certain that Jones had not been telephoning to say I was on my way.

Passing the desk, I saw five telephones, each with a number engraved on the receiver; in a minute one of them would ring and he would pick it up and learn that he was taking a viper to his bosom.

I stood by his side looking down at his kingdom, the whole of it within the compass of view afforded by this phenomenal glass wall: the flat white buildings of the plant itself, the multitude of little pink-and-white houses, the gardens and lawns and interweaving ribbons of roads and footpaths, all enclosed in the fringing woods of dark fir and occasional brilliant green of larch thickets. Beyond were the low hills of Suffolk countryside like a desert shut out from this formalized oasis of concentrated industry. I found myself looking at the hills.

"Three thousand of them, men, women and children," he said. "You were talking just now about feeling responsible for *me*, who can look after himself. *They* can't."

"It's a lot of people to be responsible for," I agreed.

"It helps me a great deal," he announced, rather as if to a roomful of people, "to stand here and look down on all this, knowing that but for me none of it would be there. A sobering thought from which I can take myself to task as a human being. Am I doing my job by all those tens of hundreds of other human beings who have put themselves in my hands? They are not just units in a labor-plus-costs equation. They *are* human beings, and I must never forget that they depend on me for so much more than their daily bread. Every soul who comes here puts his life in my care—and that is a serious thing for one person to do to another. They don't realize it, of course. They're sheep, really, and as limited in vision and intelligence."

"And they don't even realize what they are being fattened for," I said.

"It is perhaps as well," he commented, a little taken aback at hearing another voice in the room. "Just as well for the rulers, the leaders, that men manage to thrive on a limited view of the future and an illusion of freedom. The more sheep the more at ease they are with themselves."

In spite of my preoccupation, I found myself shocked into attention to what he was saying. "That's a very true thing," I said, my eyes well open and fixed on his face. "But it must be a great art to be able to provide them with that illusion of freedom."

"A few tricks, my dear, almost instinctive in leadership, though it isn't as easy as it used to be. In these days you have to take into account the effects of improved education. They believe, for instance, that they think for themselves, and it would be foolish and destructive to undeceive them; as a 'freedom thought' it is invaluable—"

"I don't think I understand," I said apologetically.

He considered for a moment, tightening his hold on my arm against his side.

"If there's anyone in the world I should show how the wheels go round, it is you—" He paused, and then, without warning, without interruption of his contemplative stare at his kingdom below, he said, "You will marry me, Eve, won't you?"

I know I tried not to gasp, for it was like a wave in my face, covering my mouth. His arm went round my shoulders. He said, "I've rushed you, I know. I couldn't help it. So let's be old-fashioned," he said. "Let me show you my prospects. First of all, I will show you how the wheels go round here."

And then he proceeded to show me not only how the wheels went round in the complex organization he had created, but also, unconsciously, in doing so, how they went round in himself. And to this day I cannot decide which frightened me more.

WE WENT to the desk, which, when you came close to it, succeeded at last in becoming as big as it was, so dwarfing were the proportions of the room.

"This," he said sliding aside a panel which in another desk would have been the place for the blotting pad, "is the point on which are centered all the nerve cables, as you might call them." And he showed me the intricate communication setup.

"I have only to press this red button to be able to talk with anyone in the plant. And at the same time a light goes on at all communication points to show that the button has been pressed and that anyone can now talk to me if he has need to. Watch."

He pressed the red button and the red light glowed at the top of the parallel panel. For a moment nothing happened, then one of the white lights came on. He touched the corresponding button and said, "Yes, Adams?"

A small but clear voice startled me, seeming to come from close at hand as though an invisible manikin stood on the desk in front of me.

"I thought you'd like to know, sir, that we passed the fifty-thousand mark a few minutes ago."

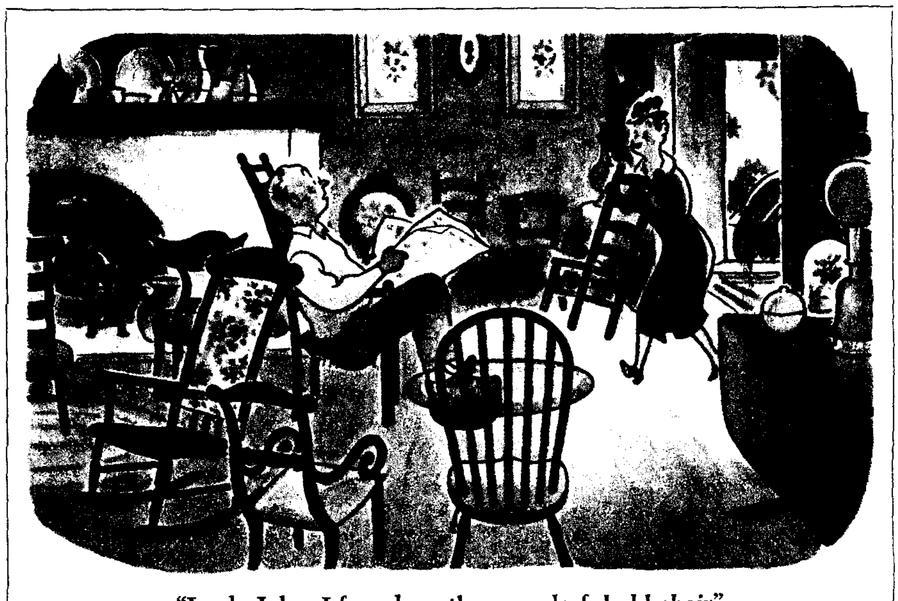
"Excellent! Announce a bonus of five pounds for each operative on your assembly line. I'll tell Accounts."

He pressed the button again and the light went out. Another winked on, then another. Belsin looked at them with distaste, and, instead of switching on whoever wanted to speak, he pushed the red button and cut off the whole board, remarking that we had no time to waste on the Hooker business just now.

"Either they've found him or they haven't," he said. "In any case, you've been irritated enough on his account."

"That's considerate of you," I heard myself say, trying to breathe normally again. But I wondered how long they would remain content to await his convenience; I could imagine Randall—if it were Randall—now deciding to use some other channel to reach the great man's attention in this emergency.

In the meantime the great man had taken me to the left-hand wall where he



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pressed yet another of those interminable buttons. The face of the wall slid slowly down into the floor and revealed shelf upon shelf of small objects in glass and metal, shining and intricate and beautifully made.

"This represents nearly the whole history of electronic short-wave engineering," he said. "World monopoly in anything, even a radar tube, is an intoxicating sensation. And the money in it is astronomical. Our income from licenses to manufacture under royalty schemes adds up to a million and a half a year. But none of my competitors reaches my profit margin—" He laughed and the sound of it seemed to run around the room, like a furtive unseen animal. It was unpleasant. "They haven't discovered my secret," he added complacently, "and they never will."

"How is that?" I asked, realizing it was expected of me.

"Very simple. They are not me. They haven't the inborn faculty."

I LOOKED at him. What magical nonsense was this? My blank look pleased him; he seemed to be bigger, almost swollen. He put his hand through my arm again.

"The man or the woman who is exceptionally clever with his hands is *always* an individualist. Individualism is to mass production as oil is to water. They just don't mix. It was one of my first discoveries and it remains my greatest. There is but one single social principle upon which I insist through all the difficulties and subtleties of co-ordinating the interests of labor and management: 'The individual comes first.'"

"But the farmer and the sheep—"

"That, Eve, was my private view, not my public policy. But from you I am hiding nothing, even the wheels which are not normally visible. As I said before, the farmer does not have to explain things to the sheep. And yet, keep alive the freedom illusion and they are yours forever."

He strode to the far end of the room and pulled aside large folding doors to reveal a long room stretching across the whole west side of the tower; down its center stood an endless table with at least fifty chairs at it; blotting pad, pens, pencils and inkpots were at each place.

"Committee of Management," he said. "We meet twice a week or oftener if necessary. No important decision is taken except in this room by a full meeting of the committee."

I asked with a little alarm in my voice, as a girl might who discovers that a gentleman who is asking her to marry him is not the sure thing he appeared to be at first sight, whether they could turn him out.

"Certainly they could," he said cheerfully. "However, the difficulty about that would emerge when they discovered that I personally own ninety-five per cent of the shares in the patents-owning company. You see, I'm telling you everything, trusting you with my secrets."

And he looked down on me as I could see him looking down at his plant from his big glass windows, as he looked at the Committee of Management when he presided over its biweekly meetings.

"Darling, what's the matter?" he said.

"Why, nothing," I said.

"Something is on your mind," he persisted, putting his hands under my elbows and holding me so that if I were not to seem afraid of meeting his eyes I had to face them. I was in a quandary.

This, as the pit of my stomach turned over to assure me, was danger again, and not danger which could be escaped by flight into subterfuge; his eyes were too keen, his brain too quick, his capacities too great for me to fob him off with anything but the truth, or at least quite a lot of it. In short, if I were to remain effective in this thing, I must come into the open *now*.

I counted three to myself slowly and with a frantic effort said what I had to say, my voice surprising me with its naturalness.

"Jimmy," I said, "I am worried about this Louise Frempton business."

I think, had his hands not been touching me, I would not have known that of all the things I might have said at that moment, nothing could have astonished and shocked him more. I felt the quiver of his fingers through the thin stuff of my jacket and blouse. Before he could say anything I added, "I cannot go on thinking about you and me until I am at ease about it."

He did not play for time, took none of the weaker lines a lesser man might have been tempted to follow, such as saying he did not know what I meant or declaring that I was imagining things. He realized in a flash that Hooker had not been wrong and that I knew a great deal. After the shortest of hesitations he said the only sensible thing:

"I ought to have known you would not be satisfied with appearances. You, of all people. I think I knew the moment I heard you were involved that you would spot there was something wrong, but I fooled myself into hoping you would dismiss it as imagination or something. Hooker's story was so incredible. He swore you knew everything. Mind you, I can see now that you got most of it from him, without his knowing he was giving it to you."

His tone was objective and without anxiety; he still held my elbows with friendly affection; guilt, in fact, was the one emotion I could not detect anywhere in him.

"You handled me very cleverly when you pretended Hooker was off his head," he added. "My God, you *are* clever—"

"I had to be," I said encouragingly. I felt better with the first hurdle. But I must still go carefully, carefully.

"Yes. I realize that. Oh, Eve—" His eyes were on me again, alive, admiring—and contrite. "You might have turned against me at the beginning—even before the beginning. But you gave me the benefit of the doubt, didn't you?"

"No," I said, "and I have been doing my damnedest to prove you were behind her death."

"And I dare say by now you've succeeded."

HERE it was, the attack. He would try every trick of interrogation to find out how much I knew, and I was getting nervous again. In spite of his power complex, he had a first-class brain. I knew that if once he got me on the defensive I would be lost on the way to the truth, or, worse still, would not know how to recognize it.

"You know of course," he said, driven to say something because I held back, "she did not commit suicide by drowning off your beach?"

"Yes. For one thing, they haven't found her body, and although the police think the tide might have carried it out into the main estuary, I know it better. At this time of year it isn't strong enough, and also there are two bends to it. Apart from that, I don't *know* that she committed suicide at all."

"You mean that she may not be dead."

"She's dead."

"Yes," he agreed somberly. "I'm afraid she is."

"Jimmy," I said, "I don't like the look of what I know, and I'm frightened for you."

I think he believed me in my anxiety on his behalf and was about to begin telling me of his own accord. But by bad luck the interruption came at just that moment.

There was someone in the doorway, a little cough of apology. He turned his head sharply and at the same time let go of me.

"Anderson!" Belsin's voice only just

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ontained his anger. "I told you that on o account—"

"I know, sir. But Randall said he 'ould take the responsibility. A matter f extreme urgency, he said—"

"Where is he?"

"On your number three line, in your oom."

"All right. Thank you."

Anderson slipped away before his hief's rapid passage through the door'ay into the big room toward the desk. followed more slowly, recovering from ie tension of the last few minutes and 'ying to imagine how I was to bring bout another situation as promising as ie one Anderson had spoiled for me.

Belsin picked up one of the telephones nd said, "Yes?" in as curt a tone as I ad ever heard. His back told me nothing of his reactions. After a measurable eriod of seconds he said, "Thank you. 'hat is not news to me. . . . No. Cer- ainly *not*. No action is necessary."

He dropped the receiver in its place nd stood without moving for a moment, is head bent as if still listening, as in- eed he must have been, to his secret oughts. As for me, I had fired my uns; I could not retreat and I could not emain where I was. So I said:

"I was pretty sure Jones had tumbled o what I was up to. You see, I was 'orking on the question of whether any- ne besides myself saw Hooker or Jones Lowestoft that morning. Mr. Sivad, or instance. But whoever picked up our book, it was neither of them."

He turned to look at me across the oom. "So that's how you got on to it, eeing them in Lowestoft, accidentally. ven so—"

"Oh, no," I said. "I followed Jones nd Hooker from the backwater after ey put Louise's clothes ashore—and e child."

Then he laughed. This time it seemed o be a laugh of pure delight and appre- iation. "How much did you really get ut of Hooker? It's interesting."

"Surely he told you?" I asked.

"I didn't see him myself, of course, ut they gave me a full report of what e had to say for himself. He insisted hat you knew 'all.' "

I nodded.

" 'All,' " he said, "would be disturbing Hooker had been in any position to now what 'all' consisted of." His tone 'as still easy and objective. "And if you 'ere anyone else. Luckily you realized here might be a good explanation for 'hat you had seen and found out. You idn't rush off to the police."

"No, I didn't do that."

Now at last he voiced a question which showed the degree of his uncertainty and at the same time a need to add up the extent of the danger threatening him. It seemed almost incredible that I should have got so far without going to someone for assistance or at least advice?

I thought quickly about the answer, knowing that it would be dangerous to let him think I was quite alone.

"Yes," I said slowly. "There is one other person."

It was true; the Boy was a person if anyone was. He nodded in acceptance of the fact but could not ask—for I would not have told him—who shared my knowledge.

•

WHILE he contemplated this unknown sharer of secrets, an unspoken point hung like a sharp sword between us: *As long as I was safe, so was he.* He made a sudden movement, as if turning mentally to face danger, and said:

"Even if you were not who you are, and going to be, you have the right to know the truth just as I have the right to explain what happened. That's what you want, isn't it—that's what you need to cast out the devil of doubt which is holding you back from me?"

"Yes, Jimmy," I said softly.

"I might be a murderer, but you still prefer to come to me with it rather than denounce me out of hand? You *are* prepared for that, aren't you? A *murderer!*"

"It crossed my mind," I said as steadily as I could.

He looked at me very directly.

"What a wife you'll make me!" He paused and added in a matter-of-fact tone, "I'm not, you know. Not a murderer. She *did* commit suicide."

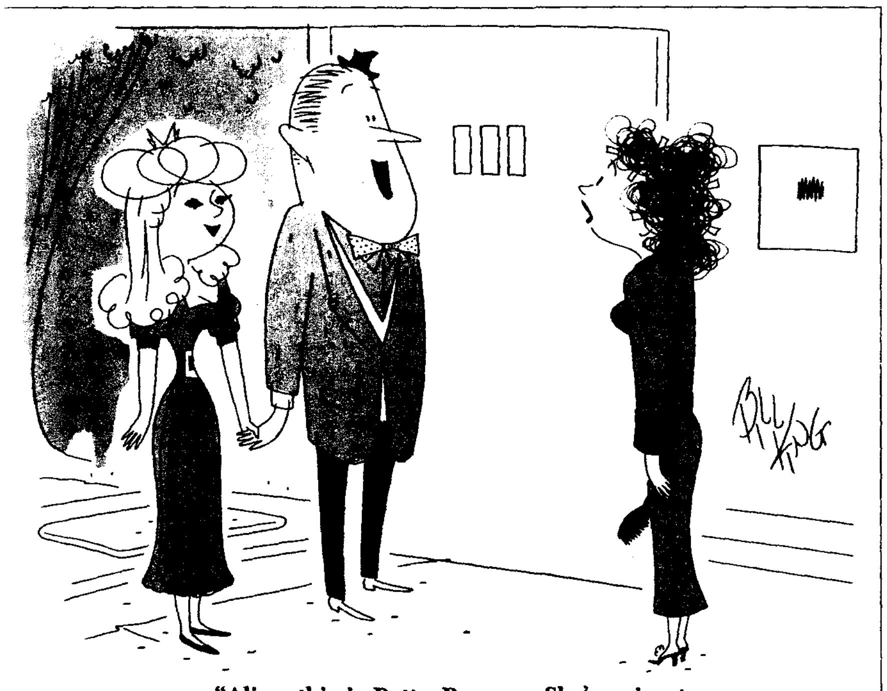
I waited, breathing more easily, it seemed to me, than I had for days. A weight was falling from me; the day, for all its brightness, blazed more brightly.

"You guessed, of course, that years ago I had dealings with Thomas Frempton?"

"I knew he was a scientist, and in electronics. I was fairly sure there was a connection."

He went to the shelves, picked up a thing rather like a radio tube, but with a wide bulbous top to its glass casting.

"The 'T.F.' Mutron," he said. "I paid him ten thousand pounds for the manufacturing rights, plus percentage on gross sales. A year later it was superseded by this." He took down another valve, smaller than the first and with more metal in its design. "It did all that the T.F. could do, with less variation, and the cost was half. It was evolved in our own research labs and put an end to the



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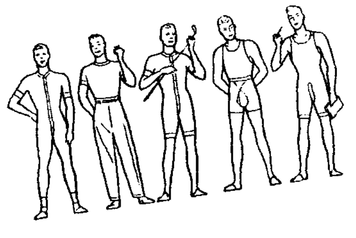

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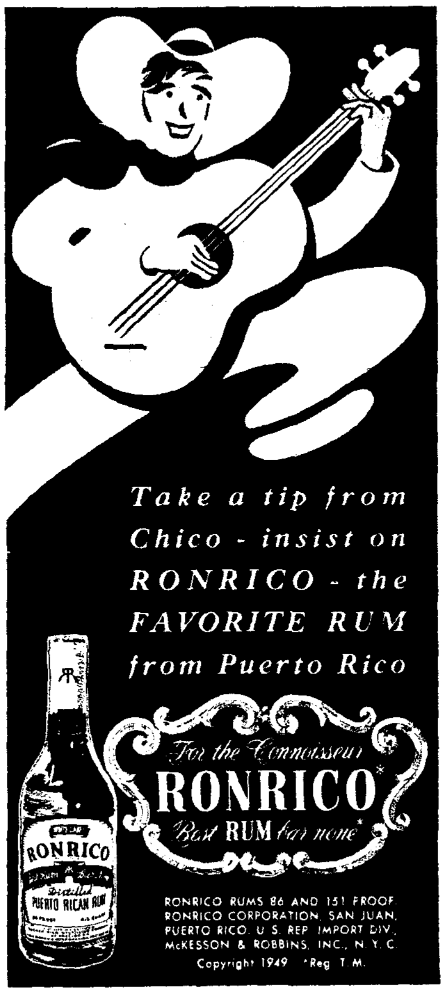
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T.F. That was the simple beginning to a saga of trouble. The large income from royalties which Frempton had expected ceased abruptly before it had really begun. He decided that I had cheated him, that I had taken the guts of his mutron and rearranged the design to beat his patent.

"He started legal proceedings for infringement. I managed to persuade him to submit to arbitration. His case fell down the moment an independent panel of experts looked into it. I don't think his breakdown was entirely due to all this, although it certainly precipitated it. But if it hadn't been me, it would have been something else. The seeds of mental instability were well rooted before I came on the scene. But his wife could not and would not see this. She shared Tom's view of me as the cause of all their troubles.

"When finally he had to be put away, Louise brought him to Tarnwood, the nearest mental hospital to Leiston, to remind me constantly of my wickedness. She settled herself in Kessingland not only to be near him but to be near me too, to make sure I was reminded. That was two years ago. Well, she succeeded in her object. I was reminded. But she wanted more than that. She dreamed of publicly exposing me. She sat there in that cottage brooding over useless plans to bring it about—"

He stopped speaking for a moment and began walking up and down; I did not know whether this was because the story pained him or in order to give me a moment or two in which to visualize Louise Frempton within a short step of her final tragedy.

He halted at the window and, with his back to me, went on:

"I have tried to imagine the desperation to which an unappeased desire for revenge can bring a woman. I don't think a man could reach such a degree of fury. He may get as far as killing the man he hates. That is natural and understandable. But I doubt if he can hate enough to kill *himself* as a means of satisfying his need for vengeance. To kill yourself and use the fact and circumstances of your death to ruin your enemy."

GESTURING with his hands, a denial of comprehension and responsibility, he added flatly, "She cut her throat on my doorstep. Thank God it was at two o'clock in the morning and the servants didn't hear her."

He left the window and came back to me.

"I was awake. I think her car woke me. My room is over the porch. I came down and found her. It was pretty awful. I didn't touch her. I went straight to the telephone. It seemed to me that if my Security people needed anything to justify their high standard of living, this was it. They came at once and dealt with it. You saw some of that and found out a bit more."

He rubbed his eyes, lighted another cigarette, and after a long pause asked, "Any questions?"

"I don't think so," I said, "although I don't quite see how the mere fact of killing herself on your doorstep, however unpleasant, would have really hurt you. I mean, if you hadn't had Randall and Jones and others to—to get rid of the body."

"In itself, perhaps not, but we were sure there was more to it, and we were right. Randall found what he expected to find in the postbox opposite her cottage—letters to the coroner, police, and the editor of a scandalmongering newspaper. He got them out half an hour before the early-morning collection. They told the story from the Frempton viewpoint, with embellishments. I should have survived, but with lasting damage to my good name. Particularly socially. I shouldn't have been able to dine at the Inderswicks, for instance, and meet you again."

I realized that it spoke well for his nerves that he had been able to shake off the experience sufficiently to bring himself so soon afterward to the exigencies of wooing me. Or had the very speed and determination of the way he had gone about it been a reflex from the nervous strain of what he had gone through so recently?

I DID not know and it did not matter. Why, instead, wasn't I asking the questions he had invited me to ask? How, for instance, had Randall got the letters out of the postbox? Treacle paper at the end of a string, or a skeleton key? But the whole operation must have been full of difficulties like that, and bigger ones, and I had seen something of how they had been overcome. But for the small accident of the Boy being at the top of the pine tree, it would have been a complete success. Even my groping suspicions, ended in the showdown, would have been avoided.

But one question came to me.

"While she was doing this—thing, where was the child, Diana?"

He answered without hesitation that she had been in the car brought by Louise either as an added complication for him or perhaps for some more simple reason, such as the difficulty of leaving her alone in the cottage. It was not important. But it had been turned to give color to the drowning story. He added, "We will have to see the child doesn't suffer from this appalling start in life—a mad father and a suicide mother. I was profoundly glad to hear you were looking after her. Hooker had an idea she knew my name. But he was jittery by then and ready to imagine anything, I suppose."

I told him how "Basin" had sounded like "Belsin."

"It's conceivable that her mother taught her my name as something to hate."

"Yes," I said. If I believed in that hatred, its blindness would be its chief characteristic, and I had to believe in it if I were to believe anything of what he had told me.

"Are you sure I've told you everything you wanted to know?" he asked. "We need never talk of it again after this—that would be best, wouldn't it? You'll be astonished how soon it will fade. It's only the hidden and suspected which haunts one." He stood close to me, his arms hanging away from his body as though he needed but a small sign to take me in them. "Nothing more?"

"If the police ever got on to it, what would happen?" It seemed an academic question, and he treated it as such.

"Is there the slightest chance of it, a thing so complicated and involved? Her body will never be found. What shred of evidence is there on which they would doubt the obvious?"

"They'd make an awful fuss if they did. You broke a good many laws to cover up the truth."

He shrugged his shoulders and said lightly but with ineffable conviction:

"A man in my position must break a few laws now and again. Expediency makes it necessary. We talked a little while ago about responsibility. It was unthinkable that an incident like this should have been allowed to threaten me for a single moment when courage and ingenuity, and a little crime by other standards, could be called upon to protect me."

He looked at me, and I realized that Billy Bull's ability to search one's sou with eagle glances was amateurish compared with this. I met his eyes with all the supplication I could achieve.

"Jimmy—give me a little time—won't you? I've had some beastly moments over this, and I want to get away from them. I want to start again—"

He spoke slowly. "I can understand that. But you won't keep me waiting long, will you? When can I see you again?"

"You could come over to dinner?" I asked him. "There'll be a friend of Father's—and it might be useful for you to meet him—"

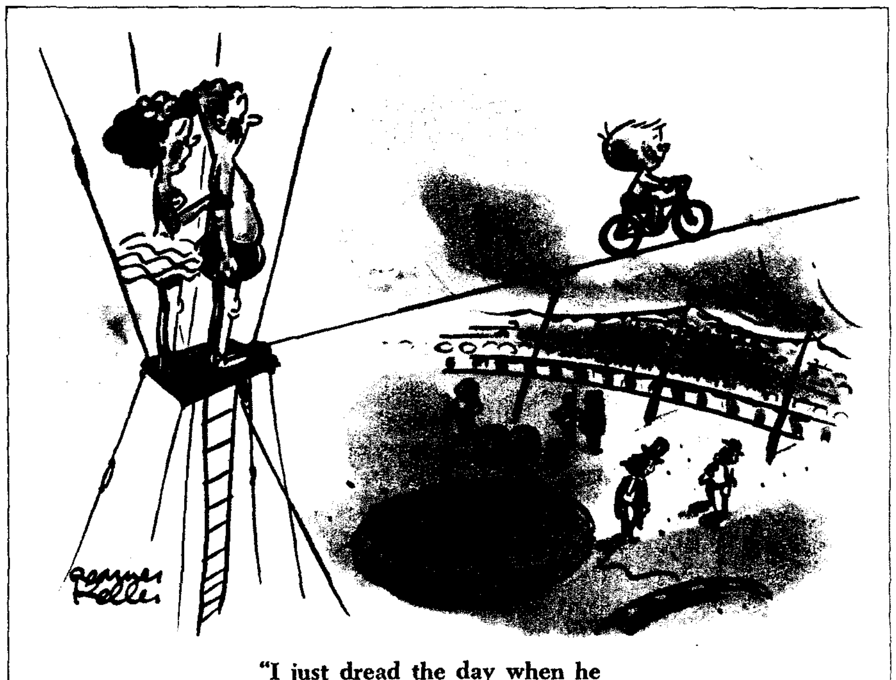
BRIEFLY I told him about Gonzalez di Calancar and his mission. The businessman took over from the lover in a swift transition. He would check up on the Iraguayan position regarding patents. Sounded most interesting.

My mind was quite dead, and even now I cannot remember what else was said before I left Leiston in one of the Bentleys.

At my request I was put down at Saxmundham. Later, on my way back to the house, I had a feeling that a bad dream was beginning to fade. I was able to regard it more objectively. I had done what I had set out to do so far as Louise Frempton was concerned.

Now about James Belsin? I must begin to think about him in the role for which he had cast himself. It required only an opening of one eye to let in quite a dazzling prospect—Mr. James Belsin—and his empire. I found I was walking rather fast, but whether toward that empire or away from it I could not find out from my subconscious.

(To be continued next week)



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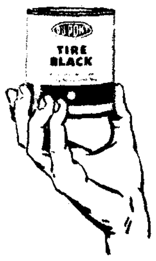

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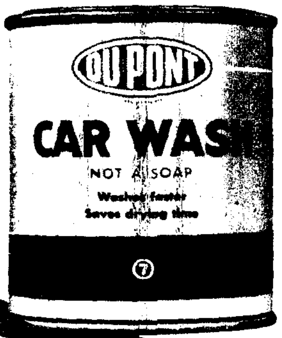

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Nº 7 PRODUCTS

Inside Sports

By **BILL FAY**

SLAMMIN' SAMMY SNEAD IS THE MAN TO WATCH IN THE NATIONAL OPEN—HE'S GOT A POWERFUL DRIVE AND HIS PUTTING IS POLISHED TO A TEE

THE longest day of the year for a pro golfer is the last day of the National Open. Paradoxically, the Open is the shortest of the national tournaments.

"It's only three days," explains Sammy Snead, "but you have to play 36 holes on the last one—morning and afternoon rounds. That's a backbreaking chore compared to the round-a-day pace we get used to at four-day tournaments like the Masters.

"And," adds Snead, who became top man among the pros by winning the Masters Tournament last April, "that extra $25,000 in endorsements that you can pick up if you take the Open doesn't diminish last-day pressure."

Nor will the 17th hole at Medinah's No. 3 championship course in Chicago diminish the pressure in the 1949 Open to be played June 9-10-11. With calculated and premeditated inhospitality—just to make the longest day of the year a little longer—Medinah has lengthened the par-3 17th to 238 yards.

The way Guy Paulsen, the Medinah pro, talks about the renovated 17th, you almost feel sorry for the pros. "We'll probably use the old tee the first two days," Paulsen muses. "That way, the hole is only 190 yards long. Then on the last day, when the boys are tired and the pressure is really building up, we'll move them back to the new tee.

"Should make a great finish. If the field's closely bunched—as it usually is in the Open—Snead, Mangrum, Stranahan, Palmer, Demaret, Alexander and Middlecoff may all still have a chance of winning as they come up to the next-to-last or 71st hole—our 238-yard par 3.

"Just two holes to go—seven more strokes—and somebody's the champion. But first that somebody will have to play a champion's shot to that 71st green.

"He'll look across Lake Kadijah at that postage-stamp green. If he's a long hitter, he'll take a No. 4 wood. Then he'll figure the wind—there's always a brisk wind blowing down the lake. Then he'll swing.

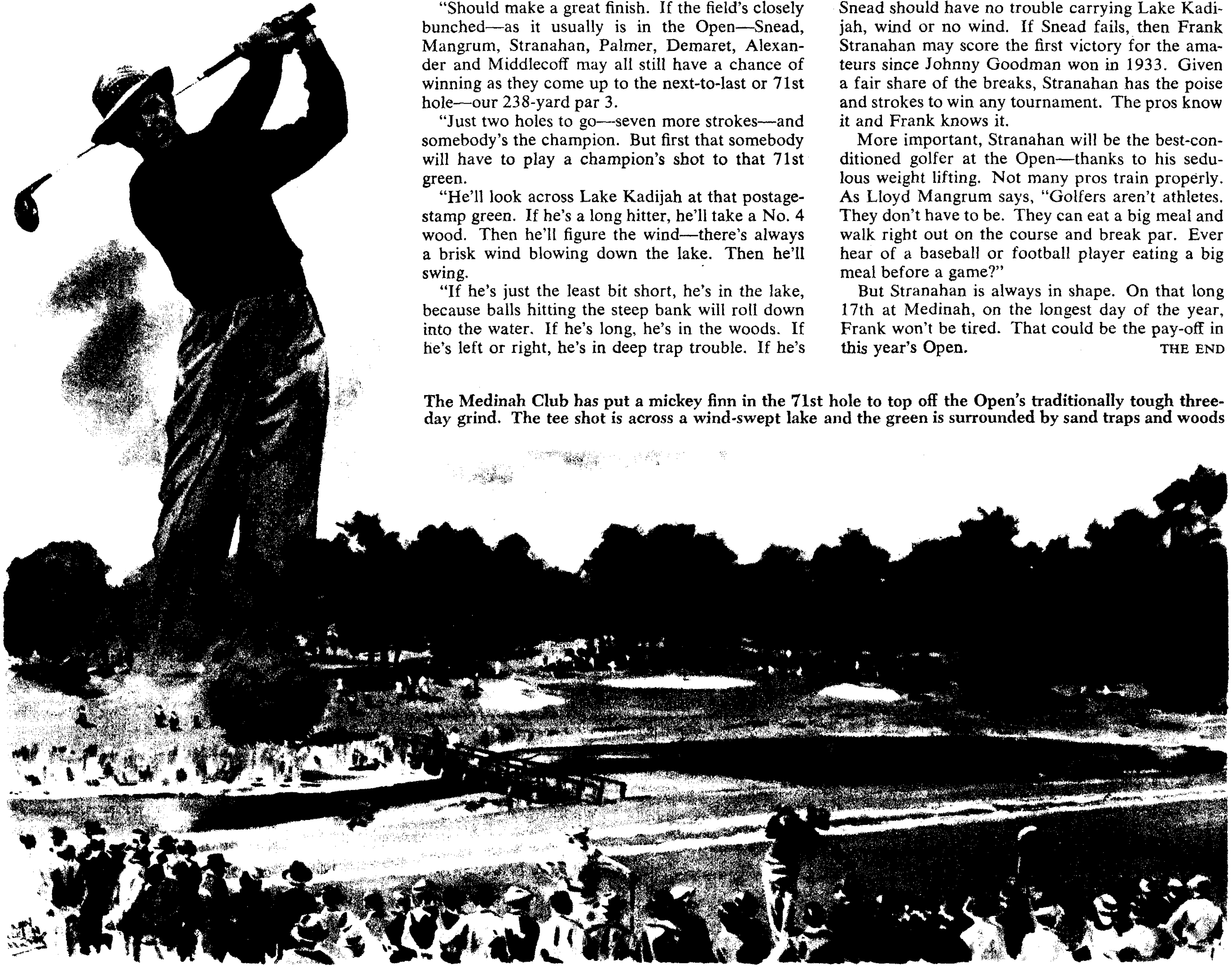
"If he's just the least bit short, he's in the lake, because balls hitting the steep bank will roll down into the water. If he's long, he's in the woods. If he's left or right, he's in deep trap trouble. If he's on the green—well, my guess is he'll be the next champ."

Paulsen refuses to predict the winner, but he admits Medinah's No. 3 is a driver's course. "You have to be long off the tee and place your drives exactly," Guy declares. "Otherwise, you don't get a clear second shot to the green."

With that in mind, we have a hunch this is Snead's year to win the Open—finally. From tee to green, Snead is the best in the business. On the green Sam has been downright pitiful the last two years. But last winter he experimented with 17 putters and he's been rolling the ball into the hole lately. He's confident again—and a confident Snead should have no trouble carrying Lake Kadijah, wind or no wind. If Snead fails, then Frank Stranahan may score the first victory for the amateurs since Johnny Goodman won in 1933. Given a fair share of the breaks, Stranahan has the poise and strokes to win any tournament. The pros know it and Frank knows it.

More important, Stranahan will be the best-conditioned golfer at the Open—thanks to his sedulous weight lifting. Not many pros train properly. As Lloyd Mangrum says, "Golfers aren't athletes. They don't have to be. They can eat a big meal and walk right out on the course and break par. Ever hear of a baseball or football player eating a big meal before a game?"

But Stranahan is always in shape. On that long 17th at Medinah, on the longest day of the year, Frank won't be tired. That could be the pay-off in this year's Open. THE END



The Medinah Club has put a mickey finn in the 71st hole to top off the Open's traditionally tough three-day grind. The tee shot is across a wind-swept lake and the green is surrounded by sand traps and woods

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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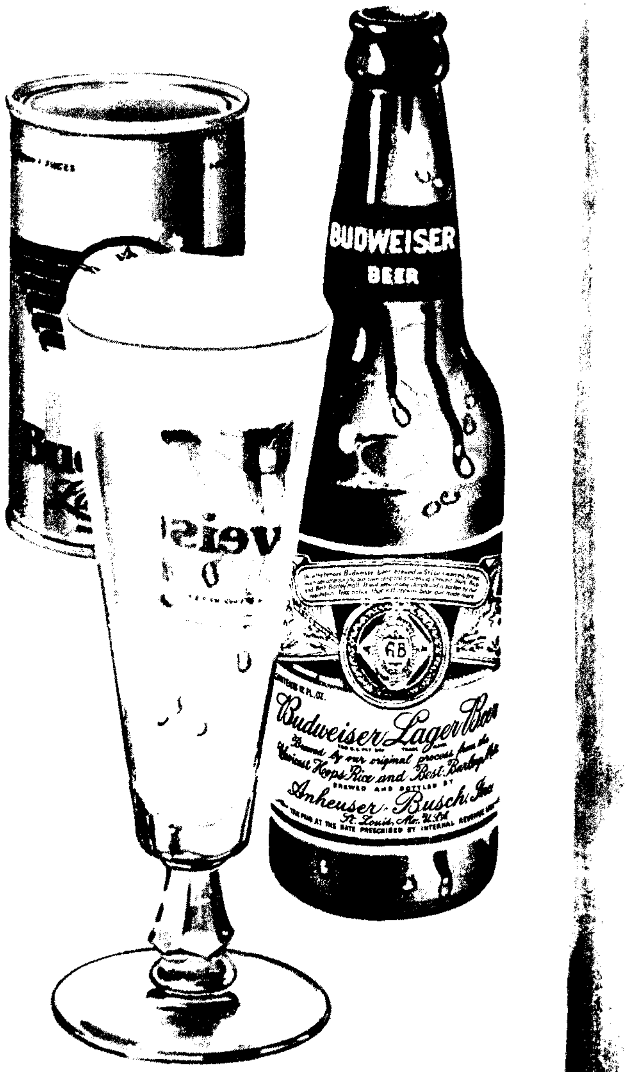
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START YOUR VACATION HERE

Continued from page 27

want to include Oregon and Washington. You simply can't do all that in six days.

The oil company advisers think that you should figure an average of only 200 miles a day when you're driving in the East; in the West you can double that, or even push it up to as much as 500 miles a day. But such a pace allows little time for sight-seeing en route.

That doesn't mean that an Easterner can't have a wonderful Western vacation in two weeks. The travel advisers will plan a humdinger that will, for instance, take in Glacier, Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain National Parks as well as Denver, Colorado Springs and Pikes Peak.

How Trips Are Blueprinted

The experts can give an exact idea of just what you can expect to see and do in any period. They've frequently worked out detailed itineraries that involve virtually hour-to-hour planning. The amount of work that goes into such an itinerary is staggering. Consider one long journey worked out by a travel bureau in St. Louis. A man and his wife came in and announced that they wanted to take a long trip, maybe to include Canada and Mexico. Would the advisers work it out for them?

"How much time have you got to talk about it?" the adviser asked. It was a reasonable question, because just the first interview with the prospective travelers took six hours! At the conclusion, the counselor had an exact blueprint of what his prospects wanted of their trip, the kind of things they wished to see, the pace at which they wanted to travel and the kind of hotels they would like. A trip was roughed out, and the vacationers went home to think about it. They decided they liked it.

That was just the start for the travel expert. To work out every detail of the trip, which involved contacting 31 hotels for reservations, the expert devoted four days exclusively to this one plan. When everything was done, the travelers were handed a closely typed itinerary that covered 12 pages! It outlined every stop, every bus time, every hotel and every sight-seeing tour. The bulging folder that remained at the travel bureau contained, in addition to a carbon of the itinerary, 185 telegrams, letters and confirmation orders. This whole planning job cost the vacationers not one cent extra!

You'll get better service, better accommodations and find somewhat lower prices if you can avoid the peak vacation months of August (still tops) and July (a close second). Together, they account for more than 60 per cent of all vacation travel. September, which is becoming increasingly popular, runs third on the list and June is fourth. October comes in fifth, climbing steadily as fall vacations gain in public favor.

Why do Americans pick the vacation spots they do? Scenery? Sight-seeing? The desire to see new places? Recreational opportunities? These are all factors, but, oddly enough, none of them heads the list. Top reason, say the travel wizards, is "to visit relatives and friends." Estimates of the number of people who pick their vacation spot on that basis run as high as 50 per cent.

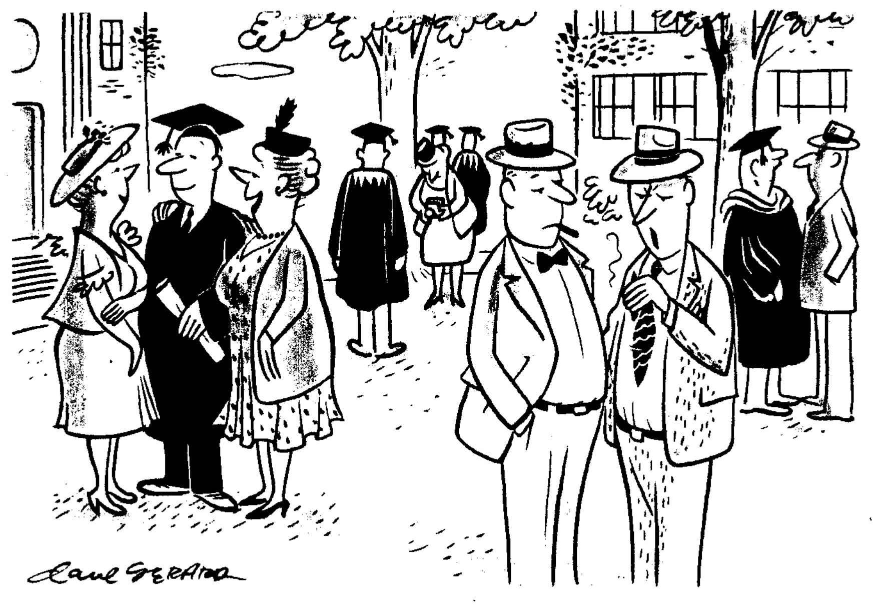
That doesn't mean that people wouldn't rather have a glamorous vacation in some recreational spot; it is just that it is cheaper to visit Aunt Ella. However, many people who believed that they could not afford a real vacation trip have discovered that by following a vacation plan, traveling need not be a heavy financial drain.

A Chicago oil-company counselor planned a two-week trip for a family of four which took them to the Ozarks, Carlsbad Caverns, Grand Canyon, Bryce and Zion National Parks, Mesa Verde, Pikes Peak, Denver and Rocky Mountain National Park. The total cost was $280.

"Travel *can* be expensive," the authorities say, "but it doesn't have to be." Backed up by leading experts in family finances, they assert that the expenditure for a vacation trip should have a place in the family budget. Many families have a special vacation savings fund. A Kansas City man, not trusting himself, asked an air-line adviser to be his banker for his $10 weekly vacation savings.

The lives of the travel advisers are often enlivened by the trips they arrange for people who combine vacationing

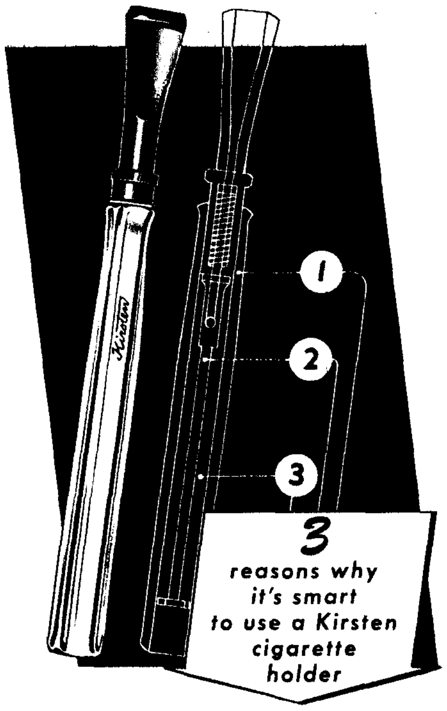
Viewpoint



"We're so proud of him—and winning simple honors too!"

"I might get H. T. to give him a job in the shipping room. You don't have to know very much"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD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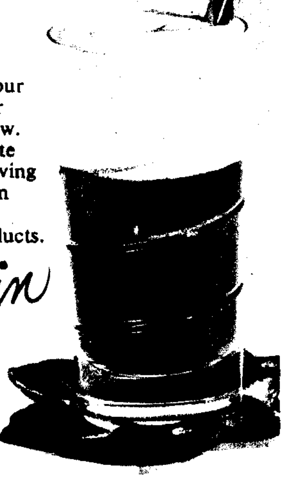

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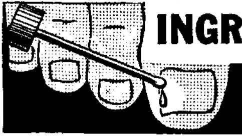
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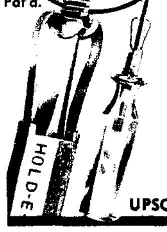
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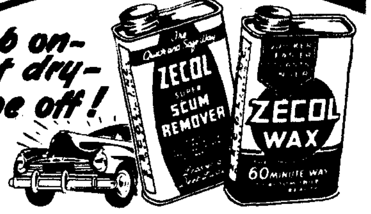
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th some special objective. An elderly
uple asked a Baltimore expert to plan
em a trip to the Rockies that would be
e exact duplicate of a honeymoon they
d taken 50 years before. In Washing-
n, D.C., a man asked for a route that
ould take him to all the colleges in
urteen states so he could decide which
ie his daughter should attend.

Requests for special itineraries often
ve the travel advisers heart-warming
impses into the lives of their clients.
ne day a middle-aged couple walked
to a bus company travel bureau and
nounced that they wanted to make a
and circle tour that would take them
l over the United States. They had a
ng list of stopovers they wanted to
ake, some of them at off-trail towns
th no scenic attractions. Why all these
ops? With tears in their eyes, they told
e adviser that their son had been killed
action on Okinawa. They had made
their minds that they were going to
sit all the buddies he had mentioned in
s letters, and the parents of many other
ys lost in the same action.

What really calls for tough research
sleuthing out routes for people with
ecial health problems. Some coun-
lors have made up hay-fever maps so
at they can route sufferers around the
se-tickling zones. Allergy problems in
avel sometimes have a humorous twist,
in the case of the man going on a
estern bus trip who wanted to be reas-
red that the bus wouldn't go through
ly herds of wild horses.

Travel advisers are not infallible, and
most all can recall some trip they have
anned that got everybody exactly no
ace. The record was probably broken
the bureau manager of an Eastern
ilroad. One day a businessman walked
and said, "We want to go on a trip
at will last all summer. Want to see
erything." The manager beamed and
t the would-be traveler to give him an
itline of places he particularly wanted
see. Days later, a complete itinerary
as ready. The man looked at it and
onounced it "perfect."

The following Monday, when the
anager appeared to open his office,
e man was waiting outside.

"We'll have to change that route," he
id. Some week-end guests had told him
ey knew a much better way to go. The
unselor smiled and went at the job of
riting up a new four-page itinerary.
he following Monday the man was
ick again. Other friends had given him
me new ideas. When it happened a
ird time, the consultant was annoyed
it put on a brave front. But by the sev-
nth time he was approaching apoplexy.
hen the man appeared for an eighth
ange, it was only by the sternest will
wer that the expert was able to limit
s refusal to a verbal "No!"

Mother's Travel Headaches

Some transportation companies have
dvisers who devote all their time to
lving women's travel problems—and
ere are plenty of them. It's the woman
ho does the worrying about packing all
e things a family needs, keeping the
othes clean, what to do with the family
et, amusing the children and making
e baby's formula.

Travel advisers think that taking small
ildren along on a trip is not so difficult
it's generally supposed to be. One au-
ority has made a special study of ways
keep the kids out of their parents' hair.
boils down to the fact that you have to
some advance planning and take
ong enough crayons, books and toys
keep the children busy.

Railroads and air lines have special
tups that make it easier to travel with
oungsters. "Can I fix my own formula?"
a question that's usually answered in
e affirmative. However, stewards and
ewardesses are well trained in all the
ysteries of infant feeding and will follow instructions to the letter. But special services don't quite extend to granting the request of a mother who wondered if the train couldn't make extra long stops so she could wheel the baby up and down the platform.

The barrage of questions about dogs makes any travel bureau adviser an authority on canines. To the question, "Can I take my dog?" bus and air-line advisers just say, "No." The same answer generally holds for the motor traveler who wants to know if he'll be allowed to take his pet into auto courts. Under some circumstances it's all right to take your dog aboard a train. If you are traveling coach or in a berth, Fido has to be relegated to the baggage car. If you have a private room, you can take your dog with you. But there's a catch to that, as one New York woman found.

"It's all right to take him on," said the adviser, quoting the rules, "so long as you carry him."

There was a gasp at the other end of the wire, "Dukey's a Saint Bernard!"

"Should we take a tent along for emergencies?" wrote a couple in their sixties, embarking on their first long motor trip. Of course the adviser told them that was hardly necessary; they would always find a place to spend the night. More commonplace is the question, "Will we need our own bedding if we stay at auto courts," to which the answer is also no.

How Much Baggage?

Travel counselors say that most people have hazy ideas about how much they should take with them. Conversations with thousands of travelers have convinced them that most people jampack their suitcases with about twice as much as they actually use on their trips. A man and his wife leaving on a long bus trip from Cincinnati felt sure they couldn't exist without two steamer trunks. Although bus companies are generous about luggage—they allow 150 pounds—the counselor convinced the couple they'd be just as well off with only three suitcases.

While they think your trip will be easier without unnecessary luggage, the experts hardly recommend going as far as a passenger who turned up at an airport with no baggage at all.

"Did you forget your luggage, sir?" the baggage clerk asked.

"Don't have any," the man said. "I'm only going for two weeks." He made his entire transcontinental trip without so much as a small package.

Travelers upset by the limitations of the 40 pounds of luggage allowed free by the air lines might ponder the experiments of an oil-company counselor who has discovered that she can pack all the clothes and equipment for a transcontinental trip in a single 21-inch suitcase. It holds 43 items weighing 43 pounds. What's more, she proved on a television broadcast recently that she can pack the whole business in just under 15 minutes.

After the telecast, she started out on an 11,000-mile motor trip that took her to 12 national parks, five national monuments and 35 national forests. That's part of the 50,000 miles a year she travels on highways in every section of the country. Ask her how the roads are between Butte and Helena, Montana. She knows—she changed a flat tire there. Ask her about the weather in Grand Canyon and she'll tell you about the time she got caught in a flash flood during a muleback ride down Bright Angel Trail. As she and her party scrambled back up the seven-mile trail, there were 14 rockslides.

What they don't know, the travel experts find out. Go ahead, ask them anything. These walking encyclopedias of travel knowledge are hard to stump, even though the answers aren't always in the books.

THE END

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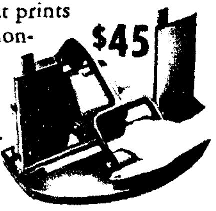

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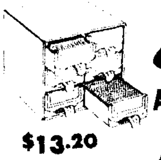

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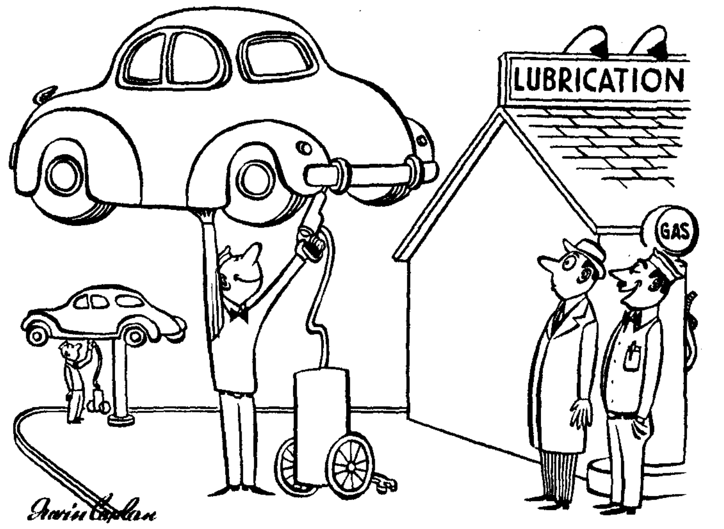
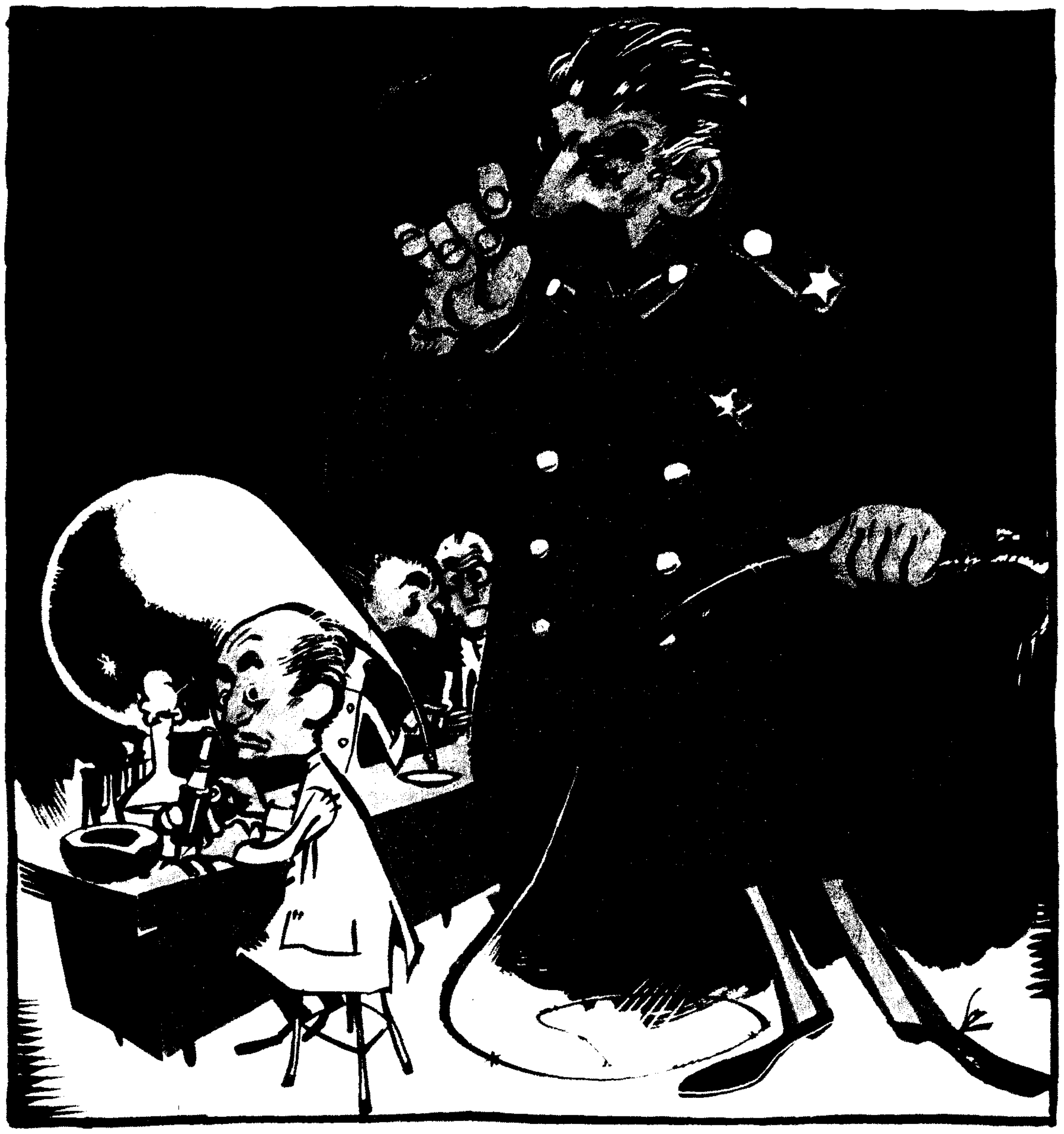


"Good man, Jenkins. I could use ten more Wheaties eaters just like him."

Handy guys to have around—these Wheaties eaters! Bob Lemon won 20 games for Cleveland Indians last season. Has enjoyed the "Breakfast of Champions" over 13 years! Wheaties, milk and fruit—a famous training dish! Second-helping good! Had *your* Wheaties today?



HARRY A. DEVLIN

Soviet Scientific Shortsightedness

"COMRADE," said the commissar to the scientist, "it has been noted that you recently defended the false evolutionary theory of the Englishman, Darwin. You are ordered to correct your views by denouncing and disproving this decadent theory in an article which you will deliver to me in two days."

That imaginary conversation may sound ridiculous, but not more so than the pressures that Russian scientists have been subjected to. The matter is important, because in today's divided world scientific research can literally be a matter of life and death.

There is a cold war in science, too. The outcome concerns us all. So it is worth noting that Dr. Vannevar Bush, a distinguished physicist and a practical man, predicts that the free science of the Western world will outdistance a science based on Communist ideology.

Scientists of all countries used to share their knowledge freely. Thus there was built up a body of scientific laws—conclusions that were tested, compared and proved so often that they had to be accepted as facts.

In Russia the politicians decide what is true and correct in science, education and the arts.

Russia produced some brilliant scientists in the past. No doubt there are gifted men in Russian pseudo science today. But they are so regimented and coerced that their work, as Dr. Bush has said, will ultimately become "a grotesque collection of folklore and superstitions."

The true scientific researcher must be impersonal, unemotional and, of course, unpolitical. He must believe only what he sees, even though what he sees may prove his theory wrong.

But the Soviet scientist runs an obstacle course. He has to reject the findings of a fellow scientist who happens to be a citizen of the wrong country. He knows, when he begins his work, that its result must be slanted to conform to the Communist party line.

In contrast to this state of affairs, Dr. Bush has cited conditions at the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which he heads. The staff of this great research organization works in an atmosphere of scientific freedom. No preconceived notion of the trustees, he said, ever interferes with the free play of initiative and inquiry.

The Russians have put their scientists under severe handicaps. And since science is necessary to the Soviets' ambitious plans for the future, the free world may yet have cause to give three cheers for the Kremlin's shortsightedness.

In the Interest of Understanding

A PRACTICAL-MINDED woman scientist says that even she is confused by some of the ten-dollar, sixteen-cylinder words that her colleagues toss around.

This department is all in favor of reducing a lot of such professional language to the level of general understanding. Law is slowly being weaned away from its Latin and its horrid involvements of grammar. Government bureaus are being broken, also slowly, of their habit of speaking in gobbledygook. Science might well join the parade.

There is just as much reason for giving a new, unique synthetic compound a pronounceable name as there is for christening a new, unique human being Mary Margaret Jones.

Annual Piece on the Disappearance of the Horse

ABOUT THE time that Henry Ford took the leather straps and brass trim off his Model T, certain prophets began saying that the horse was on the way out. They predicted that the automobile would quickly erase him from the face of the earth.

But Dobbin stubbornly refused to join the dodo. It became necessary to repeat the prophecy so often that the disappearing-horse story became a sort of annual feature, like the February 2d piece about the groundhog.

This year's valedictory has been pronounced by a Northwestern University geologist. The way he sees it, the horse can't possibly be with us on our planet for more than 15 or 20 million more years.

It looks as if the horse prophets have come up with a realist at last. We like the geologist's long-range view, and we're going along with him. Wadda ya like in the fifth race at Belmont Park?

Progress Always Hurts Somebody

A NEW TYPE of finishing plaster has been developed which, it is claimed, will not blister, buckle or burst from walls and ceilings. This is a boon to the householder, but it's going to be no help to the comic artist.

Falling plaster, an irate couple below, and a raucous party on the floor above have long been indispensable to the cartoonist's trade. They're as invaluable as the insomniac counting sheep. So we can only hope that builders will introduce this burstproof plaster gradually, and that, in the meantime, the cartoonists' public will be patient. The adjustment is going to be tough enough at best.

Observation

WITH THE passing of the old-fashioned cane chair, folks don't get down to brass tacks as often as they used to.

Paul Jones
Fine Blended Whiskey
BLENDED BY PAUL JONES AND COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY., BALTIMORE, MD.
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
Paul Jones

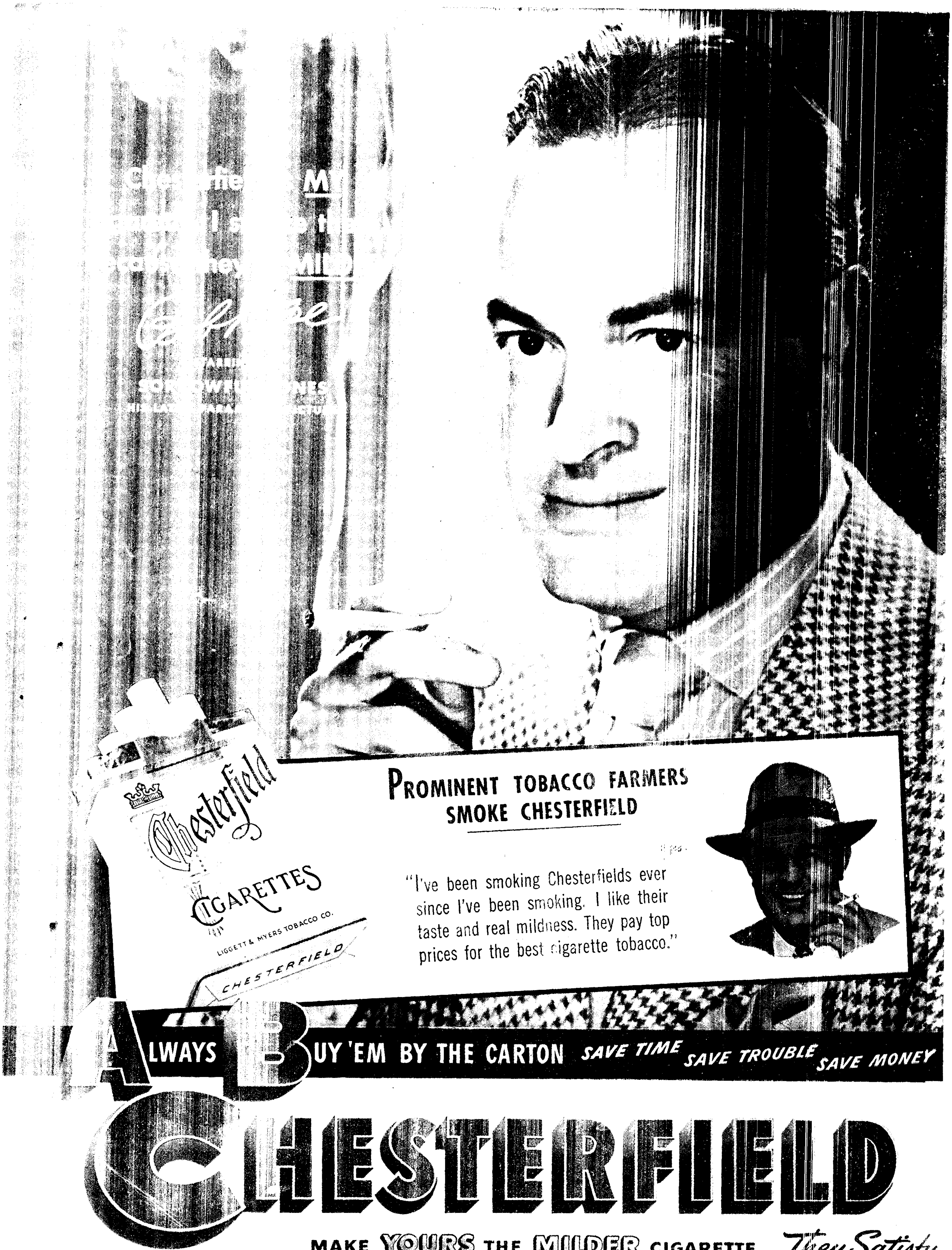
A highball practically labels itself...

...when you make it with Paul Jones. Each sip clearly says—"Here's the whiskey that's first of all for flavor." You'll add: "It's first of all for value, too!"

Paul Jones

FIRST OF ALL... FOR FLAVOR!

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y.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